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By Barrett McGurn



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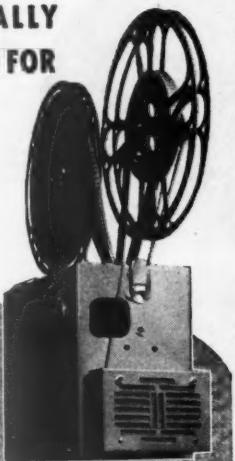
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LETTERS



The "Daily News"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

An article written about a newspaper tends naturally to be critical. It is difficult to describe a publication without leaving in the mind of the reader the idea that the writer was disposed either favorably or unfavorably toward the publication.

Mr. Conklin's article about the *Daily News* was an enumeration of the good qualities of the *News* and a dismissal of its bad points. I could only conclude that he is, without reservation, in favor of it and, therefore, that he condones its sensationalism and cheap journalism.

I searched for a reason for his stand and it seems to me to rest in the fact that Patterson was, as Mr. Conklin took much pains to point out, a Catholic. This is by no means a sufficient reason. I don't consider it to Patterson's credit that he founded the *News*. Why must he be treated so kindly?

Perhaps my conclusion is incorrect. If it is, I hope that the author's reason for his opinion is better than the one of which I have accused him. Perhaps the basis for that opinion could have been more clearly stated.

CHARLES J. JACOBS

Dorchester, Mass.

"Prince of Darkness"

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

It is disheartening to one who counts on THE SIGN for integrity in the handling of fiction to come upon the inadequate review of J. F. Powers' *Prince of Darkness* in the August issue. Although I am sure that Fortunata Caliri is ordinarily a competent reviewer, I think it will be evident to any reader of *Prince of Darkness* that her critical criteria are not quite adequate as bases for discussing writing of such high quality and extraordinary individuality as Mr. Powers'. There are so many misstatements: There is no "charming, old-fashioned 'love story'" in the collection, although there is one entitled "The Old Bird, a Love Story"—the story of the betrayal of an old man by the system which he admires and which has been the very stuff of his now meaningless life. Jamesie of the story by that name is not "an adolescent." "Character development" is not Mr. Powers' "technique." (In general critics of the short story question whether character development is possible at all within the natural limitations of that form of literature.) To misrepresent the work of an author thus in a few hundred words is to fail in faithfulness both to him and to the reader of the review. Then, too, a reader has a right to expect the reviewer

to make some statement about the relative merits of the book in question. There are books and books—far too many of them. No one reading this review would have reason to believe anything else but that *Prince of Darkness* was just another book of short stories.

Finally, when will our Catholic reviewers realize that writers—good ones at least—do not write to order? No matter how many nice things there are to write about from the reviewer's point of view—"truly admirable priests" in this reviewer's case—those things have little or nothing to do with the things the author actually does write about. He writes the stories which are given him to write by the peculiar combination of his life and his particular gifts. He must, of course, keep his eye on the artistic truth. It is up to the reviewer to decide whether he has done that or not. It is not up to the reviewer to choose his subject matter for him. Who, after all, has decided that literature must be *balanced*—or that the writer is obligated to *balance* his depiction of life in every piece he produces? Dante's picture of medieval Italy certainly isn't balanced; nor is Langland's of medieval England. Shakespeare chose murder, adultery, rape, suicide, revenge, miscegenation, and general villainy for his themes. It is not *what* a writer chooses to write about that matters but *how* he writes about it. The Catholic readers of America are hugely indebted to J. F. Powers for writing about most difficult subjects with a degree of skill new to American Catholic writing—as well as with tenderness, charity, and a deep regard for the human personality.

ABIGAIL QUIGLEY McCARTHY
St. Paul, Minn.

A Rejoinder

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

If MRS. McCARTHY will reread my review of *The Prince of Darkness* she will find that I gave Mr. Powers credit for what she calls "high quality" writing. I know of no greater praise for a writer than to say, as I did, that he writes with "remarkable objectivity." I also give Mr. Powers high praise when I say he writes with "finely tempered anger," recognizing that in less skillful hands such themes as he writes of might have degenerated into an emotional fizzle.

I made no misstatements. "The Old Bird, a Love Story," may be, as Mrs. McCarthy says, a story of an old man's betrayal by a system; but it is more than that. Why speak of betrayal when there is love? It is the story of an old man and his wife. People are more important than systems. This story really begins near the end, on page 210, with the sentence: "His wife met him at the door," and it ends, as it does, with the sentence: "His only audience smiled and loved him." There is nothing "meaningless" in such a life, and no system can make it so.

Mrs. McCarthy accuses me of misstatement in referring to Jamesie as "an adolescent." On page 72 the author refers to Jamesie as "a growing boy," and on page 91 Jamesie is "in tears after he discovers that his baseball hero has really thrown the ball game. Furthermore, the hero worship that Jamesie exhibits, and his subsequent

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disillusionment, are generally recognized attributes of adolescence.

When I said that "character development rather than plotting seems to be Mr. Powers' technique" I simply meant that his emphasis is on people rather than on action, on the interior of a man's life rather than on the accidental externals. Short stories may be classed as character, action, or atmosphere stories, depending upon the emphasis.

I did not say, or even imply, that writers should write about "nice things," or that "truly admirable priests" would be "nice things" to write about. On the contrary, I can think of nothing worse, for there would probably be gross distortion in that direction, and it is distortion that I am objecting to as an artistic failure of Mr. Powers in his priest-stories. Mrs. McCarthy is perfectly right in saying that a writer "writes the stories which are given him to write by the peculiar combination of his life and his particular gifts." By that very norm—her own—Mrs. McCarthy supports my criticism of Mr. Powers' stories. That word "combination" is important. Anyone who can join a subject and predicate together and close them with a period can write the stories of his life's experience. That much gives you a writer, nothing more. The artistic gift combined with experience supplies what is missing, raises experience from the particular, limited level of ordinary writing to the broad, universal level of great writing. I have no objection to Mr. Powers writing about "bad" priests, or even that he writes only of "bad" priests. My objection is that nowhere in these stories of priests do I find the "tenderness and charity and deep regard for the human personality" that Mrs. McCarthy claims. In my opinion Mr. Powers' priest-stories never rise beyond his own particular, limited level and I cannot give him credit on the artistic level that Mrs. McCarthy wishes to claim for him. Hence I am fulfilling Mrs. McCarthy's own requirement for a reviewer: to decide whether or not the "writer has kept his eye on the artistic truth."

With regard to Dante and Langland, I mention in passing that not all the villains in their work are taken from one profession or trade, and not all the members of one profession or trade are villains. As for Shakespeare, every school child knows that his bad characters are not without redeeming features. It has something to do with artistic truth, that kind of balance.

FORTUNATA CALIRI

The Youth Problem

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

About four years ago THE SIGN published an article of mine entitled "Turn That Spotlight Off," dealing with certain aspects of the "youth problem." I am glad to note that Helen M. McCadden in her article, "Now It's The Parents We Spank," in the September issue, not only seconds my opinion that the "pal" relationship of adult to child is dangerously unsound, but goes on to develop one of the most penetrating criticisms of modern education that it has been my privilege to read.

This McCadden article should be reprinted in pamphlet form and distributed to Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

(Continued on page 80)



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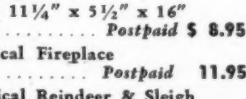
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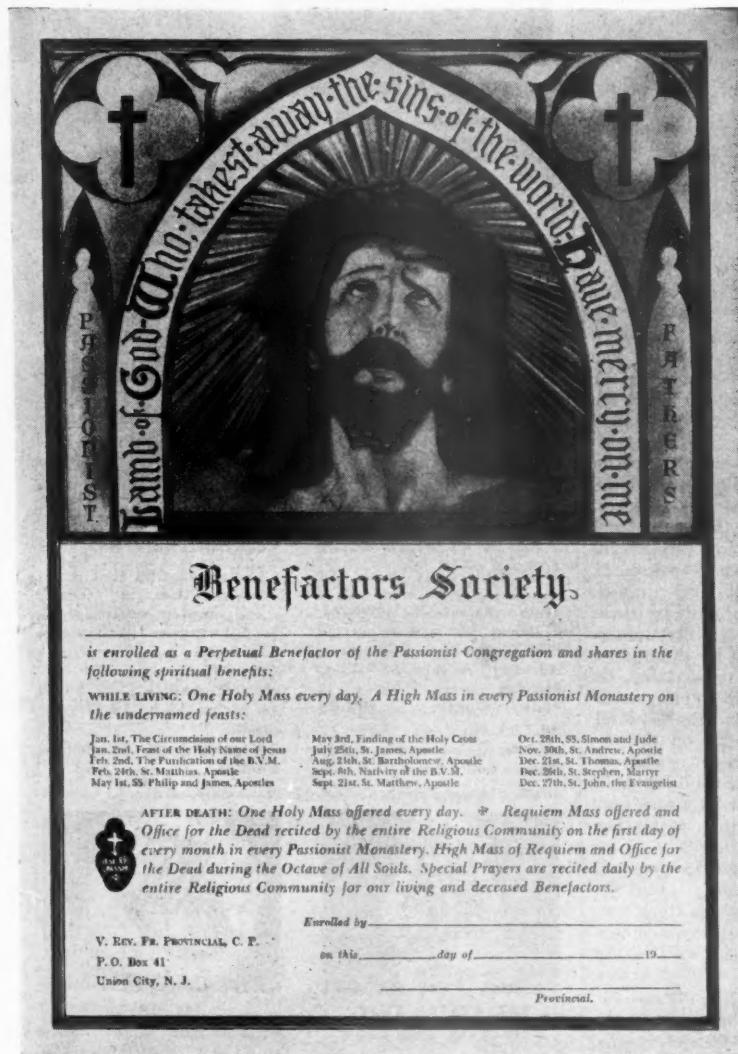
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NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

NOVEMBER 1947

Vol. 27

No. 4



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EDITOR'S PAGE

More--and Better

EXCEPT for the period of government regulation during the war, THE SIGN has been for years a sixty-four-page magazine. With this issue we are increasing the number of pages to eighty. In view of the continuing paper shortage and constantly rising publishing costs this is a difficult and expensive step. The usual procedure in these days is to increase the number of pages only in order to devote more space to highly profitable advertising. This is not our purpose. The extra pages will be devoted to added reading matter.

The editors are determined to give American Catholics the best magazine they can publish without financial loss. We are not satisfied with former coverage, although a glance at the contents page of past issues shows a considerable variety and completeness.

Beginning this month we are adding new features: an especially selected short story, a radio page, a sports column, a picture spread of interesting Catholic personalities, and a spiritual thought for the month. Several other features are under consideration and may be included later.

Each month the editors will select and purchase rights to a short story which has appeared elsewhere and which because of its outstanding qualities merits remembrance and presentation to readers of THE SIGN. We begin with "Love in Minneapolis" by Richard Sherman. Because of its length we are omitting one of the other stories scheduled for this issue.

Don Dunphy, the well-known sports announcer, will write a monthly column on sports, and Dorothy Klok, with long experience in radio, will do for that field what Jerry Cotter has been doing for stage and screen. The editors will present each month a picture spread of interesting Catholic personalities in a feature entitled "People," and Father Walter Farrell, O.P., known widely for his *Companion to the Summa*, will for some time contribute the spiritual thought for the month. With this matter added to what has already been appearing, we feel that we shall be giving our readers a more varied and complete magazine.

It has always been the object of the editors to present the best matter in the best manner. We

want the magazine to be interesting, informative, stimulating, provocative—but we also want the thought content presented in such a way that its appearance will please the most discriminating.

With this end in view it is our custom periodically to adopt new type faces, to improve illustrations and photography, and to co-ordinate all this in a pleasingly artistic layout. For the execution of these changes we have engaged the services of an eminent art director. The first fruits of his work for THE SIGN appear in this issue, and we feel sure that the improvements will please our readers.

ACH generation considers its own era unique, but surely no one will deny that today we are living in an epoch of rapid change, a period in which political, social, and religious forces are struggling as never before for the mastery of man's soul.

It is our aim in the pages of THE SIGN to interpret this chaotic and confusing world to the Catholic reader. THE SIGN is not a newspaper nor is it a news magazine; it makes no pretense of providing a narrative of daily events. In editing a monthly publication, the editors have the leisure to be selective, to observe trends, to chart the course of events, to interpret the happenings which are reported at top speed by the news organs, to survey the fields of literature, radio, stage, and screen.

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THE  SIGN

Current



Fact and Comment

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Acme photos

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EDITOR'S PAGE

More--and Better

EXCEPT for the period of government regulation during the war, THE SIGN has been for years a sixty-four-page magazine. With this issue we are increasing the number of pages to eighty. In view of the continuing paper shortage and constantly rising publishing costs this is a difficult and expensive step. The usual procedure in these days is to increase the number of pages only in order to devote more space to highly profitable advertising. This is not our purpose. The extra pages will be devoted to added reading matter.

The editors are determined to give American Catholics the best magazine they can publish without financial loss. We are not satisfied with former coverage, although a glance at the contents page of past issues shows a considerable variety and completeness.

Beginning this month we are adding new features: an especially selected short story, a radio page, a sports column, a picture spread of interesting Catholic personalities, and a spiritual thought for the month. Several other features are under consideration and may be included later.

Each month the editors will select and purchase rights to a short story which has appeared elsewhere and which because of its outstanding qualities merits remembrance and presentation to readers of THE SIGN. We begin with "Love in Minneapolis" by Richard Sherman. Because of its length we are omitting one of the other stories scheduled for this issue.

Don Dunphy, the well-known sports announcer, will write a monthly column on sports, and Dorothy Klok, with long experience in radio, will do for that field what Jerry Cotter has been doing for stage and screen. The editors will present each month a picture spread of interesting Catholic personalities in a feature entitled "People," and Father Walter Farrell, O.P., known widely for his *Companion to the Summa*, will for some time contribute the spiritual thought for the month. With this matter added to what has already been appearing, we feel that we shall be giving our readers a more varied and complete magazine.

It has always been the object of the editors to present the best matter in the best manner. We

want the magazine to be interesting, informative, stimulating, provocative—but we also want the thought content presented in such a way that its appearance will please the most discriminating.

With this end in view it is our custom periodically to adopt new type faces, to improve illustrations and photography, and to co-ordinate all this in a pleasingly artistic layout. For the execution of these changes we have engaged the services of an eminent art director. The first fruits of his work for THE SIGN appear in this issue, and we feel sure that the improvements will please our readers.

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America is going to do, and do not seem to know what America has already done."

In the Balkan countries, ignorance of what America has done is much worse. The pitiable inadequacy of our publicity program in that area was described by correspondents of the New York *Herald Tribune* in their current series of articles on life in Eastern Europe. In Rumania we have only four men engaged in propaganda work, and these are confined to a yearly budget of \$7500. And for one library supported by the United States there are 306 devoted to propagandizing the Soviet way of life. The general ineptness of our tactics in the Balkans is summed up in a remark made to the correspondents by the Director of the British Council at Warsaw: "We cannot understand," he said, "why you chaps, who are so good at selling soap and toothpaste and things, don't bother to advertise the advantages of your way of life. It's really the best kind of diplomacy, and the cheapest in the long run."

If an economy-minded Congress hadn't slashed the publicity budget last spring, this sad state of affairs wouldn't exist. At this late date we shouldn't still have to be told that it costs money to sell democracy to European peoples. After spending billions to fight a war, still more billions for reconstruction, and more relief still to come, we shouldn't hesitate to spend what is needed to tell the people of Europe who it is that is helping them in their tragic needs.

THROUGHOUT all relief campaigns for Europe, some people (usually people with a good will and a practical turn of mind) have been plagued with one bothersome thought. It

expresses itself somewhat like this: "Relief for Europe is fine. But let's not be saps about it. How do we know that our aid is reaching the right

people? After all, Europe is full of black markets, and indiscriminate giving is just encouraging a huge racket."

This is a real objection and it can't be ignored. In an age like ours with its genius for racketeering, even charity can't afford to divorce itself from vigilance. If charity sees a hungry Christ in the pained eyes and gaunt faces of starving DP's, it can't content itself simply with sending food. It has to be sure it isn't gobbled by wolves on the way.

But even if it fails to reach its goal, as sometimes it will despite a normal amount of vigilance, charity never wholly misses its mark. Compassion has an effectiveness all its own, even when it misses its immediate aim. It may aim at bringing comfort to a mother who has no milk for her whimpering baby, and it may be so tricked by the malice of men that it seems only to cater to some swindler's greed. Yet it is not in vain. For every movement of compassion is an increased likening of a man's heart to the heart of Christ; and whenever a human heart pulsates in closer rhythm with the heart of Christ, new spiritual energy sweeps over the face of the earth—energy marked for the removal of evil and the destruction of sin's ever-abundant crop of human ills. Not even the smartest racket devised in hell can reduce genuine Christian compassion to the impotence of utter futility; and a man who reaches out a hand of mercy to a needy Christ is never completely fooled.

This observation on the intrinsic efficacy of compassion may or may not be convincing to those practical-minded people who have a mortal terror of being victimized by a racketeer. Happily, for Catholics among them, there is at hand an organization which has proved itself an able custodian of goods earmarked for the needy.

From November twenty-third to thirtieth, every parish in the United States will be asked to make its contribution of food and clothing to the N.C.W.C.'s War Relief Services. Within the last four years this agency has sent \$100,000,000

Solace for the Skeptical



In 1939 you could hand your grocer a dollar and get bread, butter, milk, eggs, and soap flakes. The American dollar still is the same size, color, but try getting them today!



In 1947 you are fortunate indeed if for one dollar you can get both eggs and soap flakes. And still prices go up, still the dollar shrinks. Too bad, but Congress must act.

worth of supplies to sixty-one stricken countries. Every box was clearly labeled a donation of the American people. And twenty-two thousand volunteers presided over the distribution of these boxes. Here we have efficiency and vigilance going hand in hand with charity. Every Catholic who wants to heed the piteous cries of the hungry Christ who stands in the world's breadlines, every Catholic who wants to clothe the shivering Christ huddled in the corners of unheated shacks, can reach Him through this efficient arm of twentieth-century Christian charity.

THE American worker, by and large, wants simply to earn a living wage, have congenial working conditions, reasonable hours, and the sense of security in his job. He is willing to

give an honest amount of his brain and his brawn in return.

Were he able to attain these alone in personal understanding

ing with his employer, he

would be eminently satisfied. But he cannot. He must concert with his fellow workers to attain these objectives, and even then he is all too often unable to taste success. Unionism is his only hope. The American worker, by and large, knows little of the legal intricacies of the Taft-Hartley Law, he cares less to be involved in the parliamentary tactics of union politics in drawn-out meetings and conventions. But he does know—and he is so right—that if he is ever to win he must be a union member in good standing.

And therewith is laid the stage for tragedy.

Union leaders can, and do, all too often lead him astray. We do not have in mind here the unscrupulous leadership of fellow travelers and unabashed Communists. We are thinking of the top and supposedly reputable leadership in the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. We submit that Mr. Average American Unionist has been led astray and betrayed by these august, entrenched gentlemen. And we have specifically in mind the Taft-Hartley Law. Mr. Average American Unionist has been told by his top leaders that this law is insidious, that it is slave labor, that it is the bell tolling the death of American trade unionism. That this is so much ridiculous nonsense would be dazzlingly evident to any man capable of counting a pay check were the law explained for a change.

Nor is it aside from the point to inject into the discussion at this juncture, that if the Taft-Hartley Law is far from the sort of legislation needed (and definitely it is, make no mistake about that), much of the blame can be laid squarely at the doorstep of the leaders of organized labor who failed to come forth with a single constructive suggestion during the whole time of the law's weary gestation. Unable at that time to perform a criminal abortion, now that the law is born these same leaders are a-feuding and a-fussing and a-fighting over its unlovely features.

And Mr. Average American Unionist is convinced that the Taft-Hartley Law is undividedly bad. On September 30, *Look* came out with a survey on this subject. It asked a cross-section of employees whether Congress should have passed the Taft-Hartley Bill or not. Of the union members who responded, 64 per cent said no, 25 per cent said yes; the others had no opinion. And this seems perfectly in line with what the C.I.O. in Boston and the A.F.L. in San Francisco decided in their recent conventions.

But when Mr. Average American Worker was asked whether he thought the closed shop and the union shop should be outlawed, whether he thought unions should make reports on the money they take in and what they spend it for, whether Communists should be prevented from holding office in unions, whether companies should be allowed to sue unions when unions broke their contracts, whether unions should give sixty days' notice before striking, whether employers should be allowed to talk to the workers on the sub-



Press Ass'n

This stern-faced Arab is a symbol of national indignation. Throughout this controversy on Palestine, one question comes to our minds: Why are the Zionists' claims so sacred?



Europa

Despite the floods of Communist propaganda, America still is a dreamland to many like these Prague citizens looking at a U.S. reading room. Should be hundreds more such rooms.



International

His name is Hermann Nickel. He comes from Berlin. And he is the first German exchange student to come to the U.S. since the war. Here is an ideal way to "re-educate."



Acme
A picture for all race-conscious Catholics to ponder, including those who objected so strongly to "Color Scheme" in the Sept. SIGN. The Pope practices no discrimination.



International
Blithe spirits with a gloomy report. Panel of architects predicts five more years of housing shortage. No joke for house-hunters. Passing a good bill on housing would help.



International photos
Eamon de Valera (left) in London for the first time since 1938. Reason: Anglo-Irish trade talks. By mutual aid the two countries would bury old hatchets and stir up new hopes.

ject of joining unions so long as they do not threaten or promise rewards for not joining, whether unions should be prohibited to spend money or make contributions in political campaigns for federal offices, whether the check-off should be allowed only where the worker agrees in writing, and whether in industries considered vital to the country's welfare the government should be allowed to get an injunction preventing a strike for several months while settlements are being attempted (all of which are sections of the Taft-Hartley Law)—73 per cent of the genus American worker answered yes; 68 per cent holding union cards chimed in with them.

If anything follows from this astounding condemnation of a law and approbation of its individual sections, then this follows: the American worker is not even yet acquainted with what the Taft-Hartley Law is all about. He is following his leaders in condemning it because they have called it vicious. He is following his common sense when he passes judgment on individual points which happen as a matter of fact to be included in the law. And by the same token, it follows the Taft-Hartley Law is not as evil as Mr. Green, Mr. Murray, Mr. Lewis, *et al.*, would have us believe.

THE foregoing editorial should make it rather evident that the editors of THE SIGN have little sympathy with the tactics of union leaders in regard to the Taft-Hartley Law. We do not

consider it an unadulterated evil. We do not think that every congressman and every senator who voted for it should get the political hatchet merely be-

cause he voted for it. However, we do firmly believe that Congress made a dismal mistake in passing an "omnibus" bill. Too much was included that should have been voted on separately. The whole problem of labor relations should have been approached more cautiously, as would have befit the complexity of the problem. Instead, everything that bore the smudge of criticism, whether well-founded or not, was included, from strikes by federal employees to the ban on Communist labor leaders.

Some of the features of this law are dubious at best. The whole matter of mandatory NLRB injunctions and exemptions from the Norris-LaGuardia Act, the matter of foremen's unions, the compulsory open shop, the handling of secondary boycotts—these are some of the features that make endorsement of the law a matter for hesitation. Or take the section restricting political contributions by labor organizations. In effect, this would deny political power to the individual worker save when he is actually casting his ballot.

Other features of the law are not only dubious, they are bad. Take the matter of federal employees, for example. To forbid them to strike is to seek to deprive them by civil law of what is already granted them by natural law. As such, the prohibition is morally indefensible. (Cf. "Strikes against the Government" in THE SIGN for April 1947.)

It will be years before the courts build up a body of interpretative decisions on the Taft-Hartley Law; it will take much time even before it is evident how the law will be administered. In the meantime it is folly for organized labor or for management by devious ways to insure that the law won't work. In these days of world need and political sabotage from the Left, industrial peace and social justice should be the thirst of every American, whoever he is. With the Comintern active again, with many unions embroiled with Communist factions within their own organizations, it takes on the aspects of stubborn stupidity to see labor leaders concentrating all their energy in gunning for those who sponsored the Labor-Management Relations Act of 1947. The Taft-Hartley Law is not a good law. It has too many defects for that. But it happens to be the law of the land, and until its undesirable sections can be amended or repealed it is the



The average Italian is confused by conflicting propaganda campaigns attempting to win his allegiance—and his country

by **BARRETT McGURN**

OTELLO CAPANNESI is becoming a Communist. He is not quite one yet. He says he is a Socialist, but in his next breath he tells you that, as far as he can see, there is no difference between Socialism and Communism. Unless something happens, Otello soon will be following the straight Communist Party line.

Otello is a young sharecropper in the handsome rolling Chianti hills in central Italy. Driving through his countryside you can think of few places lovelier, but so far as Otello is concerned the hills tilt too much. It is very hard making a living on his twenty acres. They sprawl steeply down a hillside so that he has to work all his vines and wheat by hand. By American standards it is much too hard a life. Otello for a long time now has been dreaming of having it a little easier.

In nearby Greve the Communists have been busy for months now promising Otello and the other sharecroppers that

life will be less difficult if Communism comes. Some of the Communists have been saying that men like Otello will have the land for themselves. Some have assured the sharecroppers that work hours will be shorter and that schooling opportunities will be better. The more responsible-seeming Communists have been making more immediate promises. They have told Otello that he will have to give less of his produce to the landowners, 40 per cent instead of 50.

To practical-minded Otello some of the promises have sounded like mere words, but the offer of a sixty-forty instead of a fifty-fifty arrangement with his proprietor has struck him as reasonably attainable. He is all for it. If the Communists win the point, they may have Otello's vote in the next elections.

The strategy the Communists have used in Otello's case is the same they have employed throughout Italy. In the Sicilian

sulphur mines the Communists fought merely to get bus rides to and from work for the poorly paid sulphur diggers. They won the point. Now, according to Communists in Rome, Communism has swept the Sicilian mines.

Directing the Communists in Italy is a fifty-four-year-old native of Genoa, the same northern Italian city which produced America's discoverer. If Christopher Columbus had affection for the land he found, his modern Genoese successor, Palmiro Togliatti, has quite the opposite feeling. In the mind of Togliatti, the United States now represents the number one threat in the world.

An exile from Italy during Fascism, Togliatti learned his Communism in Moscow. It is evident that he studied well. He came back to Italy behind the advancing Allied troops and now heads the second largest national Communist Party in the world. Italy's 2,200,000 Communists are more than you will find in any country other than Russia itself.

The mental picture of an average

BARRETT McGURN, *Herald-Tribune* correspondent in Rome, is an ex-G.I. who during the war years covered the Pacific area for *Yank*, the Army Weekly.

American is gradually changing in Italy as a result of pressure from Togliatti's propagandists. Once Italians thought of Americans in terms of the open-handed, gum-chewing soldiers who fought bravely on this soil to restore Italy to its own democratic government. Now, as a result of caricatures which Communists have spread through boot-shaped Italy, the American is becoming a bloated, cigar-smoking man who wears a red, white, and blue star-spangled high hat and manipulates Italy's Prime Minister, Alcide De Gasperi, in behalf of war-mongering imperialistic ends.

There is no doubt that this campaign has had some success. I have heard Italian workers shouting, "We want no foreigners in our house," as they have marched past American military installations in Rome.

Perhaps typical was the sharp exchange two housewives had in the cobblestoned streets of the hill town of Ronciglione. One of them, a newly enlisted Communist, was trudging home with a package of goods from UNRRA, the international relief group which was financed mostly by the United States funds.

"If you're a Communist," protested the other woman, "why do you accept that from the United States? Why don't you get your help from Russia?"

The Communist had learned the party line thoroughly. She snapped back quickly that no thanks were due to United States for UNRRA. "It's just their waste products," she said bitterly. "They give it to us only because they don't know what else to do with it."

Violent threats have become a stand-

by It is generally charged that the Communists of Italy have arms. The struggling armies of Italy and Germany on the one side and the United States and Britain on the other left tons of weapons on their numerous battlefields. In the past year police investigators have found great stores of such weapons; most of them were well oiled, a sign that their illegal possessors had a future use in mind for them.

Personal hardships, plus the vague threat of Communist violence, have been coupled with one more strong Communist weapon: the Party's brazen willingness to affirm even the most preposterous statements in an effort to deceive.

Togliatti, for instance, has coolly informed the Italian Parliament in his convincing schoolteacher fashion that the United States is responsible for the Soviet veto of American proposals for admission of Italy into the United Nations.

He has reasoned it in this fashion: The United States is conducting "a policy of imperialist expansion and war." The Italian Government, beneficiary of hundreds of millions of dollars in American aid, has been "servile" to the American Government in return for these reconstruction dollars. "In the eyes of the whole world" Italy has thus appeared as a country seriously lacking in independence. This "makes it unavoidable that Italy should not get the place she is due among the free nations." Hence the Russian veto.

So far the Communists have won about one-fifth of Italy. One of the chief remaining stumbling blocks is the Catholic religion to which 99 per cent of Italians pay at least nominal allegiance. Otello, for instance, still considers himself a Catholic. He has long since become hopelessly confused, however. To the Pope's statement that you cannot be both a Catholic and an atheistic Communist, the Italian Communists calmly have retorted that there is no conflict between Communism and Catholicism. Near Otello lives one farmer who both carries the statue of Mary in parish processions and serves as chief of the neighborhood Communist cell. He is merely one of many who though sincere and simple in faith are beguiled and confused by constant propaganda.

And yet the Church is the basic stumbling block to further Communist encroachments. Pope Pius XII is a world figure in the battle against Communism and millions in Italy still look to him. He is their one certain hope for a good future. When 50,000 Catholic Action delegates crowded St. Peter's Square last September, the Pope left no room for doubt in the minds of his hearers in regard to the Church's stand against Communism. "The time for reflection and planning is past," he said. "The opposing fronts in the religious and moral fields are becoming ever more clearly defined. The time of test is here. Are you ready?" And there came

back from the cheering crowd a resounding "Yes!"

For several years after the war the Christian Democratic Party, a Catholic group, shared a coalition government with the Communists. Finally this summer they denounced the alliance and assumed the government alone.



Anti-Communist Prime Minister Alcide de Gasperi



Giuseppe Saragat led a rebellion among Socialists

ard part of the Italian Communist technique. Signs have been pasted to the walls of the modest apartment house building in which the anti-Communist Prime Minister De Gasperi makes his residence, demanding that he be hanged. Rome demonstrators have carried paintings of skeletons captioned "De Gasperi, do you want to see yourself like this?"

Although Togliatti holds to his policy of wooing Catholics, there is mounting evidence to suspect his good will. In areas where Communists are fully in control, such as the factory town of Terni, priests have been insulted on the streets and have been forced into silence when they have attempted to answer Communist criticisms in open-air meetings. In Rome, at a Communist rally, I have heard the cry: "Death to the priests."

Outside support for a violent seizure of power is not expected in Italy, at least at the present. Giuseppe Saragat, leader of the Socialist group which revolted against the pro-Communist line of the Socialist Party leaders in Italy, says that the Communists are sure that a revolution will mean war. At least at the moment, they do not want to take that risk, he says.

The one other way for Communists to take power is through the nationwide elections in Italy next April. They are campaigning strenuously in an attempt to win such a victory, but so far seem to have only about 20 per cent of the Italian voters behind them, and perhaps another 15 per cent allied to them through sympathetic groups such as the left-wing Socialists.

The crucial months will be January to March when Italy's food runs low again as it has at that time ever since the war. If the United States gives Italy another \$500,000,000 for food and similar supplies during the next six months, Otello and the other Italian voters will not vote Togliatti's party into power, Ivan Matteo Lombardo, Italy's chief international loan officer, says. If, on the other extreme, America were to close the door to

further Italian aid, Togliatti would win, Lombardo hints.

Italy, like almost all the rest of Europe, wants American loans to purchase the raw materials their own scant soil does not possess. In Italy that means coal, steel, cotton, rubber, most of the nonferrous metals, hides, and lumber. That Italy lacks these things is visible in every street. In Naples, for instance, wood is so scarce that the trees are pruned each winter down to the very trunk. Cotton is so rare that pitiful, ragged women slip into the port area at Genoa to clutch pathetic handfuls from the bales from America. Coal is so hard to get that the radiators of our neighborhood have been chill since before the war. We heat a few corners of the house with kerosene or wood.

Without more American aid the lack of materials will close down Italy's reviving factories, Lombardo says. Production will stop, unemployment will mount—possibly to four or five million—a tenth of the whole population; starvation will begin and then chaos will follow.

"And chaos in Italy will be only one hour ahead of chaos in all Europe," Lombardo has warned the Americans with whom he has negotiated.

AMERICANS at least can have the comfort of knowing that Italians are helping. There are many millions like Otello who are working tirelessly to produce and to reconstruct. The Italian Government is making some of the reforms which need to be made, although even representatives of the Government admit that there is more they should do.

Teams of price investigators are now being sent out through the farms and factories of Italy to determine operating costs and fair profits. Some studies have shown that prices in Italy are 30 per cent higher than they should be, and that a large share of the responsibility rests on the shoulders of various cynical Italians who have cornered food and other supplies in order to grow rich on the basis of the general need. The cafés and restaurants of Rome are crowded with people who show signs of sudden wealth.

Another new Italian law provides severe punishments for those farmers who have been black-marketing their wheat. Although America has had to send shiploads of free wheat into Italy, many farmers have evaded the laws for the control of native grain, and have sold it to cake shops. The result is that wheat which should have been a poor man's bread has ended up as a wealthy person's pastry. Fines of twenty times the crop's value have now been provided for offenders. Confiscation of the land has been authorized for the worst cases of "antisocial selfishness."

The Government also has attacked the scandal of great estates lying idle while

hundreds of thousands of farmers have no opportunity to obtain land of their own to work. Under the new law a peasant is permitted to report unworked estates of which he knows. A commission representing the landowners, the peasants, and the Ministry of Agriculture passes judgment. If the peasant's claim is supported he is authorized to move onto the soil as a sharecropper, paying part of his earnings to the owner. So far 560 square miles of estate land have been handed over to the small farmers.

Another reform which Allied observers feel essential for Italy is a progressive income tax similar to the one in the United States. One Allied economist has estimated that Italians in the higher-income brackets pay less than half enough in taxes. Perhaps as a result of the old anti-governmental spirit among Italians, many duck even the taxes which are in effect.

"I have a dear friend, dear in spite of this, who boasts that he has never paid taxes in his life," one Italian official told me. "He lives in a boarding house. Every time the tax collector comes the bird flies away."

As a price for further aid, the United States might well insist on a tougher tax system.

Some Italian Leftists demand even more sweeping reforms. Socialists demand that the banks be forbidden to lend funds to speculators. Communists urge that the funds of the banks be limited to factories producing low-cost consumer goods, or export items, and that preference be given to co-operatives. The Government has answered that a comparatively small amount of bank money goes to speculators and that too many controls defeat the cause of increased production rather than help it.

Another Socialist proposal has been that the raw materials flowing into Italy should be used only for inexpensive articles for the internal Italian market, or for luxury goods to be sold abroad. They point out that steel needed for tractors has gone into \$10,000 automobiles which are now on sale in the windows of many apparently prosperous agencies in Rome and other cities.

With internal Italian reforms on the one hand, and a continuingly generous American aid on the other, Communism probably can still be stopped in Italy. Even the Socialists, at least individually, have begun to grumble against some Communist actions, such as the extensive recent strikes. Work stoppages of that sort are a case of "the dog biting his tail," one Socialist leader remarked in conversation. For selfish political ends the Communist leaders of such demonstrations cut the very production upon which Italian workers depend for improved conditions, he protested.

Otello does not ask for very much. "All

I want is to be able to live discreetly," he told me. What he means by that is evident as he shows off his farm. His house has no electricity. For light at night he burns olive oil. Its only virtue for illumination is that it is cheap in the olive-growing hills of Chianti. The light is so dim Otello cannot read.

Even with electricity Otello would find it hard to read, it's true. He and his brother, Omero, got only to the third grade before they had to quit school to take up their labor as sharecroppers. At ten Otello was a part-time shepherd. At ten he was a full-time sharecropper.

Otello would like a system of life which would enable him to have housing space enough to marry. Although he is head of the house now, there is no place for a wife. The three bedrooms, living room, and kitchen already bulge with Otello's relatives: his parents, Omero, a sister, another brother, the latter's wife, and a four-year-old nephew. Should Otello choose a life partner, his only hope will be that the



International

Palmiro Togliatti, Russian-trained Communist leader

estate owner will agree to tack a one-room addition to the Capanni home.

Otello plods about his home barefoot to save his shoes. It costs \$14 a pair now in an Italy of inflated prices to replace them. The womenfolk keep busy walking back and forth from a spring 150 feet distant, the house's only water source. They do not grumble. Many another Italian woman walks much farther for all her water.

Otello knows that his life will always be hard. He does not dream ever of having an automobile, but he would like a bicycle. He says he has turned to the Left only because he has lived under both Fascism and monarchy and found life under them "bad." American aid, plus Italian internal self-control, still has a good chance of convincing Otello that free democracy is a fourth choice, and best of all. It is essential that they change Otello's mind.



The first of two articles on her conversion

FIVE years ago I was a prisoner in a bright, bleak, narrow cell which I called the universe. Things were very tidy there—it is easy for the poor to keep their possessions neat. Mine was a bare, modern, antisepic universe with colorless, windowless walls and the strong, astringent smell of modern science. It had neon lights to read by, but it never admitted the sun. For forty years I had lived, with ups and downs, inside the cell called atheism.

There are virtues inside the modernist's narrow world, for no human being ever born could live entirely removed from grace. But we atheists were living on a subnormal plane; our virtues were devitalized, and they glowed with no superhuman glory. We had faith—but faith in Freud and in a mystical, unproven principle of life called "progress." Since the brain does not thrive on prison fare, my believing mind was filled with a hundred contradictory fallacies, a thousand sloppily contrived assumptions. Because doctors had been able to wipe out smallpox, I thought it followed that they would shortly find a virus for man's hostility to man. Because the engineering sciences had been a great success, I expected *social engineers* to produce, within a hundred years, the principles on which a society of perfect men would operate as smoothly and with as little friction as a really good Diesel engine.

One of the most horrible things about

the atheist's cell is that it is a fairly comfortable place in which to live. The inmates are not clamoring loudly for someone to free them; each of them is working very busily to exchange his present cell for another exactly the same, only a little larger and more enviably placed. The man in the five thousand dollar cell hopes, in a few years, to move into the twenty-five thousand dollar cell; then, he is sure, his troubles will be at an end.

I was not unhappy four years ago. I did not have pain or frustration or failure in my little cell with me, as goads to finding the way out. My life was a success according to the formula laid down by the psychiatrists. If anyone had suggested that I needed a God, I should probably have asked, "What for?"

Things were going well. My life was orderly. My thoughts were neatly ranged.

And then I became confused. Thank God, I became confused!

The war confused me. It showed, rather shockingly, that mankind was not getting along as well with its job of perfecting itself as I had hoped. The scientists were not delivering the goods. For while they had been frivo-losely measuring the stars and telling us how to increase the speed of aircraft, man himself had fallen prey to a deadly disease, the disease of human hostility. It was high time, it seemed, that someone should jog the scientists' nodding

heads and point out their error in having let mankind get completely out of hand. I was quite testy with any scientists I was able to buttonhole.

"Look here," I'd say to them. "What Aristotle said about medicine is now known to be nonsense. Today's doctors have shown up his ignorance. But people still speak admiringly of Plato's *Republic*. That means that for thousands of years you haven't taken a step toward solving this question of how men can live amiably together. And now look! A world war!"

None of them, not one, pointed out the obvious fact that science has definite limits beyond which it can never go.

"Karl Marx," I said, "started with an obviously ridiculous idea: that man is moved solely by economic interests. But even so—even with so big a mistake as that at the bottom of his thinking—his one poor effort to understand society in social terms has changed the history of one-sixth of the globe. When *real* scientists study history, things will begin to hum."

So I had a hazy notion that I'd skim over the fields of sociology and psychiatry and see what the boys knew. Then I'd get

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WHY I BECAME A CATHOLIC

by GRETTA PALMER

The search for truth, the longing for Faith,
are the personal romance of a soul with God
—but the telling gives courage to others

hold of some of the practical men—labor organizers, politicians, personnel experts—and see what *they* had found out. We'd hold a conference to pool all this knowledge and then we'd get a philanthropist to pay for research to fill the necessary gaps, and there we'd be. Society would be scientific, at last! It might take twenty-five years, but I probably had twenty-five years. And it would be great fun.

(I am afraid I also had a gratifying mental glimpse of myself, graciously posing for the picture magazines as the liaison agent between these distinguished groups of scholars and statesmen. In fifteen years, I'd probably have a Cabinet post—Secretary of Social Evolution or something of the sort. There was plenty of "self-interest" at the bottom of the scheme, you may be sure.)

I began to read a *lot* of sociology. I began buttonholing learned men. I thought that I was being an intellectual pioneer, but I was really engaged in work much more important than that. For I was running my hands over the smooth, unbroken walls of my atheism, looking for a chink through which real sunlight might come in. I did not know it, but when I started seeking a new truth, I began my search for God.

Being stubborn and utterly the child of my times, I spent five years thrashing around inside that cell, examining it in search of something which it could not possibly contain. For the only way that the atheist *can* arrive at fundamental truth is by smashing down the artificial walls inside which he has confined himself.

In five years, I proposed what seemed the basic question to hundreds of the wise men of our times.

"The real trouble with society," I'd say to them, "is, obviously, man's hostility to other men. Now, then, what do we know about that? How can we control it? How can we make everybody feel friendly toward society?"

ONE group of psychiatrists said hostilities ("aggressions") are restored in an invisible reservoir; drain them off, and that will be the end of them.

"Why, that's perfectly splendid," I said. "We'll get to work on it at once.

"You mean that if we give a man a hatchet and let him go to work smashing a tenement that is coming down anyway, he'll get along better with his family and friends?"

Some of them did mean just that. They even agreed that bull fights and prize fights "drain aggressions" and keep a

population in a benign mood. (None of them ever lifted a finger to put this noble theory into execution, but they often read papers about it before learned societies. I suppose they still do.)

But, just before I hopped the train for Washington to lobby for the admission of fighting bulls, another distinguished psychiatrist got hold of me.

"That's nonsense," he said. "Hostility is like a muscle; the more you exercise it, the stronger it grows. Bull fights make a population *crueller*."

THEN I met a third expert, who said that hostility is the same thing as love, only turned in the wrong direction. "Remove hostility from man," he said, "and you will paralyze him so that he cannot act, at all."

My efforts to start at the very beginning—to found a science of society from scratch—were not getting along very well.

I tried other approaches, dozens of them. I read Jung and Freud and Adler, and then I read their middlemen, Menninger and Zilboorg and Alexander and Horney. I found a few kind words tossed toward God in some of Jung's writings and I noted the fact with surprise: odd that so medieval a notion should crop up in a scientific work! Then I read the social scientists: Sumner and Mead and Soule and Myrdal and Mumford and Burnham and Moreno and Burrow and Lewin and Mayo and Murphy and Dollard and Roethlisberger and Burgess and Cottrell and Lasswell and Sorokin and Pareto. I gave the semantics boys a whirl. I poked into "phylogeny" and "sociometry" and I even practiced, with some success, a curious psychological method of using prayer for the realization of one's desires, although both the author of the system and I denied the existence of any God on the receiving end.

It was all a very great waste of time, except for the fact that it taught me what shallow and unsatisfactory results arrive if materialist scholars ignore man's association with a personal God. For when atheist scientists attempt to study man, they undertake an intellectual absurdity. Man, studied as a creature separated from the God who is constantly communicating with him, can never be understood.

For years I failed to see this. I thought man was a bundle of "childhood conditionings." Recondition him, and all would be well. And so I studied the various methods by which commercial firms induce the public to buy their goods. I studied advertising. (If you could sell the

public chewing gum, couldn't you sell it friendliness?) I studied the techniques of public opinion polling. (What makes the public change its mind? Can we induce it to give loving-kindness a whir?) I spent a lot of time on the moving picture as a medium of persuasion. (If you could make an audience "identify" with a kindly hero, wouldn't it become kindly, too?)

It was in Hollywood that I began to get a faint inkling of where this search might lead. This was at the time when *The Song of Bernadette* had reached the screen. I wondered whether this idealization of saintliness would "affect the mores of the public." (For I used to talk in terms like that.) Among others who might be expected to know, I called a Catholic priest to ask him whether attendance and collections in the churches had shown any noticeable pickup in cities where the picture had been shown. (For I measured human conduct on such a scale of outward actions then.)

I forgot what his answer to *that* was. But when I pressed him for a more fundamental opinion, when I said, "Couldn't a series of such pictures make men pretty nearly perfect?" he said, "No." And when I asked why not, he gave me what I considered the most evasive, superstitious, and utterly ridiculous answer I had ever heard. He said, "Original sin."

IN Hollywood again—on that trip or the next—I read about the Vedanta religion, which had engaged the passionate interest of such worldlings as Aldous Huxley, Gerald Heard, Somerset Maugham, and Christopher Isherwood. The Swami who had influenced all of them was right there, in Beverly Hills. I went to see him in search of an article. And to him, too, I addressed the question with which I was now nagging the universe: "How can we change the heart of man, so that he longs for unity and peace?"

The Swami was very kind. My brisk, practical, and Western viewpoint did not annoy him, although I made it clear that I valued religion only as one, possibly effective instrument for the improvement of society, here and now.

"You of the West," he told me, "have good will and a great desire to help each other. You are constantly taking up activities whose purpose is the accomplishment of good. What you do not know—what we of the Orient could teach you, is that one cannot perform a successful surgical operation with a dirty knife."

This did seem reasonable. Modern political leaders had enormously powerful instruments of swaying the minds of the public, but if they themselves were misguided men, their propaganda could only duplicate their own mistakes.

Who was to plan the planners in my new society? Who was sure enough of his own wisdom to dare use moving pictures, radio, billboards, and the rest to persuade

all others to be like him? What man was so wise and good that a society composed of carbon copies of himself would be a happy one?

But I brushed this question aside as too difficult to answer. Instead of pursuing it, I went to Italy and North Africa in the summer of 1944.

I did not go to see the war; I went to see Europe's exit toward peace. I thought that the earliest liberated towns of Sicily and Italy would be enlightening case studies: When men have passed through an experience of bitterness and hate, are their hearts purged, so that their native good will flows out freely? When everything has been leveled by bombing and destruction, do men build better from scratch?

The Brotherhood of Man was what I really hoped to find. And I found it. I did not find it where I had thought I would. There was very little love among the poor, half-starved, bewildered Italian civilians. But I learned in Italy that the combat soldier is the kind of man I had hoped science and propaganda might produce.

The selflessness of the soldier was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I do not mean the spruced-up soldier on leave in Rome, and certainly not the soldier-bureaucrat whom you met in Washington during the war. No, I mean the spent, exhausted, bitter, wholly-dedicated soldier whom you met in cities that had been liberated a few hours before: there was my man. He had had burned out of him, by sorrow and suffering, any faint interest in "making character" with those who could advance him, or in "getting ahead in the world," or in any of the trashy ideals on which so many of our peacetime activities are spent. His immediate reaction to anyone who came along was a spontaneous, profane desire to "help the poor bastard."

"Take my cigarettes—I've got another pack." "Take my money, you'll need it more than I." "Let me go on that patrol, Buddy. You've got a wife and nobody cares much if I get mine." . . .

WHEN you have been privileged to meet such men you do not *think* much about what factors made them act like that. You are not in great sympathy with the slick psychiatric formula which says, "Having exhausted his aggressions against the enemy, the combat soldier has only libido left for his comrades." Nonsense! These men were gentle to the enemy, too, when he had fallen, and their violence was exhausted in only one direction: against themselves. They had "cleaned the knife."

But why were our soldiers so magnificent? Not, I promise you, because of any "indoctrination" as to the purposes for which the war was being fought. "What are we doing over here, anyhow?" was the commonest remark they made. For their

Paying His Respects

► Milton Berle tells this about Monty Woolley, the man with the razorless beard and the razor-edged tongue. He came into his hotel one day with a large bouquet of flowers.

"These are for the phone girls," he said to the hotel manager.

"Oh, thank you, sir," the manager gushed. "You compliment our service."

Woolley looked daggers at him.

"Compliment, nothing!" he shouted. "I thought they were all dead!"



girls? Their wives? No . . . for far too many of the men in combat had received those brutal little letters that began, "This is hard to write," and went on to tell of nearer, dearer men at home who had supplanted them. But the doughboy never faltered, when he got news like this. The world back home had become unreal to him. Only the men in his squadron seemed altogether alive; and for any one of them the combat soldier would and often did accept any torture that might come along.

These dedicated men were beyond the foolish little diagrams by which some social scientists hope to capture the human spirit. Even I saw that. The only possible attitude that one could take toward them was, humbly, to try to understand them and to give such infinitesimal assistance to a few of them as lay within the powers of a civilian intruder into their world. You could, at least, accept the discomforts which attended a trip to the front. You could, at least, brace yourself to behave under danger and not get in the way of men doing a difficult job. You could try, when you were tired and cold and hungry, to behave one-hundredth as well as these men, who had been tired and cold and hungry for fourteen months and who were not free to leave at any whim.

If you have lived, for even a few days, with men like that, you find the questions that you ask are subtly altered. You no longer say, "What kind of committee shall I form to improve society?" You say, "How can I serve this extraordinary quality that men develop under conditions of unspeakable strain? How can I keep from getting in its way? Where do they get it? What is its source?"

For I found that nobility and unselfishness are catching; it is impossible, in the contagion of giving at the front, to hoard a bit of chocolate. But back in America, where nobody seemed to be outstandingly noble, hoarding again seemed the natural thing to do. Do you remember those under-the-counter dealings in butter and sugar and beef? Do you remember the five dollar bills that enabled us to save our gas ration cards? That was the world that I returned to in the winter of '44.

I hated that world. I went on hating it for a long time. But I did not know where to find its antithesis, where to look for the glory I had seen in Italy, except among the dirty, unshaved, tired men who were fighting America's war. So I went back to the war out of homesickness for heroism. I went to China in the summer of '45.

I saw the war end there and I visited a few of the little, heartbreaking wars of independence that were starting in the colonial areas (and are still being hopelessly waged today). I got to know revolutionaries and patient Chinese peasant-soldiers and I became proud of the astonishing Americans who emerged into Shanghai, at the war's end, from twenty months or more of lonely, dangerous living in disguise behind the enemy lines.

IN China, I think, I renounced that pretty vision of myself as Madam Secretary in charge of Human Evolution. For here I ran up against men so lonely for a woman from home that they had no shame in telling you the things that were really bothering them. And the conflicts that beset them are derived from such endurance and selflessness, such a pitiless standard of what the war demands of them that you wish you were a combat soldier, too, so that you could talk in their own terms.

Instead, I trotted out what had once passed for wisdom, when I had written it for the magazines. (For it was all I had to give.) I said the pat little things psychiatrists tell us in their slick little books. And I discovered how hollow and how very silly these things are.

But I really tried in China. I listened to the human problems that were given me and I tried to keep up, morally, with men who thought that it was perfectly normal to live for four or five days without sleep on benzedrine, if there was work to do, and then curl up for three hours on the mud floor of a hangar with their clothes on. I did the best I could—and after six months, I had accomplished absolutely nothing. I was not wise enough to be any good at all to people like this, and I had better abandon any scheme of wholesale social planning.

When I left Shanghai one of the officers at the airport had his arm in a plaster cast. While he checked my travel order, he groped for a match with his one free hand. So I lit his cigarette, and got onto the plane.

"And that," I said to myself, as we took off, "is the sum of my contribution to the China Theater. They can put it on my tombstone if we crash. 'She gave a guy a light'."

China should have taught the dullest heart that life was too large to be contained inside my shiny cell. For I saw other sick and ragged men, with burning eyes, when they came down to Kunming from the prisoner-of-war camps where they had been held since the fall of Corregidor. I heard their stories and I knew, by then, that their stories would never be heard at home. The gap had become too wide. These men had refused to break under conditions incomprehensible to any of the rest of us. Torture, to you or me, is just a word, reminiscent of the dentist's drill. Waiting means, to us, that a train or a plane has changed our plans for a day. These men who came out, with grins on their gaunt faces, had sweated out years of waiting without any evidence except their own stout hearts to make them hope their imprisonment would have a happy ending. But not one of them—not one—had ever doubted that the war would finally be won.

New questions were clamoring for answers, now.

"Consider," I asked myself, "that soldier who was tortured to give information and died without telling anything. There were a hundred of him—any of the men I see in Shanghai now can name him for me. Very well. Now, suppose that a day after his death the enemy acquired the information he wouldn't give them, but from some other source?"

"Was his death wasted, then? Doesn't it matter that he kept his secret?"

Judged by practical values, it did not matter at all. Not at all. The dead man was the victim of an accident as pointless as being run down by an automobile on Fifth Avenue. His sacrifice was a wasted sacrifice; it saved no other lives and it did not hasten victory by a single second.

But was his death really wasted? Didn't it matter, in any ultimate way at all, that he had died? Somehow it seemed to matter very much. That puzzled me. And there were other things adding to my confusion.

Everybody prays at a war; when grenades explode a yard away, and you are pressing your face into the earth, you do not plot or hope or hate; you pray. When you see someone going off, quite wide-eyed and knowingly, on a mission from which he probably won't return, you can't give him the cheap and hearty good wishes of peacetime life. You pray for him. You come, gradually and mysteri-

ously, to the conviction that almost the only useful thing that you can do for people in danger is to pray for them.

But what did I pray to? Something extremely vague and unformulated. Pressed, I should have shamefacedly come up with one of those wishy-washy phrases: "Higher Intelligence," "Order in the Universe."

But my cell was really cracking, now. Against my stubborn will, and despite my arrogance, I had to admit that there were things in life which a Vassar education and a dabbling in psychiatry were insufficient to explain. The universe was becoming broader and stranger than I had supposed, and much more beautiful. No man-made work of art is as magnificent in its changeable and ever-fresh glory as the full moon. No man-limited philosophy can be anything but artificially narrowing. The real philosophy was beginning to come in.

Faith, I was now prepared to believe, might shed light on the question which still troubled me. Yes, it really might. Perhaps the Vedanta followers were right. Perhaps if we of the West accepted the religious knowledge of the Indians, and merged it with our own practical, caniness, the problem could be cracked.



Greta Palmer in her uniform as overseas correspondent

Faith plus science might be needed.

I almost went to India, to find out. I almost turned around and made for one of those colonies where students, under a *guru*, practice mysticism. The only thing that held me back, I think, was the fact that Hindu religion seemed an individualistic thing. And I was much less interested in an ineffable experience of union with God than I was in doing something, as soon as possible, to keep alive the glory in the soldiers' eyes. So I came home.

Emerson says, "When the half gods go, the real gods come." My half-gods are

soldiers—good men under strain. But, superb as humanity can be when it must meet a crisis, humanity is always an uncertain altar at which to worship. No man, not even a martyred soldier, is noble enough to fill the vacuum in our hearts which is left vacant for God. The Brotherhood of Man is an intelligible ideal only if we look upon the Brothers as having a Father. But that I had yet to learn.

So, "What is the source of the soldier's endurance?" I was asking. "Where does it start? I can sometimes catch the contagion of it, but I can't begin it by myself. Why not? This chain of human kindness must begin with *someone* who is so luminous a personality that everyone who comes along carries off some light. I must find such people, and ask them how they do it. For they have the answer. All the scientists and statesmen need to do is to study them and tell the rest of us how to be like them."

(I did not know it, or wildly guess it, but I had reached the first stage of a conversion then. For the earliest thing that priests say to those who wander, groping, in the darkness, is this: "Pray that you be allowed to see the Light, and that you will be given the strength to reach it.")

For as soon as we are humble enough to say, "I want to find the Truth, wherever it lies," we find it. But when we lay down our own demands for the shape that it must take, then it escapes us. When we say, "The truth must come to me certified by the Association of American Scientists," or "The truth is welcome only if I have discovered it for the first time," then we are lost indeed. We cut ourselves off from the light whenever we cower in the cyclone cellars of our own narrow prejudices and insist that the sun find us there.

Yet . . . Light will penetrate into the narrowest opening. For how grudgingly I widened the chinks for it! At home I ran away into a hundred futile activities, so that I should not have to pursue truth any more. I joined committees by the dozen; my mail is still heavy with the programs of groups who offer patent medicine to the sick soul of modern man. I spent many hours with groups of veterans, hoping to recapture the spirit they have shown abroad; but now, back home, they had become civilians again, and civilians are not sublime enough to answer the questions I was forced to ask. I was blind to the evidence before me; I considered going out—in defiance of all reason—and attaching myself to the outskirts of another war: Palestine or China or Indonesia. For in the winter of 1946, it was still lamentably easy to shop around for a place where combat soldiers could be found. I still insisted that enlightenment must come my way. But I kept up the search.

It was an insistent, nagging search, and it reduced me to despair. Thank God, it reduced me to despair!

[To Be Continued]



Make no mistake, Big Ed will be the basketball player of the year

Big Ed Sadowski

If someone were to ask me at this early stage of the season whom I thought would be the basketball player of the year, I wouldn't hesitate to say Big Ed Sadowski. For this Cage Goliath, of the Boston Celtics of the Basketball Association of America, is, to my mind, the epitome of good, sound, winning basketball and will prove it this season even more than he has so many times in the past. I say that without hesitation, for this season Big Ed will again be playing for his old coach, John "Honey" Russell, under whom he rose to stardom at Seton Hall College in South Orange, New Jersey.

Standing six-five and a half, weighing 239 pounds, with a reach of 77 inches, and wearing a 14-D shoe, Sadowski is truly a behemoth of the court, tough to stop, tougher to score against. Even the quickened pace of the modern professional game, with its lightning play and 48 minutes of pulse-quickenning action as against the 40 minutes of collegiate ball, has not dulled, but rather has enhanced, the value of this Basketeer who seems to thrive on rough, quick action.

Many honors have been given this player, beginning back in 1932, when he was selected as a member of the Akron, Ohio, All-Star High School Team. This honor was his for the next three years,

and then Sadowski was also named to the Ohio All-State High School Team.

In 1935, at the Ohio State Tournament, he established a record of 35 points in one game, which still stands. (Last season, in order to clinch a play-off berth for his team, the Cleveland Rebels, our "Superman," on March 11, repeated his feat of scoring 35 points in one game against the Detroit Falcons. Ed registered 11 field goals and 13 fouls, while playing three-quarters of the game.)

In college, Sadowski was chosen All-Eastern center for three consecutive years and All-American in his last year. At this time he made every All-Star selection in and around New York State. Pat Kennedy, the well-known cage official, called "Big Ed" the best basketball player of the year. While with the American Basketball League, he was the leading scorer in the League and was named All-League center.

In his first year in the National Basketball League, Sadowski was the second leading scorer, being nosed out for top honors in the final league game by two points. Ed was also named All-League Center of the National League that year.

The United States Army Air Forces occupied "Big Ed's" life for the next four and a half years, until his honorable discharge.

He then joined the Fort Wayne Zollner Pistons of the National Basketball League, World's Professional Champions, for three years. In June 1947, Sadowski resigned from the National League to become player-coach of the Toronto Huskies in the newly organized Basketball Association of America. Here Sadowski organized and introduced pro basketball to Toronto, but due to a breach of contract by the Toronto management shortly after the season began, Ed returned to the United States. Later he joined the Cleveland Rebels of the same league, finishing the season with 877 points, which made him the fourth leading scorer in the BAA. It

DON DUNPHY, who inauguates our new sports department, is heard every Friday night at ten on the Gillette sports broadcast.

SPORTS...

must be considered that Sadowski played only in portions of 54 games of the Association's 60-game schedule.

Big Ed is twenty-eight years old, happily married, and makes his home in Bloomfield, New Jersey. He keeps in condition during the off season by golfing, deep sea fishing, and playing softball with the Sports Stars.

Boxing and Heat

Boxing, which had such rough going during the heat of the summer, now seems to be swinging along in its old-time style with all the vim and vigor it has displayed in the last few years. Those critics who looked at the slim crowds and paltry gates that greeted the pugilists during the late, lamented summer season seem to have been more than premature in predicting the demise of pugilism as a major sport. There never has been anything wrong with boxing that a few good matches couldn't cure, and that's the case right now. Give the fans their money's worth in any interesting sport, and they'll turn out for more and more. Boxing had a very rough summer season, make no mistake about that. This was due to several factors, some of which could be helped and some which couldn't. On the negative side is the fact that boxing is new as a summer attraction. I'm speaking of indoor fights, of course. Great outdoor attractions will always bring out the customers by the thousands, and small outdoor clubs do pretty well during the summer. But it is difficult to run boxing week in and week out at a massive indoor arena like Madison Square Garden. The process of educating the sports public to the fact that the Garden is well air-conditioned has been a long and tedious one. Folks are still a big skeptical about going indoors for a fight—particularly when the humidity is up around ninety, which it was on more than one Friday during the summer. Also the summer matches, on the whole, bore no great appeal to the fight crowd. This begets a sort of vicious cycle. To operate the Garden successfully for boxing or anything else, you have to charge a certain top price. Let us say eight to twelve dollars for boxing. In order to get this price you have to put on a worthwhile match. Now main event

by Don Dunphy

fighters work on a percentage basis. They're leery of fighting before a small house, because this could mean risking defeat or loss of reputation for a small payday. The customers won't pay eight to twelve dollars tops unless they're pretty sure of getting a fight worth that amount. But the eight and twelve dollar fighters won't fight unless they're sure the customers are going to show up in goodly numbers. Which leaves us where? On a merry-go-round, of course! But that's over until next summer. Boxing for the fall and winter season is back on an even keel.

Oh, before I get off boxing and on to something else. A pat on the back to Eddie Egan, New York Boxing Chairman, for transforming the Louis-Walcott fight from a meaningless exhibition to a real, honest-to-goodness battle for the heavyweight championship. It could be quite a scrap at that, and I'll look forward to broadcasting it on the Cavalcade of Sports come the night of December fifth.

The Army-Notre Dame Game

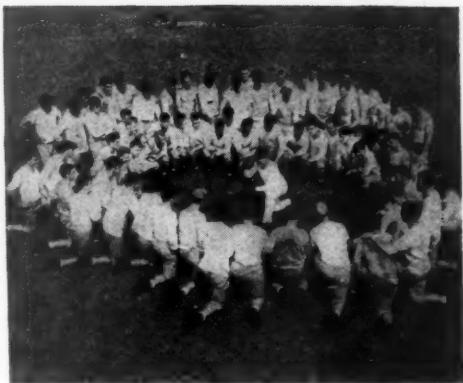
IT'S hard to believe that the coming Army-Notre Dame football game will be the last. I certainly hope not, for if it is, there will be an aching void in the coming Novembers that will be hard to fill. For Army-Notre Dame has been to the great sport of football what the World Series has been to baseball, what the Stanley Cup has been to hockey, what the Davis Cup has been to tennis, and what the heavyweight championship fights have been to boxing. I just for the life of me can't imagine a football season without this classic which has meant so much, not only to football, but to everyday American life as well.

And what of the Subway Alumni, that peculiar but lovable horde of football fans who looked on this game as their very own? Where will they go? Where will they turn? For this was their game, the contest they waited for year after year. Are those numberless legions who have no Alma Mater of their own to be deprived of their big "Homecoming Day?" I hope not.

Along other and more serious lines, the Army-Notre Dame and the Army-Navy games come close to being the last col-



Coach Frank Leahy, son, and idol of the subway alumni, Johnny Lujack



International
Last Notre Dame squad to meet Army?

legiate bulwarks against the encroachment of the pros in the gridiron sport. For the professionals are definitely taking over in football as they did so many years ago in baseball. Not so very long ago there was no question but that college football was much more popular than the infant professional game. But the play for payers has made amazing strides in the last couple of years—so much so, that the pro game is rapidly superseding the college game in popularity. Now there are two professional leagues thriving where formerly there was only one struggling. New attendance records are being set by the pros week after week. New York City, hitherto a rock-ribbed citadel of collegiate ball, has gone over to the pros lock, stock, and barrel with three teams, the Giants, Yankees, and Dodgers (football not baseball) stealing the thunder and the fans. Only Columbia retains any semblance of eminence in New York, where formerly Columbia, Fordham, and New York University had great teams and multitudes of followers, and Manhattan College was

adequate. Now Manhattan has dropped football, and the Rams and Violets have de-emphasized to the point that they are but shadows of their previous great selves. But regardless of what happened in those institutions, college football was supreme as long as Army-Notre Dame came to the Yankee Stadium each November. Now that too is gone.

I suppose it is fitting since the first game of this great series was played on the Plains of West Point many, many years ago, that the last one should be played in the hallowed precincts of Notre Dame. I say the last game, hoping all the while that it isn't, that those in charge at Army and Notre Dame will get together and clear up whatever differences there are between them. For however great these differences may be, they're pretty small compared to the pleasure, the enthusiasm, the joys, and the momentary disappointments that this great American institution has brought to countless millions. And besides what about the "Subway Alumni?" Where will they go?



"Muy bien, very good," Pedro muttered, satisfied. "It is indeed a splendid vehicle"

ON the penitentiary prison records Pedro's last name was written down as Hernandez. His picture showed a wild-eyed man with a head shaved smooth, like a cue ball. Actually, in his native Agua Prieta, no one knew Pedro as Hernandez, and no one had ever seen him wild-eyed. He was known to everyone as Pedro Mañana, Pedro Tomorrow, because of his habit to put off doing things till the next day. He was always gay, always singing, greeting all his friends with a playful slap on the back. The hair on his head was glossy black and long enough to fall like a bang over his eyes. But that did not spoil the appearance of his roguish, florid face, but gave it a childlike expression. Actually Pedro was no wiser than a child, and for his childlike simplicity everyone loved him.

Of course Rosita, his plump, snappy-eyed wife, loved him best. Pedro was

not a hard worker, but Rosita and his three little ones never lacked anything. Whenever Rosita wanted a new string of beads, or a fancy fluted mirror—the work of the best Nogales tinsmith, Pedro would work in the Elfrida pepper fields late at night and earn enough extra money to buy her what she wanted. After their third child was born, he took another job, in the chile dehydrating factory which belonged to a rich Americano. In less than a month he came home one day and said: "Rosita querida—you shall have a car."

And, the very next day, Pedro Mañana bought a car. It was the oldest ever seen in Tucson. The paint had nearly all peeled off it; three of its tires had to be pumped up before Pedro could take it home. Since he did not know how to drive, he drove off with the spark on the ancient vehicle advanced to the limit, with the old car tearing

out of his hands like a prancing steed. "Muy bien, very good," Pedro muttered, satisfied. "It is indeed a splendid vehicle." And he sat behind the wheel, proud and erect, in his big straw hat with a sparkling band of mirror chips Rosita had made specially for it, his black hair falling over his eyes.

The day of the car's purchase, Pedro sprawled on a many-colored *serape* on a hammock swung in the shade of a little adobe *jacal*, watching the deft brown fingers of his wife prepare the paper-thin tortillas and stir the *frijoles*, the fried beans. She was a good cook, with plenty of imagination. While other women made mole by merely spicing it with pepper and cloves, Rosita used in it at least ten varieties of flowers and cactus seeds. *Aiii*, it was good. Besides being a good cook, Rosita was good to look at. Her face was round, smooth, and of a high, healthy color—



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL KINNEAR

like coffee and milk with a rose petal swimming in it. The eyebrows over her smiling eyes were two even arcs. Her nose was small and pert, and her walk, *ay Dios!* What man could resist her sway as she moved gracefully, a bucket of water or a basket of washing balanced on her head? He loved her more, he thought, than any man had ever loved a woman.

Next to Rosita, his old car which moved with a comfortable, reassuring stutter was his next passion. Once he learned the rudiments of taking care of tires—air did not cost anything in the Americanos' service stations—filling it with gas, and stopping it without resorting to running into some obstacle for that purpose, it was a continuous source of pleasure. It got him places quickly. It could be depended on not to sicken and die as his burros used to. It could help to elevate him socially—

Only a childlike heart can keep its faith in

the future when prison walls shut out the sunrise. But

Pedro Manana had always believed in tomorrow

Pedro Manana's Candle

by TAMARA ANDREEVA

he now could invite neighbors to drive over to the great city of Tucson to see a Mexican movie. Or he and Rosita could go to the ancient mission of St. Xavier that stood white and gleaming in the middle of the barren desert, remembering.

But as much as Pedro loved Rosita and admired his car, he had a third, still deeper love. It had been with him since he was a child, and he knew it would remain with him till he died. He loved his mother's patron saint—St. Cecilia.

Since he could remember, his mother had always told him that he owed his very life to that benevolent saint. If it were not for St. Cecilia, he would have been dead of smallpox. If it were not for her, he would have been killed by an ox cart, which instead backed over their ancient dog, killing it. Ever since he could remember, Pedro Mañana had always firmly believed that no harm could come to him because St. Cecilia had marked him for her special grace. Therefore Pedro never worried. With St. Cecilia's help, anything was possible tomorrow. Mañana. Meanwhile today he would rest.

When he bought the car, one of the first things he did was to run into a small chapel in Tucson, known as the Wishing Shrine, and put a big wax candle

down by the wall, dedicating it to his favorite saint. Now, he knew all would be well. When, a month later, he ran over a man on the road and was seized and thrown into prison, Pedro was frightened and sat, but he was not discouraged. Perhaps the candle he placed to St. Cecilia was not large enough. Actually he had considered buying a bigger one, but had decided to save the money and buy Rosita a pretty bracelet. Now he had his punishment.

When the Americanos dressed in police uniforms questioned Pedro and took pictures with cameras that exploded into blinding lights, Pedro answered all their questions with much detail and civility. Yes, he had had a little pulque to drink when he had started from Nogales toward Tucson. Yes, señor, it could have been that he was a little drunk. Every man had been drunk at one time or another. "No one is asking you to give opinions," a police sergeant said gruffly, as he pushed Pedro into the police car. "Just answer questions, *hombre*. Now get in."

Docile, Pedro allowed himself to be carted to the police station, photographed, measured, and fingerprinted. He realized that he had done wrong, and he was willing to take his medicine to atone for it. But he kept repeating all the time: "No, señor. I did not

knock that man down. He was already lying down when my car ran over him. No, señor, I did not see him at all."

Of course Pedro Mañana never heard of lawyers. And had he heard of them, he would not have wanted one. Wasn't there St. Cecilia to take care of him and all his affairs? It was because of her that he was not worried about Rosita and the little ones. Cecilia would take care of them.

MEANWHILE the wheels of justice started. Pedro was moved to the county jail. He was jerked out of his hard jail cot several times during the night, to be questioned through a police interpreter while bright lights were flashed in his face. Whenever he tried to cover his eyes, a burly policeman hit him on the hand with the ruler. But he still repeated as before: "No, señor, I did not kill that man while he was walking. He was already lying down."

Still, after a brief deliberation, the judge pronounced him guilty of manslaughter. To this was added a charge of drunken driving, and one legal loop tangling onto another, Pedro found himself behind the iron gates of the state penitentiary, with a ten years' sentence stretching out before him. He listened to the reading of the sentence, dry-eyed and incredulous. *Ay, Dios*, how would his little Rosita live that long without him? How could St. Cecilia so let him down?

For days he sat in his cell, just staring ahead of him, never saying a word. He did everything the guards told him to, without a murmur. But once he was back in his cell, he would just sit down on his cot and stare. "I think you better look him over, Doc," one of the guards told the prison physician worriedly. "Guys like that are liable to be dangerous. If not to us then to themselves. That guy is acting like a possible suicide."

Dr. Kadigan had traveled extensively through South America before making criminology his life's work. His Spanish was rapid and fluent like Pedro's. The moment he spoke to him Pedro revived. He was once more smiling and animated, and only his shaved head spoiled his jovial countenance.

Carefully, Dr. Kadigan inquired of all the circumstances of the accident. One feature stuck in his mind like a thorn—the man was already down when Pedro's car had struck him. "Then," he said to Pedro, "how can you be sure that it was you who killed him? Maybe someone had run over him already before you did?" "Quién sabe, who knows?" Pedro Mañana said sadly. "But it is too late now, señor."

"It is never too late," Dr. Kadigan smiled, giving Pedro's back a reassuring

smack. "I will be seeing you, *compadre!*"

Although his usual rounds took Dr. Kadigan first to the penitentiary, then to the county hospital, he phoned the hospital to call on the substitute physician and headed his car toward Tucson. Then he went straight to the Police morgue. Yes, the body of Pedro Hernandez' "victim" was still there. Yes, Dr. Kadigan was welcome to examine it. And Dr. Kadigan did. The corpse was a sad specimen of a hopeless rum-soak. There was not a bone in his body that was not crushed or broken. Dr. Kadigan looked up the coroner. Together they examined the corpse again. "Yes, it's a possibility," the Coroner said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Quite possible that this old man had been run over by another car and was already dead before Pedro ran over him again. But this," he added hastily, "does not change the complexion of the case, now does it, Doc? For Pedro it is still manslaughter?" Dr. Kadigan smiled thinly, as he often did when greatly angered and trying not to show it. Only a deep red blotch came out on his temple, as it always did before he completely lost his temper. His blue eyes narrowed just a trifle. "I am not a lawyer, Shaw," he said pleasantly, "but I'll ask one. Then I'll let you know."

It took several lawyers before Dr. Kadigan could find the correct answer, but when he did, Pedro Mañana was taken out of the "Snakes"—the gruesome name the convicts gave the dark and dank solitary—and given trusty duty with the state milk farm nearby. A Spanish interpreter explained to him that a trusty duty meant two-for-one time, and instead of ten years, he would

now serve only five. "Ay, *Dios*," Pedro Mañana half sobbed, "if I could just leave here for a week, to be with my little ones—but five years—"

He prayed fervently to St. Cecilia, and at night, lying on his hard cot, listening to the hushed sounds of the cells in his block, he dozed off heavily and dreamed of St. Cecilia, in flowing white robes strewn with stars, smiling at him. In the morning he went back of the laundry in the yard, where he also was permitted to work, and started fashioning a statue of St. Cecilia from a scrap piece of lumber.

Unlike Pedro, Dr. Kadigan did not dream at all when he slept, and of late he did not even sleep. He kept pacing the floor, thinking of Pedro Mañana. There must be some way, he told himself, that poor devil can be released. He had been jailed unjustly. He sat down and wrote an eloquent letter to the Governor.

Having just been elected, the Governor was most anxious to please his constituents. Actually he had not yet had time to become a self-centered politician. And Dr. Kadigan, though he did not know it himself, was a forceful and colorful letter-writer. Besides, the Governor was a Southerner, and quite sentimental. The story of Pedro Mañana appealed to him. That day he dictated and signed a pardon, and three days later Pedro Mañana, his eyes brimming over with tears, was standing at the prison gates. The burly sergeant gave him a playful push. "Well, beat it," he laughed. "Now that you are free, what is it that you want?"

Pedro jabbered back at him in Spanish. A prisoner walked up and translated. "Oh," the guard said. "Oh, I see. I did not know that." Then turning to Pedro he nodded; for the first time in many years his voice was soft, and he spoke gently, as one does to pets or children. "Sure," he said, "Sure, Pedro. You come back with your candle any old time. I don't think the Warden will mind a bit. He may even give that St. Cecilia of yours a better place than back of the laundry. I think this place could do with a little religion."

It has been five years since Pedro walked out the prison gate, but every week without fail his rickety car drives up to the gate and he comes through the gates, carrying a box of matches and the thickest candle money could buy in Nogales or Tucson. In the shady corner of the Big Yard, in a little niche of stone and cement other prisoners built, stands his statue of St. Cecilia carved from a piece of scrap lumber. The little niche is ablaze with candles, lit by other prisoners and brought by visitors. But Pedro Mañana's candle is always the fattest, test, by far.



Pedro's candle is always the fattest



Acme & Press Assoc.

Molotov, Gromyko, and Vishinsky. They spearhead the Soviet attack on the West and make a mockery of the U.N.

WHITHER RUSSIA?

By every means short of war, Russia is pushing toward her aim of a world Soviet. She expects to be strong enough for a military showdown by 1952

by DAVID J. DALLIN

ON OR about the same day that Stalin dispatched Vishinsky and Manuilsky to the United Nations Assembly in New York, he sent Zhdanov and Malenkov to attend a new conference of the Communist International in Poland and rushed two other members of his party's Central Committee, Suslov and Pospelov, to Berlin to attend and greet his German organization, which bears the name of Socialist Unity Party. The six men in three different places talked of one and the same thing and carried out one and the same policy: unite all forces against the United States!

Of the three gatherings, the most important was of course the conference in Poland which revived the Comintern, giving to all the Communist parties a program of fighting American and British policy and, in Europe, of combating and suppressing democratic Socialist parties.

The resurrection of the Comintern

means that Soviet Communism, assisted by its satellite parties, will now take the offensive. In its world-wide activities the Soviet Government uses two arms—its military force, the Soviet army, and the Communist parties, as a civilian force. For geographical reasons, further expansion of the Soviet zone of influence in Europe is at present directed against Germany in the north and against Italy in the south. In the German direction, the crucial moment will approach when in about two months the Conference of Foreign Ministers will prove utterly incapable of solving the German problem. There are considerable armed forces, both Soviet and Anglo-American, in Germany, and it will be the task of the Soviet armies there to see to it that the Russian zone is expanded—and first of all within the city of Berlin—at the expense of the Western Allies. Here only a subsidiary role is assigned to the local Communist elements.

In the south of Europe, on the other hand, Italian Communism plays a considerable role in the new plans of the Comintern. The Italian Government is weak; the economic situation is poor; aid from the outside is insufficient. The Communist Party counts over two million members in Italy and, if necessary, can reckon on assistance from beyond the borders, where a well-trained and well-equipped Yugoslav army awaits the signal of Marshal Tito to cross the frontier and rush to the aid of Italian insurrectionists and to liberate Italy—from democracy.

In these great designs of the Soviet policy for the immediate future, Yugoslavia plays a tremendous role, more important indeed than any other country. This is why the center of the new Comintern will be located in Belgrade and its publications, which will soon begin to reach this country, will appear there. On the one hand, this transfer of the International's leadership to Belgrade provides a sort of alibi for the Soviet Government, which has more than once in the past been made responsible for the adventurous activities of the Comintern. On the other hand, it places the headquarters near the front line—between Italy and Yugoslavia.

Yugoslavia is tied to the Soviet Union

DAVID J. DALLIN was at one time a member of the Moscow Soviet. He is one of the world's greatest authorities on Soviet Russia and author of many books on the subject.

by a mutual-assistance agreement, which means that in case of military necessity the full weight of Russian military force will be thrown onto the Yugoslav scales. Moscow's great hope, however, is that Russia will not be called upon to join in another military conflict and that the forces of its satellites will suffice to perform their task—at least in the near future.

At the same time, a consolidation of the Soviet sphere in Europe is taking place and is being stepped up with considerable energy. From Stalin's viewpoint, it is necessary to keep this belt of Eastern European nations firmly in his hands, not to risk any deviation or insubordination there. What holds these governments together and ties them to Moscow is the enormous prestige of Soviet might—not moral prestige, not voluntary submission to a recognized leadership, but the prestige of colossal force, able and prepared at any moment to crush any and all resistance.

Prestige! A new notion for Soviet Russia, it has been inflated during these last few years to proportions unprecedented in European history. It is on this prestige that hinges the entire structure of the "Soviet Sphere" in Europe and Asia, the Soviet position in the U.N., its moves into Manchuria and Sinkiang, its plans for Germany and Austria. Few people in this country realize how much is being done and will be done by Moscow to maintain and artificially bolster this peculiar psychological phenomenon—the myth of an invincibly strong government.

Along with this inflated prestige, the notion of Soviet initiative in world affairs is a major concern of Moscow's policy

sia. Never to relent and never to remain behind other nations; always to seize the first place first; always to make itself the object of compliments from "peace-loving elements" and the target of arrows from the "warmongers"; to lead, always to lead—by suasion, if possible; by force, if necessary—such are the tactics of the Kremlin.

The maintenance of prestige and initiative is the major preoccupation of the Soviet Union in the United Nations, whereas the settlement of international conflicts—generally recognized as the main function of the organization—is to Moscow secondary indeed.

In the two-and-a-half years since the creation of the U.N., numerous conflicts have arisen among the nations of Eastern Europe and Soviet Asia. Not one of them has ever been submitted to the U.N. For Moscow it is an inviolable principle that no disputes among the "new democracies," or between Russia and her neighbors, may ever be submitted for settlement to the United Nations. Instead, in every single case, both sides are prodded to find a solution outside the U.N. More often than not, even though remaining in the wings, Moscow plays the role of supreme arbiter.

Nor is the Soviet Government inclined to consider the United Nations as an instrument for the settlement of its own disagreements with the other great powers. In the few cases where disputes on important issues have been settled in these recent years, the solutions have always been arrived at in the course of direct diplomatic negotiations—not through the U.N. From its very outset, Soviet participation in the United Nations has had the one and only aim of preventing the consolidation of the world's public opinion in opposition to Soviet policy.

In this concept, the so-called veto power of the Big Five is the cornerstone of Soviet policy in the U.N. This is an issue on which no compromise can be achieved. All attempts in this direction, beginning at Dumbarton Oaks and at Yalta Conference, where President Roosevelt sought at least to limit the veto right, and down to the present debates in the U.N., are bound to be futile.

From 1944 on, Russian Communism has been expecting great victories: the expansion of the Soviet Union and the accession to power of Communists in a variety of countries; it is still eagerly looking forward to developments in France and Italy that accord favorably with its intentions. Thus Stalin's support of the United Nations has been predicated on the aim of preventing the active support of democratic governments and national independence by Anglo-American nations.

Vishinsky continues this line of Stalin's policy and demonstrates to Russia how successfully the united front of non-

Soviet nations can be broken up. So far Stalin has reason to be satisfied with the results. There are no grounds for him to withdraw from this excellent tribune of international propaganda.

Stalin must utilize it at least as long as the Russian armies remain at their present imperfect level. They are clearly unprepared for a great war, and this is the main



Marshal Tito

factor in the present balance of power. However precarious and unstable, this balance dominates the world of today. It is an equilibrium between potentially superior American might, handicapped by a certain sleepy reluctance to assume international leadership, and the Soviet readiness to strike, jeopardized by military inferiority.

Today the Russian army is in the throes of complete reorganization. It is estimated that about three million men are still under arms, inside Russia and abroad; their number is still decreasing due to continuing demobilization and redeployment. The army's granaries, emptied during the war, have not been replenished as a result of the poor harvests of 1945 and 1946, and the tremendous size of the Russian army requires huge reserves of food. It will take at least a few good harvests and the rehabilitation of husbandry—always a slow process—before this first requisite of war preparedness is fulfilled. The revival of industry is still in its initial stages, and, although priority is again being given to the military branches, it will take years to boost production to satisfactory levels. It will be a tremendous task to create a Russian industry to supply engines for planes and trucks capable of rivaling production in the United States. Certain amounts of additional output can be expected from Czechoslovakia and Eastern Germany. All considered, however, years will pass before Russia is ready for war on a large scale.

This conclusion has recently been confirmed by Soviet Lieutenant General Gulishvili—probably the best-informed of all Soviet officials and officers who have abandoned their jobs and fled to Western Europe. A Communist since the early days of the Soviet regime, he headed the Soviet intelligence service in occupied Austria



Maurice Thorez

makers of today. It is interesting to follow the Soviet press' pronouncements day after day in their unrelenting emphasis on the Russian origin of all good things and all fruitful developments on the international scene. The numerous diplomatic notes issued by Moscow—whether on Korea or Germany, on the U.N. or disarmament—always start with a narrative of past Soviet initiative which has been accepted and has become international agreement or law. All positive turns in world events were initiated by Soviet Rus-

and, at the end of the summer of 1947, fled to France and thence to South America. In the few statements he has made since his escape, he has stressed the fact that he fled for personal reasons and that he remains a faithful Communist. This augments the importance of his pronouncements.

The Russian army, he says, does not now have the atomic bomb; its production "on the American scale" is impossible before 1951-52. The production of long-distance planes is foreseen for 1949-50. At present, the Soviet army is studying new tactical and strategic plans and is perfecting new secret weapons. On the whole, however, it will not be fully prepared until 1952.

Gulishvili does not believe that the Marshall Plan will succeed. A combination of European powers under American leadership seems improbable to him; he anticipates their rallying around the Soviet Union and the eventual isolation of the United States. At any rate, he is certain the Soviet Government will avoid an armed clash with the West until at least 1952. During the next five years, it will not burn its bridges. There will always remain the possibility of starting last-minute negotiations and, if necessary, of making concessions to the West to avoid war and defeat. The situation will change, however, around 1952 when the Soviet Union will feel strong enough for a showdown with the rest of the world.

This military unpreparedness does not mean, however, that the Soviet Government will conduct a peace policy in the future any more than it has in the last few years. There are a multitude of objectives that can apparently be attained without the risk of a great war—such as the creation of a Soviet-dominated North Korean state or even its expansion to engulf all of Korea; a drive into Northern and Northwestern China. In Southern Europe, first on the Soviet agenda is Italy, where a Communist accession to power would immediately serve to push the frontiers of the new empire from Trieste west to the borders of France.

All these considerable gains seem to Moscow capable of realization without the major military conflict which it is eager to avoid. It relies on the constitutional difficulties lying in the way of the United States' going to war; on the division inside this country; on the indifference toward European affairs prevalent among a large section of the American people; and on the general reluctance to take up arms. War is a combination of material-military as well as psychological factors, and Moscow is certain that, despite the technical advantage of the United States, the Soviet Union has an edge over us, if all factors are taken into consideration.

If therefore no world war ensues in the next few years, they will be filled with

events of the greatest importance that will represent further progress from the viewpoint of Moscow and will increase the irritation of the West. Stalin will methodically proceed on his course, undisturbed by tensions and apprehensions.

The great danger of this policy flows from the numerous Soviet illusions that lie at its base. One such illusion is the supposed readiness of the peoples of Western Europe to accept the advent of Communism and acquiesce in Soviet domination. Another illusion is the minimizing of American power of resistance in the face of Soviet expansion.

The third illusion is perhaps the most fatal of all. It is a sort of mystical certainty that a stupendous economic crisis for the capitalist world is just around the corner and that it must hit the United States first. Soviet economists have been predicting this crisis for two years now. They cloak their prophecies in quasi-scientific terminology and are not yet disappointed that they have remained unfulfilled.

AT THE head of these economic alchemists is Eugene Varga, a Hungarian Communist who has been in Russia for about thirty years. He is assisted by a huge staff of collaborators and employees, whose work is taken quite seriously by Stalin, his government, and the Soviet press in general. In a way, Eugene Varga plays a role analogous to the quack doctors and astrologists who surrounded Hitler and who gave him precise information about all future events; the predictions always fit well into his plans. Eugene Varga managed to escape all Communist purges by consistent subservience to Stalin,

and his forecasts are accepted only because, before embarking on his "research," he knows exactly what Stalin wants him to find and what results must be "scientifically" arrived at.

In Moscow, economic theory as well as historical precedents are being quoted to demonstrate the inevitability of an imminent crisis abroad. It is described along lines similar to those of the depression of 1929-35, with many millions of unemployed, undernourishment, financial crises, and insolvency for the Federal and state treasuries, with general dissatisfaction and a growing revolutionary movement in the United States as well as abroad.

When the crisis erupts, Moscow wishfully thinks, nothing will be left of the Marshall Plan or, for that matter, of any other plan. Poverty-stricken Europe will get no aid from the West and will be constrained to turn to the East, where in the meanwhile the economy will have been resurrected. There will no longer be any inclination on the part of the United States—Moscow trusts—to indulge in semimilitary operations in Greece and Turkey, to erect barriers in the path of Chinese Communism, or to menace Russia in Iran. The United States will be obliged to revert to isolationism, and that new American isolationism is indeed the greatest of Moscow's hopes. The impending crisis will paralyze American international activity—and leave the whole field wide open for Soviet Russia and its satellite parties and governments abroad.

Thus, Moscow hopes, the first and hardest part of the social revolution will have been completed, and the stage will be set for a new turn in the history of the other continents as well.



Americans and Yugoslavs glare at each other at the Trieste border, which may become focal point for a Communist attack



Bookmaking in a dining room. Clifford Laube's home is also a workshop for rare craftsmanship.

Press Ass'n.



At the Monastine Press (named after Saints Monica and Augustine) all type is carefully set by hand.

Press Ass'n.



Daughter Marguerite helps her father to title his books in gold leaf with homemade embossing press.

Wide World

When Clifford J. Laube goes to work in the morning as Telegraphic News Editor of the *New York Times*, he sometimes faces a hectic day—his is the job of handling some 400,000 words of national news dispatches from a corps of more than 350 correspondents. But in his after-work hours at home, Mr. Laube pursues an unusual avocation. He owns and operates the Monastine Press which he founded in 1937 as an adventure in the non-profit publication of distinguished poetry. He also teaches at two Catholic Colleges and contributes to Catholic textbooks.

Former Executive Chairman of the Catholic Poetry Society and now Poetry Editor of The Sign, Mr. Laube has to date published four volumes, among them his own *Crags* and Jessica Powers' *The Lantern Burns*. From preparing the manuscript to embossing the finished book, all the work is done in his own home. Fifty-six years old, Laube is the father of four children. He lives at 107-06 103rd Ave., Richmond Hill, L. I.



New York Times photo—Walker
At his desk in the New York Times building, the poet-publisher proves himself an efficient editor.



Acme

This lady with the pleased look is Miss Alma Savage. The telephone call brought her just one more enthusiastic account of an interesting and informative evening provided by one of her lecturers. From an office on Madison Avenue in New York City, Alma conducts a lecture service which brings outstanding Catholic speakers to platforms all over the United States. The Alma Savage Lecture Service has been operating since June 1946, and whether some chairman of the committee on arrangements wants a sports authority for a men's smoker, a literary critic for a girls' college, or an up-to-the-minute economist for a business men's luncheon, Miss Savage can provide an engaging speaker. Much of her knowledge of Catholic writers and thinkers was acquired when she traveled widely as a business representative for Sheed and Ward Publishing Company. An authoress herself, Alma Savage has written juveniles like *Smoozie* and *Eben, the Crane* and the popular account of Alaskan missionary adventure entitled *Dogslid Apostles*.



Authoress Alma Savage at a book display held six years ago for "Smoozie"



Stuffing envelopes and licking stamps is hardly creative work

I WANTED, terribly, to be an Apostle. My soul was ablaze to sally forth and sow apostolic seeds along the highway: to be a fisher of men, a feminine St. Paul understudy. So-o-o, the local Catholic apostolic committee—sizing up my talents—gave me a job. They gave me a job stuffing envelopes.

It became my little apostolate to scan the obituary notices every evening and speed Catholic consolation, via pamphlets, to all local bereaved families, regardless of creed. It was a very worthwhile project, they kept telling me, but it carried with it very little satisfaction. I never knew what happened to my pamphlets; it was entirely an I-shot-an-arrow-into-the-air-it-fell-to-earth-I-know-not-where arrangement. Personally, I put no stock in the biblical admonition not to let your left hand know what your right hand is up to.

Too, this business of stuffing a pamphlet into an envelope, writing out "Mrs. Sadie Hotchkiss," and licking a 1½ stamp was hardly what you would call creative. The only time it became at all creative was when the apostolic funds sank low and I had to whittle down my mailing list. Then I had the sensitive job of deciding just what families were probably the least cut up over the bereavement. "Hmm," I would think, "here's a guy who was ninety-seven and living with his sister-in-law. Scratch."

All in all, it was quite a deadly little apostolate: a far cry from my modest desire to be another St. Paul. I continued to stuff envelopes but I secretly hoped, like an understudy waiting for the prima

donna to come down with laryngitis, for my big chance.

Then my call came. I was asked to give a talk before the Sanctuary Society of St. Benedict's Church. I was asked to take the place of a brush salesman (presenting his wares as a money-raising project for the group) who couldn't make it that evening. I pointed out to the apostolic committee that I'd never given a talk in my life and they pointed out that surely I could compete with a brush salesman. At the time I accepted, I really thought I could.

Feaverishly, I rushed into my preparations. Let the dead bury their dead; here was my chance to hit those highways. Perhaps my talk to the Sanctuary Society would prove a milestone: a revelation of hitherto untapped abilities. What, I asked myself tremulously, did Msgr. Fulton Sheen have that I didn't have? (And Echo answers: "Plenty." You really don't have to finish reading this to find out the answer.)

I was to talk on Catholic reading, a subject dear to my heart. I would tell these people personally what Catholic reading had meant to me: the stimulation, the satisfaction, the downright pleasure. My enthusiasm would, I thought, make up for any technical drawbacks as a speaker. (All I knew about public speakers was that they always plunked a watch down in front of them and then paid no more attention to it. That didn't seem so difficult.)

I was particularly buoyed up by a passage from Father Walter Farrell's *Companion to the Summa* and I quote: "Let the

To Each His Own

by LUCILE HASLEY

Stuffing envelopes may not be glamorous work, but I've decided it's my chosen apostolate

lecturer mount the platform armed with a lecture that bristles with practical problems and the audience will yawn him down. If, on the contrary, his intellectual wanderings touch on such things as the essence of an angel, the intellect of a man, or the foundations of the universe, his audience will be straining at the leash like a hound eager to be off after the hare. The mind of man must have mystery because the mind of man must have intellectual food."

Today, after speaking to that Sanctuary Society, I am still fond of Rev. Walter Farrell, but I don't know why. If ever I could, with perfect justice, sue a man . . . !

Anyway, the specific title of my talk was to be *Catholic Books You'll Like*: a blithe, presumptuous title if ever. Have you ever tried to tell someone else just what they'll like? Try it sometime, with my blessing. Maybe your audience will strain at the leash like a hound eager to be off after the hare. My audience was eager to be off, all right, but

Well, Nature tried her best to head me off. Shortly before my debut, I came down with a heavy cold and developed a guttural voice that made Sophie Tucker sound like a lilting soprano. The show must go on, I told myself hoarsely, and I temporarily abandoned the Faith of My Fathers for Christian Science. I really didn't have a cold but (like Mrs. Eddy, who was not above going to the dentist with aching teeth that weren't really aching) I ate cough drops by the handful.

I went around the house practicing my talk, learning to time the laughs and,

THE  SIGN

of course, prepared to stop for any spontaneous bursts of ovation. My unco-operative family didn't take it half so seriously as I, although my husband did try to cheer me up about the size of my audience. "It's better," said he, "having a large audience like this instead of a small group. Then you won't notice individual faces; it'll just be a big blur. Of course," he added thoughtfully, "it may make you sick to your stomach."

My children weren't any more helpful. They seemed to regard me as still their mother, not a public figure, and kept interrupting my monologue with unreasonable demands for peanut butter sandwiches or for mislaid galoshes. "Hush, child," I would say. "Mother must be an apostle."

On the night of the talk I drove over to St. Benedict's with a temperature of 100.2°, little knowing that all I was to leave with them that night was the virus of the common cold. I was scared, plenty scared, but I had the faith that moves mountains. I scorned reading my paper like an amateur; I was just going to talk easily, persuasively, woman to woman. Still, just to play safe, I had memorized my opening line. I wanted a nifty opening line to hang onto, to serve as a spring-board.

There would, I reasoned, be the standard flattering little introduction. Something like: "Mrs. Hasley has graciously consented to speak to us this evening on Catholic reading, a subject we are all vitally interested in. A convert, I am sure she will bring us real food for thought. A Catholic writer herself, her qualifications are many," et cetera, et cetera. What the qualifications could possibly be, I didn't know, but that was the chairlady's problem.

So, after this fanfare, I would rise, smile, and carefully ad lib: "Thank you. A very nice introduction indeed but you forgot one very vital statistic: namely, that this is my very first talk." My smiling poise would, naturally, give the lie to this, but it would establish a very nice feeling of camaraderie.

God's inscrutable ways of instilling humility and of chastising the wayward are many. This is one. To begin with, picture the cold, dank basement of St. Benedict's. Originally designed, I suspect, by a disciple of Salvador Dali, its labyrinthine ways were enough to shatter the nerves even of a hardened speaker. From off a corridor I innocently passed through a door and stepped, all unawares, onto a raised platform overlooking the waiting throng below. It was like one of those little balconies that Mussolini, in his heyday, used to bellow from, and you know what happened to him. However, with all eyes on me, I stepped onto this diabolical platform and then descended, like Dante into Hell, a long row of steps. Unfortunately, I did not have the good fortune to slip and break a leg.

As I look back on it, there was a certain stark simplicity about my introduction that was admirable but at the time I couldn't see it. That chairlady merely said briskly: "This is Mrs. Hasley" and then sat down, sending my opening line to Glory.

The faces stared up at me: "What! No brush salesman?" Standing there like a lug, I knew myself for the yellow dog of an apostle I was, for I wanted nothing so much as to turn tail and scramble up those steps. Stage fright set in like gangrene and I could feel myself turning a pale, lovely green: a charming foil, if nothing else, for my new red hat. Beneath that red hat was a mind gone completely blank. Shaken by that flight of stairs and now bereft of my opening line, I was a lost soul hurtling through space.

I must have opened my mouth and said something because I became aware of a croaking voice seemingly coming from behind the basement pipes. This voice was saying things that had sounded very fine in my own living room but now sounded utterly asinine. It was saying things like, "Spiritual reading is *fun!*" (Spinach is delicious, darling. Take just a teeny bite. See, watch Mama. Yummy!) And my words, with every good reason, were bouncing against a stone wall and right back at me.

Have you ever tried to woo a stone wall? Try it sometime, with my blessing. The faces, incidentally, with spectacles on were the most unnerving: two bits of cold glass gleaming inscrutably. I wouldn't know if all audience faces look like big, blank pumpkins, but this I do know. From now on, whenever I go to a lecture, I'm going to sit in the front row and beam, clap my hands, and whistle through my fingers to encourage the speaker. *That's my apostolate.*

In two minutes flat I knew, with a crystal certainty, that I was never cut out to be a public speaker. Self-knowledge is fine—nay, a first step toward sanctification—but I maintain that there is a time and a place for such searing revelations.

My talents are limited or I would have, at that point, wiggled my ears, broken into a tap dance, or done card tricks to salvage the evening. Perhaps it was not too late to suggest playing bunco? But no. I had been sent forth to sow apostolic seeds and I was going to sow.

Desperately, I began to pitch book titles at them

so fast and furiously that Sheed and Ward's fall book list, read backward, would have been as lucid. Father Farrell had said that the mind of man craves mystery and I was giving it to them.

I was so bogged down in mystery that at first I paid no attention to the little noises. With my knees knocking, my pulse pounding, and my ears ringing, why quibble about a little more racket? But, as it grew louder, I finally caught on. From the open kitchen door there now came the heavy and unabashed clunk of crockery and good, strong whiffs of coffee. I could imagine the head of the Refreshment Committee turning to one of her underlings and saying: "La! Isn't that dame ever going to quit? Bang the coffee pot a little harder, Myrt."

It was too much. I limped to an end and sat down, the one brilliant stroke of the evening. It was so very brilliant that it even brought forth a faint sprinkling of applause. The applause, in turn, unleashed the Kitchen Committee. They rushed out bearing hot coffee, like an emergency First Aid squad, to revive my audience.

Like a hit-run motorist I fled the scene, not waiting to see if my audience revived or not. All I wanted was to make my un-Samaritan getaway before the stupor wore off and mass hysteria set in.

Today, I am once again back in the obituary department. I am once again stuffing envelopes, and it's a wonderful little apostolate: so quiet, so peaceful, so sheltered. So what if I do get tired of licking those 1 1/2c stamps? To each his own, to each his own.



"Hush," I would say. "Mother must be an apostle"



Ernest Bevin

Heaven—and Mr. Bevin

The religious fervor that was the glory
of old England is showing signs of
a return to life in Mr. Bevin's day

by HELEN WALKER HOMAN

DEAR COUNTRY: Not long ago I sent you a line or two on the general English scene, but that was before I began to associate Heaven with Mr. Bevin. To your mind, if not to his, the connection may be obscure. But if you accept the colorful Foreign Secretary as the public figure now paramount in the consciousness of the English people, the one whose name, regardless of political convictions, is most upon their lips and in their hearts, Mr. Bevin may be said to represent England—and England today is having a lot more to do with Heaven than possibly you or I thought.

Certainly neither the newspapers nor the people speak much about the Prime Minister, Mr. Attlee; nor nearly as much of other members of the Labor Government as they do of Mr. Bevin. As for the King in this "limited monarchy" (which in recent decades grew so limited that it began all of a sudden to call itself a "democracy") he seems only to figure in pictures reviewing the fleet and opening

the Ascot race-meet. When his daughter became engaged to Lieutenant Mountbatten and the newspapers carried what would seem to a visitor merely a polite flurry of publicity, average Englishmen went about muttering in their beards: "When will they stop talking of all this, and get on to something important?" Mr. Bevin looms much larger in the public consciousness than does royalty. There have been, in truth, changing times along the Thames.

As for the unlimited monarchy of Heaven, during the past month I have become somewhat aware of its relation to this island, finding it to be the objective of a more active number among Mr. Bevin's following in all parties than he may imagine. . . .

* * *

A cause which must be applauded in Heaven is that which has been publicly espoused by His Eminence, Cardinal Griffin—the protest against the persecution of the Church in Yugoslavia and the

continued imprisonment of Archbishop Stepinac. Mr. Douglas Woodruff, eminent editor of *The Tablet*, gave me a press ticket to the Catholic Rally at the Palace Theater, assembled to present the case to London's Catholics. The large theater was crowded with as serious an audience as I have ever seen, and one which listened tensely to the Cardinal's eloquent exposition of the strangling of the Church as presently conducted by the Communist regime in Yugoslavia.

Speeches were carefully planned to be thoroughly informative. Mr. R. Laffan followed His Eminence in presenting the historical background to the current scene in Tito's domain. But it remained for the final speaker, Mr. Alexander McGregor, an attorney (who, if he does not belong precisely to Mr. Bevin's England is very close to it, since Glasgow claims this colorful personality) to inject the flame which set that audience by its ears. With glowing phrases propelled by the dynamo of a born speaker, Mr. Mc-



Led by Cardinal Griffin, the procession of England's Union of Catholic Mothers starts for Walsingham



The mile and a quarter journey is made on foot through Norfolk's winding, green-framed lanes

Gregor caught up the challenge to Catholic action as flung down by Tito in his unjustifiable imprisonment of the Archbishop and with a zest which left the audience cheering.

Reminding his listeners that Tito had said of the imprisonment of Stepinac, "We need not fear any campaign; they will shout to their hearts' content, and then the storm will abate because they will be weary of it," Mr. McGregor cried: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the test case of Catholic Action throughout the world. If this cause does not rouse us to action, nothing will. We are either members of the Mystical Body, or we are not. What affects one member, no matter where and no matter whom, should affect all. We are either the Church Militant, or we are not. If we are, as we claim to be, the Church Militant, then in God's name, let us fight! Let us take up Tito's challenge—rally all our forces, spiritual, material, and political—and let us not turn back until we have laid the cause of the Archbishop upon the conscience of the world—until we have made that cause a victory in glory or a triumph in defeat."

* * *

On not a few occasions the play has been regarded as far removed from Heaven, but last July brought a drama to London of one who sought Heaven and found it. An English playwright, Ernest Milton, in a moving play about Mary Magdalene, has caught and recorded much of the celestial harmony made audible to us by the Gospel story.

When it was announced that the Boltons Theater would present *Mary of Magdala*, all London, knowing Mr. Milton as an artist—as actor, playwright, and even novelist—was interested. Nor did anyone dispute that it required considerable dramatic boldness to undertake the writing of a play about the immortal penitent. But Mr. Milton has accom-

plished successfully what must have seemed an impossibility to less courageous spirits. With such a theme one might expect anything, from a series of pietistic tableaux in the traditional manner, to something in the horrific modern style, pseudopsychological enough to make one cringe.

WHAT was witnessed was a skillful alchemy of the best in traditional and modern; and the indisputable art of making the power of Christ vibrant on a stage upon which no attempted human portrayal of Him was for a moment permitted. With the limitations imposed by the brevity of the Gospel story, it was necessary that the dramatist conceive a set of conditions which might have shaped the early life of her who began as a slave to pleasure and material things and ended as the slave of Divinity, ready to cast the material things she had most cherished at the feet of the Master. It was also necessary to transmit something of the unfolding of her spirit as it came into flower in encounters with the Divine. Mr. Milton has accomplished this delicate task with sensitivity and taste, with lines and situations which are wholly convincing, yet which do not blink the positive implications of Mary's life as a sinner.

What perhaps is most remarkable in this play which turned the thoughts of London theatergoers away from their usual fare of disillusionment, bitterness, and pagan fatality, and pointed them toward Heaven, is that it holds the attention of believer and nonbeliever alike. The cynical, rationalistic philosophy of pagan Rome, with its sophisticated, veneer-civilization, here made not totally unattractive in its exponent, Quintus Superbus, (the unconverted Mary's rich "protector") and toward which our present-day materialists feel such a remark-

able kinship, is intelligently presented in conflict with the primitive religious fanaticism of the Scribes and Pharisees, and with the newer, stirring concept set forth by Christ which brought about the great dawn. Mr. Milton's lines dexterously give voice to every great Christian truth.

As I sat there, held not only by the drama of psychological conflict, but also by a certain tenderness in the interpretation of the Gospel story, I wondered if anyone but a Catholic could have written such a play. No one could tell me. So I sought out the playwright himself. The assumption was correct. Mr. Milton told me he came into the Church about five years ago.

The Boltons Theater, one of London's smaller playhouses, under the smooth direction of John Wyse, keyed the production perfectly, endowing it with that quality which causes a spell to linger unbroken even during the intervals. *Mary of Magdala* will no doubt be produced in larger theaters, in London and in New York—but I'm glad I saw it first at the Boltons.

* * *

England must have been a lovely place when it was all Catholic. When the Blessed Sacrament rested on the high altars of the sublime old Cathedrals whose spires were raised, whose massive stones were laid for the express purpose of enshrining it; when the sanctuary lamps burned red in a vast dimness to be dispelled suddenly by the flame of a thousand candles; where sonorous Latin rolled forth from the carved choir-stalls, and flowers such as only England can grow cast their warm brightness and perfume at the feet of the Royal and Real Presence. Westminster Abbey, Canterbury, Chester, Ely—I've seen them all again recently, magnificent shells with the life and the light gone out of them. . . .

I was grieving over all this when I



Cardinal Griffin presides at the opening services held in the field adjoining the Slipper Chapel



The pilgrimage closes with Solemn Benediction on the site of the ancient shrine to Our Lady



Ernest Milton's inspiring "Mary of Magdala" turned the thoughts of London's theatergoers from their usual fare of disillusionment and pointed them toward Heaven

heard about Walsingham. Twenty-five hundred Catholic women, moved by the ancient prophecy, "When England returns to Walsingham, the Faith will return to England," and united in prayer for the sanctity of the home and a true Christian peace in the world, were to go there on pilgrimage. On the Feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, they would carry their petitions to the ancient shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham. I hoped that she—and they—would not mind if I went along.

Walsingham, one of England's few unchanged medieval towns, lies off the beaten path in Norfolk, 120 miles from London; and to it from all quarters of the country and Wales came the groups assembled by the Union of Catholic Mothers—by bus, by train, and by private motor. Old Henry VIII could not stop them now, although he had successfully stopped all pilgrimages there for some four hundred years. In 1538 he had confiscated the ancient Augustinian priory, its beautiful grounds and thirteenth-century church built to enshrine the even earlier miraculous "Holy House" of 1061, and to guard its two "holy wells," the gift of Our Lady.

A mile and a quarter away, he had somehow missed harming the exquisite little "Slipper Chapel" facing a leafy English lane. To it had come the pilgrims of old, from London, from Spain and Portugal, from every part of Europe; here king and beggar made their final prayers and removed their sandals before walking barefoot to the priory and Our Lady's shrine. About ten years ago, the Slipper Chapel, rescued from private ownership and decay, was restored to the Bishop of Northampton. Revived Catholic pilgrimages centered about it but stopped short of the priory grounds and the site of the original shrine which for hundreds of years have been privately owned.

Then, during the recent war, an American priest of the Passionist order, a chaplain attached to the American Air Force, Father Adrian Poletti, saw no reason why the men stationed nearby should not be given a Catholic service on the priory grounds. Through his efforts, the great ironbound gates beneath the Gothic arch and weather-beaten gargoyle of the picturesque "gatehouse" (also spared by the despoilers) swung open to thousands of Americans in uniform for an outdoor Mass celebrated on the greenest of English lawns covering the exact site of the original "Holy House."

Since then, English women have seen no reason why they too should not culminate their pilgrimages on the holy ground itself; following the strategy of Father Poletti, and through permission of the owners, the Union of Catholic Mothers has for two successive years led more than two thousand of its members on foot the mile and a quarter from the Slipper Chapel, down the winding green-framed "Palmer's Way," and up the hill of Walsingham, beneath the overhanging stories of half-timbered medieval houses and through the great gates for Benediction upon a temporary altar on the site of the original shrine. An outdoor Mass at twelve-thirty in the field adjoining the Slipper Chapel has each time opened the pilgrimage.

As I walked along with the pilgrims on the loveliest of days, beneath skies benign and blue, under ancient English beeches replete with bird-song and sheltering

splashing streams—accompanying the throng that simple figure clad in the stately crimson robes of England's Cardinal, following the Blessed Sacrament—it did not seem to me that Heaven was very far away from Mr. Bevin's England after all.

And I wondered if the Lady Richeldis, the fair Saxon widow, who in her garden on such a summer day in the year 1061 had been visited by the Queen of Heaven and been asked by her to construct a little house, an exact replica of that of Nazareth where dwelt the Holy Family—I wondered if she were looking down from her window in Heaven upon these twentieth-century women on pilgrimage to the spot in her garden made holy by Our Lady. Later I wondered if she were watching these strange moderns, none of them wearing the high, cone-shaped hat with flowing veil familiar to her own day, as they knelt for a Benediction given on the site where she had erected the little "Holy House"; or as they stooped over the two deep wells which had opened for her at Our Lady's behest, drinking of their water and filling flasks of it to carry away to their homes.

When I glimpsed the red robes of the Cardinal silhouetted against the towering Gothic window-arch of mellow gray stone, one of the few remaining relics of the glory that was Walsingham which rises upward from the bright green lawn, I felt that if Richeldis weren't looking, she was missing a beauty indescribable this side of Heaven. "When England returns to Walsingham . . ." Twenty-five hundred women from a population of forty-five million may not seem so many, but if what is said of the Communists is true—that fervor more than compensates for numerical weakness—the pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady was an event of much significance to England. . . .

HELEN WALKER HOMAN, author of "By Post to the Apostles," is at present visiting England. Her article expresses some thoughts on recent developments on the religious scene.

The first in a series of articles on
the Five Sorrowful Mysteries

Rehearsal for Calvary

by

NORBERT HERMAN, C.P.



Gethsemani was the initial proving ground for Calvary's battle. It was Calvary in miniature

IN THE stolid heart of Celsus, a pagan Platonist of the second century, the Christ of the Agony aroused neither sympathy nor admiration. This was his objection: since Christ was God, as the Christians maintained, and willed to die, then obviously nothing could have been hard or difficult for Him. Celsus pretended to see only a Christ so conveniently divine that His Agony of tears and blood would necessarily preclude any genuine suffering. For him, the Agony scene was a deliberate piece of play-acting: God putting on a show for the admiring audience of men. The Garden was nothing more than a colorful backdrop for an unprecedented illusion by which God Himself gave a wonderful performance of suffering. But in featuring the theme of sorrow, He was silently laughing up His sleeve.

There is another misinterpretation of the Agony scene. It is the opinion of Celsus in reverse. It is the concentration of attention entirely upon the human elements of Christ's ordeal. Christ truly suffered, but He could not do otherwise. Indeed, He could not help Himself in the face of what was inevitable. Like any other man, Christ found Himself powerless before the onslaught of forces stronger than Himself. This deliberate fabrication of the Garden episode regards Christ as

the tragic victim of circumstances outside His divine control.

There is here a failure to appreciate the dual role played by Our Blessed Lord in Gethsemani. As God, He had planned the Passion from all eternity. As man, He now bowed down before the stroke of that command. His tears and groans gave eloquent testimony of what He truly suffered; His deep sorrow was evidence enough that here was no human mimicry; His blood sweat was the guarantee that the Agony scene was intensely real.

On the other hand, the nobility of His poise in the presence of pain and His majestic control over what ensued then and later at Calvary displayed His divinity. The human prayer which begged release from pain and the divine command which decreed otherwise were both uttered by the same Person who was God. No other explanation of the Agony is adequate. No other will reconcile the apparent contradiction of One who trembled when face to face with His own harrowing death which He had foretold in time and which He had planned most deliberately from all eternity.

It is the profound loneliness of Christ praying before His unseen Father and before the unseeing eyes of men which makes the scene of the Agony so impressive

and soul-stirring. Other scenes of the Passion are more powerfully dramatic and unnervingly intense. They revel in external movement, colorful characters, and climactic impact. Scene follows scene with such mounting rapidity that a spectator is wholly caught up in the onrush of events, with hardly time enough to disassociate their dramatic features from the underlying purpose which alone gives them meaning.

In the betrayal sequence, attention is directed toward that spoiled Apostle, who, by his sin, no longer sees the Master's face in its true perspective but now sacrilegiously visualizes it as the stamped image upon a handful of coveted coins. Judas briefly holds the stage, then surrenders the full development of his villainous plot into other desecrated hands. There is Annas, the crafty priest, and Caiphas, the priest of expediency. There is the irate Sanhedrin which condemns unjustly and by its own action is itself justly condemned. Next, the ever-surging mob which is whipped into a frenzy of hate most opportunely. Peter too is there, the boastful Apostle, whose triple denial reveals his undetected spiritual weakness. Herod Antipas appears, whose curiosity turns to vindictiveness in the presence of a silent Christ. There is Barabbas, the notorious

robber, whose astounding boast will ever be that he was once preferred to Christ. There is Dismas, paradoxically the good thief, who in turn prefers Christ to blasphemous hate. These are the principals and the subordinates which clutter the Passion scenes and become the dramatic human bonds between the treachery of Judas and the perverse judgment of Pontius Pilate.

But here in the Garden the scene is intensely simple. There is only one character who occupies our attention, the Christ who prays, the Christ who suffers quietly. He commands the stage alone. Even the breathless beauty of an oriental night, bathed in moonlight, contributes its own distinctive charm. It does not detract from this noble figure who agonizes. Rather, like a nocturnal spotlight, it accentuates all the more His majestic loneliness.

Yet the scene is never static but always vibrant with action. No prayer is ever without movement even when uttered by unexcited lips or devoid of accompanying gestures, because every prayer is essentially the directing of a human mind and heart to God. Here in the Garden Christ prays. Here the Incarnate Word seeks the submission of His human will through prayer to the divine will of God which mysteriously is His own divine will. So the Agony encases a strong dynamism: the perfect adjustment of a human decision to a divine command in the fearful valley of death.

Gethsemani was the initial proving ground for Calvary's battle. It was Calvary in miniature. It was Calvary as planned by divine ingenuity before any lesser characters were permitted by God to effect their base purposes. When the decision "Not my will but thine be done" was rendered, God at last gave the signal for all the secondary causes of the Passion to be set in motion.

On a hill next day men unwittingly would carry out His designs. They would carve a cross in the web of the sky. They would strain the brawn of their muscle and sinew to crucify His hands and His feet to the cross. They would rid the world of Him, unmindful that His compliance to their wishes would in turn provide the deft occasion for His new and more dramatic entrance into the world with an unoccupied tomb at His feet and with a glorious halo of sun adding new lustre to His risen body. His crucifiers would never know that their sin of decide could never fully explain His sacrificial death outside the walls of Jerusalem. Gethsemani's prayer, Gethsemani's ordeal of suffering, Gethsemani's heroism—these were the factors of the divine wisdom which set the stage for Calvary's drama.

On the hill of skulls, Christ's enemies might claim an apparent victory. At least they had somehow caused His death

HENRY WALPOLE

by SISTER M. BERNETTA

*The passion rose that Campion threw
Back from eternity to you—
That drop of his blood, a little stain—
There on your coat in the London rain—
Never a knight such token wore!
Bitter the years must run before,
Standing again in a scaffold's gloom,
You pay for your rose with a martyr's doom.*

as a result of the brutal flogging, the thorn-crowning, the way of the cross, the crucifixion, and exposure to which they subjected Him. But in Gethsemani His enemies dare not as yet enter from the wings. They wait and their waiting is not of their own doing. They are helpless to seize Him until He announces their entrance. He is not only the principal character of the Passion, as Gethsemani reveals, but likewise the director of its every scene.

It is no wonder that Christ could emerge so nobly from the Garden refreshed and reassured. His hour was over. It was now the hour of darkness. He would permit His enemies to take over the show. unsuspecting, they would forever boast of what they did, disregarding the fact that He knew their plans better than they did all the time. In fact, still moist with blood and tears, He hardly rises from His prayer when He begins to narrate the next scene: "Behold he is at hand who will betray me."

If Christ had not staged a blood rehearsal for Calvary the night before the crucifixion, there would never have been the pageant of the Passion on Good Friday. The three hours' agony which His enemies accredited to themselves as their distinctive achievement was but the climax of an hour of prayer in the Garden. That is why, before men could shed Christ's blood on Calvary, He first shed it Himself in the Garden of Gethsemani. He was the master of His Passion from the Garden to the grave. Others might contribute whether for ill or good. His wisdom alone would overrule all human pride of achievement.

This lonely figure, who stalks the Mount of Olives with blood upon His face and garments, is human enough to know from first-hand experience our human ordeal of suffering. Fear too has not been foreign to Him nor that heavy sorrow which provokes a copious flow of tears. The greatness of Christ's human nature was not measured by that perverted strength which lessens a man's feelings or finer sensibilities. He was so strong that He felt more keenly than any other man. Yet He demanded a maximum of human suffering from His humanity for the salvation of the world, even though the power of His

divinity had already dignified every action of His human nature. This is the human Christ who stirs our sympathy and binds together all humanity in a greater bond of human affection. This too is the divine Christ, the God of unmeasured love, who binds together our frail humanity in a new and more elevated bond of divine friendship. The Christ of the Agony was not so divine that He would not allow Himself to suffer; neither was He so merely human that His satisfaction could not fully atone for sin.

Today, it is this Christ who still walks in spirit among the olive groves, waiting for other stalwart souls to watch and pray on the eve of their crucifixions. Before a man's Calvary may begin it must be preceded by a Gethsemani of prayer and strong resolution. Before we endure the cross we must first accept it on our knees. Before we are raised aloft we must first groan in the dust. This is His will: our purgation must begin as we are bowed low in our own Garden of Gethsemani. Our illumination shall come as we heroically arise from our prostrate prayer, generously resolved to accept our cross. Our Passion union shall be effected only when the cross is no longer exclusively Christ's but also our own!

Our Blessed Lord no longer awaits His betrayer nor His accusers. His Passion is over; ours is not. But with His eternal prayer still enduring and His blood still being shed, as it were, in every Mass, He watches with expectation of other Christs who will continue on to complete the final scenes of His and of all mankind's Passion.

May there never be wanting souls heroic enough to rise from their own Gethsemani prayer, renewed in His divine strength, and ready to shoulder the cross upon which they must die. May these be the new heroes of our modern Calvary, with the joy of resurrection and glory ever looming before them. May these be the new Christs of new Gethsemaries, undaunted and unyielding, even though their prolonged vigil of prayer might finally issue in a flood of tears and a sweat of blood.

RADIO

by DOROTHY KLOK

Studio One

The Columbia Broadcasting System has for many years raised its own broadcasting standards by giving its bright young men a chance to air their wares. The "Columbia Workshop" programs opened many doors for actors, writers, and directors in earlier days of broadcasting.

Most heralded offspring of CBS' experimental spawning is scripter-actor-producer Norman Corwin. Heir to the throne, still very much occupied by Mr. Corwin, seems to be young Fletcher Markle of the CBS staff. Not yet thirty, Mr. Markle exercises eminent domain, riparian and other rights over an hour of CBS time, at the broadcasting system's expense, this being an unsponsored or sustaining program. That expense, with originally composed music, full orchestra, and high-priced actors, is considerable. No Hollywood or upper-bracket Broadway salaries are involved, however; if a "name" appears on this show, he probably does so at the lowest possible union scale for the part. He's willing to do that because here's something an actor can get his teeth into.

Studio One does adaptations of novels, plays, anything that will make good radio fare, all the way from Ibsen's *The Enemy of the People* to Booth Tarkington's *Gentle Julia*. The story is told within the hour's broadcast. And it is told well. Producer Markle sometimes becomes Actor Markle. Everett Sloane, veteran of every network's microphones, is generally in a top part. The whole production is well-paced. It often sparkles, and there's little on the air of which that can be said truly. (CBS, Tuesday, 9:30 to 10:30 P.M., E.S.T.)

Mr. President

Here is American history on the radio, with a twist that you may like. An episode in the life of one of the presidents of our country is told in dramatic form. The name of the particular president is not given in the course of the script; he is addressed simply as "Mr. President." There are hints a-plenty as to his identity—place names, names of actual individuals, and references to other phases of his career

in the White House. It's a good guessing game which keeps the listener interested throughout and there's no cliff-hanging technique at the end to leave him in a quandary "until next week." Immediately after the dramatization has ended, the name of the president on whose experience the half-hour show was based is given promptly, and Joseph Q. Fireside has the satisfaction of sitting back smugly and chortling to the rest of the family, "You see! I told you so!"

Production-wise, it's a smooth job, but it's not easy to take Edward Arnold as Mr. President week after week. The Arnold style is too set; each of the chief executives becomes Hollywoodized into a rather pompous modern businessman, inclined to take himself much too seriously. Despite the regular attraction of the name each week, the series would undoubtedly be much improved if Old Hickory and the Railsplitter were not tailored to the measurements of a size 46 suit and an Empire State Building suite. (ABC, Thursday, 10 to 10:30 P.M., E.S.T.)



CBS's Cathie Lewis and Marie Wilson

My Friend Irma

Whether Irma was born too soon or too late is a question. Whether her brain was

ever born at all is even more questionable. Irma is dumb and beautifully so, as Marie Wilson plays her. Jane starts the story for you each week. Jane is Irma's friend, if you can believe that she is willing to continue to regard herself as such after the thirty minutes of nightmare she is subjected to every seven days. The program is built on the old trick of situation-comedy, with a slight twist of the wrist now and then to give it a new fillip. Of course there's nothing new about the fact that Irma's boy friend is dumb too. That makes for just a little too much dumbness for any degree of credibility. Jane is the bright one, and her Richard, alas, is of the same ilk.

If radical departures from character-lines were ever countenanced on Radio Row, how the kilocycles would welcome a bright vis-a-vis for Irma and a foggy one for Jane! But, shades of Burns and Allen! Like most ideas in radio, it's all been done before. Anyway, if you like your entertainment gossamer light, and if you don't mind a fifteen-second disentanglement of a twenty-seven minute thickening of the plot, *My Friend Irma* will be your friend too. CBS, Monday, 10 to 10:30, P.M., E.S.T.)

You ought to know that . . .

EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN, dramatizations of miracles of modern science, will feature guest authorities secured for the programs by the Research Institute of America. (ABC—Public service program, Sunday, 7:30 to 8 P.M., E.S.T.) **SPOTLIGHT REVUE**, which will bring the mad music of Spike Jones and His City Slickers, augmented by the Park Avenue lady hillbilly, Dorothy Shay, is yours for the tuning (if this is your kind of choice on the radio bill of fare). (CBS, Friday, 10:30—11:00 P.M., E.S.T.)

LAND OF THE LOST, delightful children's fantasy series dealing with the adventures under the sea of Red Lantern the fish, Kid Squid, and J. Edgar Bullfish, is back again as a Saturday morning feature for all the young in heart. (ABC, 11:30—12 noon, E.S.T.)

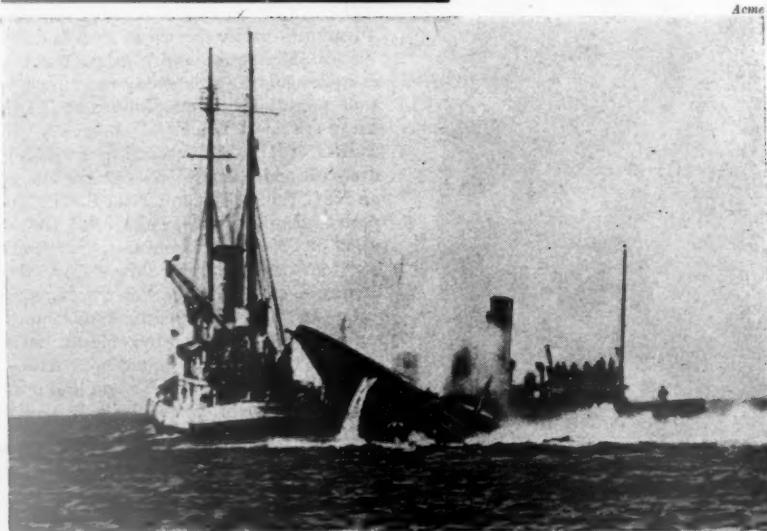
FORD THEATER, a new, hour-long dramatic series, is now yours for the tuning on NBC, Sundays, 5 to 6 P.M., E.S.T. Experienced radio actors, rather than Hollywood or Broadway name-stars, play leading roles. Material is drawn from the literature of the stage, the screen, and radio. In the case of revivals of famous radio originals, two thirty-minute revivals will be presented in one hour. Howard Lindsay, noted author, actor, and producer is master of ceremonies each week. **ARTURO TOSCANINI** conducts the NBC Symphony Concerts on the Saturdays in November and those through December 13. The hour of symphony has been changed from its previous Sunday spot to Saturday, 6:30 to 7:30 P.M., E.S.T.



International & Acme



Newsreels were vastly inferior to today's when General Pershing led the Victory Parade in 1919



Technical difficulties had to be overcome before newsreel of the "Squalus" recovery could be released

THE very first newsreel I ever saw was a pocky picture of Kaiser Wilhelm II—the “me und Gott” Kaiser—reviewing his brass-breasted guard, all with Hohenzollern spike moustaches spiked to match his own. The Kaiser was on a white charger and the film so blurred that it was difficult to distinguish the Kaiser from his horse. Gazing at that primitive film with a boy’s round eyes, I never dreamed, of course, that it would at some time fall to my fate to be commentator for some ten years for the largest newsreel in the world, featured in more than 7000 theaters, until the hideous hours and exorbitant nervous exactions of the job compelled a lay-off.

For almost fifty years, ever since Pathé, the Frenchman, made the first saltatory shots of Parisian factory girls leaving a barnlike cloak and suit foundry, the newsreel has been an integral part of motion-picture entertainment. Today, despite its stupidly imposed brevity, it is the sustained chief appeal to adult-minded moviegoers amid the morass of glutinous garbage that makes really and rarely intelligent movies glow like refreshing beacons.

News pictures of the first World War made the world aware of the force of films for information with dramatic impact and for propaganda. Yet look at them today—and they are almost laughable: a then eagerly welcomed picture of General Pershing in his first review of troops in France is a sequence of jerks and jiggs by the cream of the A.E.F., hopping by a reviewing stand where Pershing and Marshal Foch salute them like wooden automata with arms yanked by marionette wires.

News had been in the movies long before that war: Cleveland’s second inaugural, Roosevelt’s Roughriders, beaming and bountiful President Taft, King George V’s Coronation, and the first colored picture of consequence—the Indian Delhi Durbar. The first automobiles staggering drunkenly around horsecars, to be defied by equally staggering pedestrians; the San Francisco fire; the perennial eruption of Vesuvius; floods on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, with inaugural parades and the first real-life horror film of New York’s Triangle Fire—these

JOHN B. KENNEDY, radio commentator, writer, and founder of the *K. of C.* monthly, *Columbia*, was for many years commentator for “News of the Day”

THE + SIGN

IN THE NEWSREELS

by
JOHN B. KENNEDY

**A veteran newsreel commentator reviews
some of the high lights of recent
history as caught by the camera**

were standouts in the routine of cornerstone layings and fraternal and ecclesiastical processions that formed the gist of the newsreels in a day when camera lenses were slow and myopic and operated only on sturdy tripods that needed two strong men to lift them and a firm base to hold them against flickering and distortion through jolts and slippery pedals.

Between the two wars, newsreel photography advanced with the rapidity of improved weapons, so that by the time of the German and Japanese surrenders and the monstrous flower that is the apocalypse of the atomic bomb over Nagasaki and Bikini, a frail photographer could steady a slim box against his chest, press a tiny lever to release magnetically driven springs propelling film at an image speed of one-thousandth of a second across a foolproof focalized lens of telescopic power that imprisoned every detail of scene and action before it regardless of wind or weather.

The first big scoop in newsreels was in the silent days, 1920. It was the first moving picture ever made of a Pope. I had a hand in it. The occasion was a pilgrimage of the Knights of Columbus and some European sodalities to the Vatican. Vatican officials let it be known the night

before the Pontifical Mass for the pilgrims that a newsreel camera would not be permitted. This was a blow. In Paris I had told assembled newsreel men what had been assured me, namely, that for the very first time the Supreme Pontiff would appear before a newsreel camera. The newsreel men scoffed at this, all but one. They said they had tried for years to crash the Vatican, but no go. The exception was the cameraman for the Hearst reel, and he had instructions from his boss in New York to stick to me all the way to Rome and not leave Rome until I left.

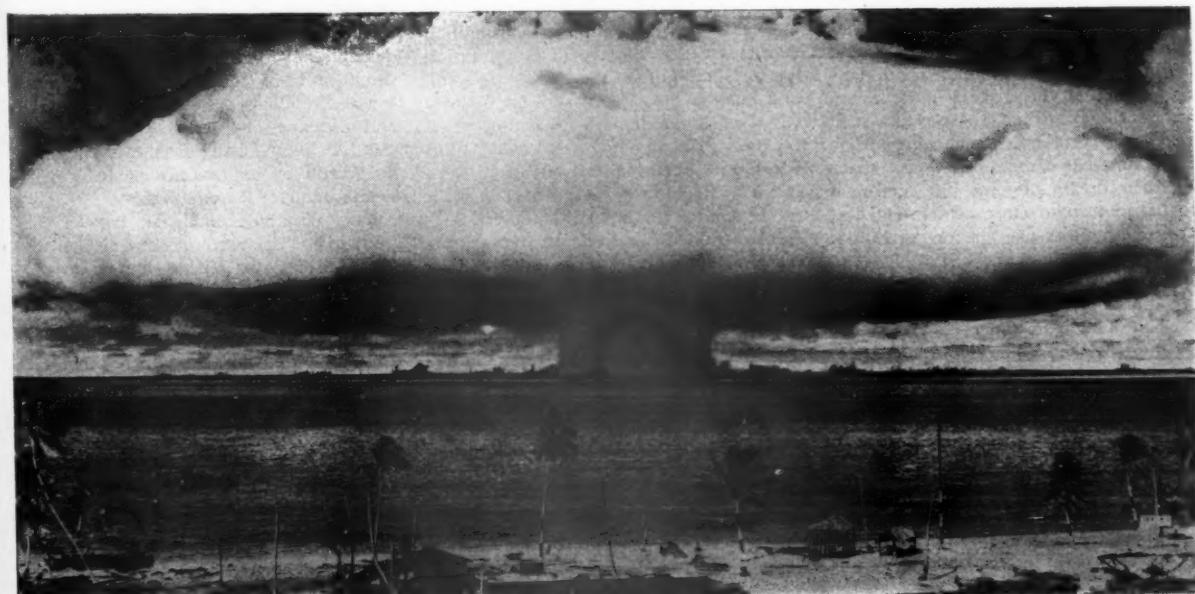
Both of us were disheartened on the eve of the pilgrimage. But I called on Archbishop, later Cardinal Ceretti, whom I had met in Washington. Archbishop Ceretti had been Papal Legate to Australia—he had a solid gold map of Australia on a large table in his study, and that gave us ideas while we waited for him. But larceny evaporated as the Archbishop greeted us cheerily and assured

us that he would do his best for us in the morning. He did. We rode across the Tiber in the one able-bodied cab in Rome at that time of chaos and rising Fascism, entering the rear gate of the Vatican Gardens to be halted momentarily by a bearded lodge-keeper who evidently mistook the oblong head of the clumsy and protruding camera for a Fascist machine gun. An inch of lire assuaged him.

One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen was the rainbowed parquet of the Gardens, with every conceivable color—jonquils, roses, lily ponds, a huge carpet of gems before the milk-white altar of Our Lady of Lourdes against green spears of larches and terraces of weeping willow.

There was some confusion when the Pope, His Holiness Benedict XV—rode by in a royal carriage drawn by four white-plumed horses mounted by gay positions. The camera clicked in the awed silence of thousands of bowed heads. And the Pope, a slight man, appeared displeased

Atom bomb in Bikini Bay, Newsreel cameramen of World War II brought sensational happenings to the screen



International

as he descended from his carriage. Swiss Guards came to give us the heave-ho backed with scowling giants bearing pikes and swords. But Archbishop Ceretti was there. He warned us to be careful. We implored him to inform the Holy Father that we had come all the way from New York to make these pictures of the Pope with a large company of Americans. We had even gone so far as to catch up with some chap who claimed to have exclusive rights to Vatican motion pictures. We inveigled him to our room at the Grand Hotel where the bathrooms locked from outside and in. We locked him in, and he may be there yet for all I know.

It so happened that the cameraman was not a Catholic, so his cue was to follow the white handkerchief in my tuxedo pocket. When that was visible he could grind pictures, when not visible he had to stop. The Major-Domo, a stately prelate, motioned us from the altar to desist. But we didn't. The Pope gave the final benediction and retired, and we figured we had done all right. Racing back to the Papal seat beside the altar we saw His Holiness sipping coffee. He saw us and gestured to us. Then, placing down his coffee cup, he stepped back toward the altar, summoned a chair and had it placed squarely in the aisle in the center of the kneeling pilgrims, and motioned us to make all the pictures we desired. The real trouble came afterward when we found a place in Rome to develop the films. The Romans in the darkroom the second they beheld the subject, roared "*Il Papa*" and seemed bent on making a print for themselves until we summoned some husky members of the K. of C. to check their enthusiasm.

No such clear-cut scoop has been made in newsreel annals. Nowadays, shots of the Pope in newsreels are familiar, and should be. Photographers have made scoops, like the amateur who captured the writhing crack-up of the big bridge they called Galloping Gertie at Tacoma, and that other amateur who made the terrifying pictures of the biggest hotel fire in the South in Atlanta, Georgia. Such breaks will occur now and again. If they didn't, amateur cameramen would abandon their dream of some day scoring a scoop and turn to more prosaic and less expensive hobbies like golf or gardening.

THE newsreels, in self-interest, invariably pool shots of big news events—as when King Alexander of Yugoslavia was murdered at Marseilles to have the uncomfortable honor of being the first monarch whose death agony was actually photographed for the world's commoners to see as he lay sprawled on the back seat of a French reception carriage. The commoners also saw the assassin cut down by cuirassiers as his straw hat floated mockingly above the king, giving him in death the tawdry crown of his slayer.

Governments provided the best, indeed, the only action pictures of the war itself. The Germans held the upper hand for a long time. They issued not thousands but millions of feet of film of the terrifying conquest of Poland and the murderous march on Stalingrad; they made the abortive and betrayed raid on Dieppe a ghastly threnody of single corpses lapped on the beach by curdling waves.

They also reached far for propaganda. Once they sent, through their selected clearing houses in Brazil and the Argentine, a newsreel shot of what they called a British air raid on a German orphanage at Bethlen, Prussia. The orphanage was wrecked and pathetic little corpses piled on the lawn. The picture never appeared on American newsreels because simple reference to the atlas showed Bethlen to be many miles east of Berlin, and the question logically arose as to why the R.A.F. should go all that way to bomb an orphanage for mentally unfit children when they had the great target of Berlin much closer in their stride. The conclusion, of course, was that the Nazis bombed that asylum themselves, which was later confirmed.

The British, inferior technically to the Germans in camerawork and in conquests, by one simple decision vaulted far ahead. Goebbels denied a foot of film of the ruin Germany suffered by air raids. Only available hints were reconnaissance R.A.F. pictures and later American pictures, bird's-eye views of honeycombed factories that held no human drama. Churchill threw open every bomb-smashed area

► Did you ever notice how often a narrow mind and a wide mouth go together?

—SELECTED

like London and Plymouth and Coventry, and this was far more effective than oceans of words in compelling admiration for the sheer guts of the British, grinning and holding up their V sign for Victory with such morale-making humor as a cockney tailor standing amid ruins of his wiped-out shop and tagging up a sign: But You Should See Our Berlin Branch.

The United States, like the other belligerents, trained hundreds of young cameramen who went on active duty. They became expert, although it is doubtful if that will serve them well in professional life when newsreels are so limited. There are just five in the great United States, three in Britain, and one—the government one—in most other countries. Then, again, veteran newsreelmen are even more expert than the Army and Navy and Signal Corps men, and apparently, as a craft, long-lived despite hazards that take them everywhere catastrophe bids. I've only heard of two of them dying violent deaths in the course of duty since

they began cranking cameras more than thirty years ago. One was a Paramount man, killed when a racer car crashed into him at Daytona Beach, Florida, and the other was a Fox man killed flying films from the "Aquitania" of Princess Mary's marriage to the tonsilected Earl of Lascelles some years before the war. Also barring the newcomers' entry into the newsreel cameramen's major league are stringent union regulations—only a whit stricter than the closed shop of New York's river pilots whose tight circle is delimited to families of the pilots.

SO grim was the realism, not the realism but the actuality of the war in film, that the newsreel was a dubious attraction in theaters through this country and Canada, where women would ring the theaters and inquire when the newsreel would appear so that they could avoid its raw reproduction of the hell that is war, homes and men and women burning, ruin and rapine, helpless children and the halt and blind fleeing from the Moloch of destruction. Hitler, by the way, reveled in these testaments to his infernal power. Newsreel theaters popped up in the land, although they're a misnomer since only a fraction of their offerings are newsreels. They can't get enough news in motion pictures because events do not always oblige by happening before a camera in daylight. Parades and speeches and sports are under control, but disasters that titillate the morbid in all of us are not obliging—they happen where they will—although the climate and weather incidents are no longer obstacles since black-light lenses can penetrate everything but fog.

Look at the overwhelming storms the cameramen make amid lashing waters and devastating gales—and make in admirable perspective and chiaroscuro. And lament an axiom of the business, that the torture of human tragedy transcends in demand any dignified routine event like the opening of Congress or an allocution by the President. Tangled railroad wrecks and airplane or bus smashes involving multiple lives will stir the movie audience far more than impassioned pleas by politicians, male or female.

Two shots remained the talk of the trade in the interregnum between the two wars—one of two sailors clinging to the mooring ropes of the dirigible "Akon" as it suddenly cut loose and lifted them hundreds of feet so that they could only drop to certain death—which they did within full focus of the lenses. The other picture was the classic disaster—the explosion and burning of the great airship "Hindenburg" at Lakehurst, N. J., which turned in an instant into a crematory.

There was a personal tragedy for one newsreel man in that holocaust. All the cameras were trained in routine coverage of every departure and arrival of the

"Hindenburg;" but just as the huge ship floated in one newsreel man skipped to the refreshment room at Lakehurst, missed the catastrophic shot, and was fired: the only newsreel cameraman I ever heard of being fired.

Newsreels have attempted to turn themselves into thumbnail variety shows, with clown acts of freak inventors and animal pictures. Zoo monkeys are in particular peril since newsreel men found their circus antics popular. They use vapid fashion pictures, which bore even women in the audience, and they try stunts, the best of all being the Gaumont picture of "Right in der Fuehrer's Face"—a synthetic masterpiece showing Hitler's goose-steppers stepping backward. The boldness of this newsreel caricature was that they made and exhibited it while Hitler was at the top of his triumph in Russia. But the purpose and theme of the newsreel is mainly news.

Sports subjects are controllable and inevitable—baseball, golf, and especially football—but any sport subject will do; and there arises a suspicion that cameramen may feather their hats—they don't live in nests—by managing to get in advertising signs at camera angle on pivotal plays. But that's an old perquisite of cameramen. In ancient silent days it was no uncommon thing to behold a picture of a solemn ecclesiastical processional relieved by some intruder suddenly brandishing a sign: "Smoke Bull Durham."

Sports, all but the big prize fights, are routine fodder to the newsreel camera, and the fights are excluded by promoters since the silly law banning interstate shipment of fight films went into the discard long before Jack Johnson, whose spurious knockout over Jess Willard occasioned that lop-eyed legislation, was dead. Louis and other Negro champions have lived down the Johnson odor. They're smarter. I recall introducing Joe Louis on the air after his battering at the hands of Max Schmeling, the German champ. Just to make conversation, I asked Joe if he'd seen pictures of the fight. "No," Joe the battered and beaten muttered through puffed lips. "I didn't see no pictures of the fight. I saw the fight."

It is audience, not spectator, for the newsreel since sound came. Film reproduces the human voice perfectly with all its imperfections. Calvin Coolidge thought this so important that he made his big speeches separately for the newsreels. Franklin Roosevelt let 'em come catch-as-catch-can, while President Truman is equally indifferent. One newsreel speech of his was badly stage-managed before a crowd on a beach while the President spoke before a background of clam diggers and medicine-ball players at work. Stalin of Russia is a newsreel addict and uses them where radio is not permitted to reach in Russia. Although the Stalin



Discouraging

► A young curate in a cathedral parish was to deliver his first sermon and had to read it to his bishop. The bishop heard him in stony silence.

At the conclusion the curate, trembling, asked: "Will that do?"

The bishop stared at him from under bushy brows. "Do what?" he asked.

you've sometimes seen in those stock company military parades around Red Square in Moscow is a double. The real Stalin you saw at Yalta and Potsdam, where he was super-guarded against his dear compatriots.

Not less than twenty or thirty thousand feet of film in negative pass before the newsreel editor's eyes every week, from which he must distil between eight hundred and ten hundred feet for each twice-weekly reel. There are occasional specials of some particularly dramatic event, like the Japanese surrender to General MacArthur on the Battleship "Missouri." Specials the newsreels strive to avoid; but if one decides to release a special, the others must fall in line or lose face with their exhibitors. One of the very biggest news events that of all others would have called for prolonged specials happened by sheer accident to coincide with newsreel routine, when Franklin Roosevelt died on a Thursday—second newsreel make-up day of the week. The other is Monday.

Speedy distribution by air brings newsreels to first-run houses overnight. I've actually made a special subject on Tenth Avenue and Fifty-Sixth street in the morning and seen it showing at the Capitol Theater on Broadway en route home at noon. Smaller theaters receive prints in their rank as second-run, third-run, etc., so that by the time a newsreel gravitates to the cabin shanty theaters of the Deep South it will be playing football shots at the height of the baseball season or running the last Derby when the present one is just up.

Glamorous as it may seem on the screen—untold thousands believe the commentator is gifted with ubiquity and is actually on every scene he describes—it is truly a dull, mechanical job. And its worst feature is that making the newsreel runs far into the night. I have heard no sound reason advanced for this, unless it is that the union technicians like night work. The commentator sits in a booth and reads script against each scene in the reel, having to spot exactly where a person or an act flashes on the screen or to introduce a speaker within a split-split-second of the

speaker's uttering. Miss any scene or effect by a microscopic fraction and the entire shot must be remade.

That applies also if sound effects (practically all but speech imposed on the film—gun firing, for instance—is a record of the noise of Niagara Falls) are missed by the technicians. In fact, music, sound, speech must all be in their specific mechanical co-ordination—that means five operatives, including the commentator, must be exactly right, or the job must be done over. So imagine how it must be to score a newsreel like the recovery of the sunken submarine "Squalus" when voice and sound effects and music must hit fifty-nine different spots: and think of a commentator at three or four or five in the morning roving down a two- or three-page script trying to be at his best and wondering at every syllable whether a fluff on his part or a mistake on the technicians' part at the very last sound at the end of the subject may call for it to be done all over again.

So, too, are human errors unavoidable in editing. How would you like to go home, convinced that the job is through for the night, to be yanked out of bed for a re-take because in a picture of Korean prisoners in a Japanese camp, scored in the negative, it was discovered after the newsreel was developed into positive that this particular prisoner, bang up in the squatting front row, had neglected his loin-cloth to appear in a state that hereabouts would indicate attention from the cops.

Hollywood's attitude toward the newsreel is that it is necessary intermission between its corny classics: theaters sometimes cut newsreels to shreds to cram in an extra show on Saturday and Sunday nights. I've even seen my own picture thrown on a screen with nothing of a voice behind it because the theater cutter had cut everything out but a horse race that took one minute to show.

But they can't kill the newsreel because it presents, next to life itself, the story of the news for which we know more than ever now with radio and television the public has an insatiable appetite, especially when crime and sex outbreaks make it nastier than news.



ILLUSTRATED BY DOM LUPO

"Girls change, you know. They think they want one thing, and then later on . . ." I nodded

WE WERE discussing the word "glamour" and what it means and how it can be defined. There was general agreement that originally it must have had some use more worthy than its present association with night clubs and motion-picture actresses. Several theories were propounded. One maintained that the only way to describe the quality is to employ the word itself. You say or think a

person is glamorous, and he or she immediately and miraculously becomes so, at least to you. Another declared that glamour is whatever was once beautiful and beloved and is now gone beyond recapture. Still another argued that true glamour can be seen only through the eyes of a child—can be seen and felt and can never be either transmitted or forgotten.

Listening, I mentally acknowledged the veracity of all these interpretations, although even in their total they failed to be satisfactory. When my turn came, I, too, tried to define the word. Glamour, I said, is excitement or romance or far places or sometimes simply money. Glamour is what you want but haven't got. I said all that and more, piling analytical phrase on phrase. Yet even as I spoke I

Love in Minneapolis

The first in the new Sign series of
stories that are worth remembering. This originally
- appeared in "Good Housekeeping"

by RICHARD SHERMAN

was aware that I was merely indulging in an exercise in semantics. Because I knew what glamour was, I knew it well. I had seen it, touched it, had met it on a stairway and had heard its light, breathless voice say: "Hello. You're Thelma, aren't you?"

But to have explained that then, to that group, would have been too involved.

THIRTY years ago Minneapolis possessed, in a certain respect, more individuality, dignity, and savor than it does today. The same can probably be said of other Middle Western cities, too, for Hollywood and the radio and the syndicated columns had yet to create and nourish the assumption that enlightened folk live there only because for one reason or another they are unable to live in New York. In 1915 people were proud to live in Minneapolis. They enjoyed it, and they felt no obligation either to apologize for their city or to attempt to transform it into an imitation Manhattan. It was their home. And for one wonderful winter it was my home, too.

I was an awkward, lumpy girl of thirteen then, and I had come from the barren little town in North Dakota that was my real home to stay with my Aunt Irma and my Uncle Edward. Aunt Irma was my mother's eldest sister, and she had unaccountably soared from middle-class anonymity to marry fashionably and fabulously into one of the great flour-milling families of Minneapolis. Although she had visited us when I was younger, she was for the most part a legend to me, a legend that materialized bounteously each Christmas in the form of presents far better than any others we received. Dimly I could visualize calm gray eyes in a plump face, a gold watch pinned over a shirtwaisted bosom,

and an air of quiet capability. That was all.

Then in September came her letter. "With Elise away at school, we are so lonely in this big house," she wrote. "Therefore I am wondering if we can't have one of your brood to stay with us for the winter. Perhaps Thelma."

Perhaps Thelma. Only in after years did I appreciate the diplomacy and tact behind that apparently casual suggestion and the thoughtfulness and kindness motivating it. Certainly either of my dimpled sisters would have been a prettier and more presentable guest and either of my knickerbockered brothers a more lively if unruly one. But she had chosen me because I was in the greatest need of what she had to offer. I was the ugly duckling.

At first my mother and father hesitated, to my anguish, but finally they consented. The reason for their consent, I think, was the same as that which had prompted Aunt Irma to ask for me. They hoped that by some magic a winter away might change the duckling into — if not a swan, at least something which could associate with swans.

"She'll have a chance to see a good dentist regularly," said my father, rationalizing. "Those bands don't fit right."

"Yes," said my mother. "And there's her piano, too. Miss Magnusson has taken her just about as far as she can." She placed her hand on my shoulder. "It will be good for you, Thelma. They can give you many advantages. But remember you're not to come back dissatisfied and discontented because they're rich and we aren't."

"Oh, no, Mama," I assured her. "I won't. I promise." I would have been willing to have promised anything then, for I had a secret hope of magic, too.

My father seemed to have an after-thought, and he glanced significantly at my mother. "We'll have to have one thing understood. She's to go to public school. I won't have Ed trying to put any notions of —"

"Now, Bert," said my mother. "You ought to know him better than that. And you ought to know Irma. They go their way and we go ours, and it's not like either of them to interfere."

"Well," he said, floundering a little, "I just wanted it settled, that's all. I wanted it made clear. They're good people, fine people, but —"

Uncle Edward was rich indeed, even richer than I had dared to imagine. His house—which had been his father's house before him—stood on Lowry Hill, among the other houses of the wealthy. I suppose that now it would be considered extraordinarily ugly, and I have an idea that by the esthetically advanced it was considered ugly even then, certainly old-fashioned. It was of brown brick, with many gables and bulging bays, and it was furnished with heavy mahogany and portieres of crimson velvet and a vast acreage of Oriental rugs. From the beamed ceiling of the entrance hall was suspended a cluster of colored-glass strips which tinkled musically whenever you passed beneath them, on the walls hung dark oils of dead pheasants and platters of fruit framed in wide gilt, and the whole effect was very elegant, solid, and substantial, if somewhat ponderous and gloomy. It was a house that murmured comfortably of money.

THE lightest room, and one of the most spacious, was Elise's bedroom, unoccupied when I arrived. Unlike the down-stairs rooms, which were formidably wainscoted in walnut, it was papered—a rosebud pattern against a background of silver—and the furniture was of a delicate design and painted French ivory. In fact, the first time Aunt Irma ushered me into the room, having established me in mine, I wondered how anyone could have torn herself away from it. The little pink silk lamps, and the gray silk draperies looped with pink cords, the soft gray carpet with the repeated motif of rosebuds, the private bath with its mottled-marble washstand

and great tub — this was what I had read about and had never expected to see. This was a boudoir.

"She chose all the decorations herself," said Aunt Irma proudly. "She chooses her clothes, too. She's very artistic."

"Doesn't she miss it?" I said, sighing in admiration.

She smiled. "Probably. At least we hope she does. And it misses her. But she'll be home for Christmas. And next year she'll be home to stay."

I fingered the silver-backed toilet set symmetrically arranged on the lace doilies covering the dressing table — brushes and combs and an oval hand mirror, engraved with an elaborately flourished "E." "I should think she'd want these with her."

"Not at a convent," said Aunt Irma. "They wouldn't be suitable."

Reaching for the mirror, I held it up — and then quickly put it down again. Mirrors like that were not meant for faces like mine.

But she had noticed the gesture. "Would you prefer this room to the other?" she said.

I shook my head. "Oh, no. The other's fine." And it was, finer than any room I had ever had. "Thank you very much."

"No," she said impulsively, "I think you'd be better off here. Yes, I'm sure you would. I'll have them shift your things, and you can sleep here tonight."

Sleep here? I looked around me. How could anyone sleep here? Dream, yes, and daydream — but nothing so commonplace as sleep.

"But Elise," I protested. "She might not like it."

Again she smiled. "You don't know Elise," she said. "I do."

IMMEDIATELY felt at home with Aunt Irma, because she was an older, quieter reflection of my mother, but it took me a little time to become adjusted to Uncle Edward. I had my own conceptions of how aristocracy should conduct itself — with a sort of silk-hatted sedateness — and he conformed to none of them. He was a big, ruddy, jovial man, who had once been a famous football player at Yale and who smelled always of cigar smoke and occasionally of whisky. He boomed, he bellowed, he banged, usually good-naturedly but, to me, rather frighteningly. Some men seem to be at ease only outdoors, and he was one of them. To see him moving carelessly and restlessly among the china bric-a-brac of the parlor was to be a constant witness to impending disaster. His hands and his fingers were matted with hair, and when he drummed his fingers playfully on my head, they were like hammers. And he displayed a love of food that seemed to me to be almost — well, although it was a word I would not have used then, almost vulgar. I had been taught that if you were really polite you

RICHARD SHERMAN first found the literary spotlight shining on him when he wrote "To Mary With Love." His currently popular novel is "The Bright Promise."

didn't comment on what you were eating, but here was Uncle Edward at his own table saying, "This is a fine cut of beef, Irma," and, "Red and raw, that's the way I like to see it — with the blood running out."

"You shouldn't be shy with your Uncle Edward, Thelma," Aunt Irma said to me once, during those first weeks. "He's not anyone to be afraid of, you know."

"He — he laughs so loud," I confided. "And sometimes when he picks me up and whirls me round, he hurts me."

"He hurts me sometimes, too," she admitted, without specifying in what way. "But not often, and when he does he doesn't mean to. And he has what they call 'gusto.' I don't have it, but I wish I did. It's a good thing to have."

"Does Elise have it?" I asked.

She pondered a little, gravely. "She has some," she said at last. "She has some of him and some of me. The best of both, I like to think. That's the way it should be."

Gradually as the autumn progressed I became less shy with Uncle Edward, and in a superior adult way I even began to feel rather patronizing toward his lumbering humor and boisterous pranks. Once on a Saturday he took me to the mill by the river, where the great cylindrical elevators rose white against the sky and where the air was dusty with a fine gray powder.

"You know that wheat that grows out where you come from?" he said. "Well, I'll show you what becomes of it." And he did, guiding me through a noisy, echoing maze of bins and belts and ceiling-high troughs, grain sluicing down like a golden river, to the final stage where the heavy

sacks of flour were loaded for shipment, each stamped with the famous trademark, "The Best of Wheat, The Best To Eat." "I used to bring Stuff here when she was a little girl," he said, as we threaded our way amid the clatter. Stuff was his name for Elise. "She loved it." And when we had finished our tour, he said: "There. That's probably as important as any of the lessons you'll learn all the time you're at school here. And it's a damn sight more interesting."

He certainly was a peculiar man, I decided. According to my mother, he was a devout Roman Catholic — at least it had been he who had induced Aunt Irma to become a convert — and yet he said "damn" and drank whisky. My father, who was a Methodist, did neither. But I liked him. Yes, I finally made up my mind that I liked him very much.

BUT I never felt so secure with him as I did with Aunt Irma. Together we went for automobile rides in the late afternoon, sometimes driven by the uniformed chauffeur in the big Pierce Arrow touring car with its gleaming brass fixtures and now and then driven in the lavender-colored electric by Aunt Irma herself, her rounded little figure sitting very erect and straight and her tiny, kid-gloved hands manipulating the crossbar with surprising skill and assurance. We drove to Minnehaha Park to see the Falls, and along the bluffs by the University, and once out to Lake Minnetonka to see what she referred to as "the cottage," which turned out to be bigger than our whole house back in North Dakota. And wherever we drove and whatever we did, she always said, "When Elise comes home for Christmas, she can do this with us."

And then it was Christmas and she was home.

They went to the station to meet her



His house stood on Lowry Hill among the other houses of the wealthy

that mid-December evening while I waited in my room. My new room, the one that had originally been assigned to me. I was both eager to see her and afraid. For three months I had been the princess of the household, I who had never before been a princess of anything, and now the rightful princess was returning, if only temporarily. Inevitably it meant de-thronement for me. I wanted to love her, but I didn't think I could. Because already, even before I had met her, I was jealous and resentful.

Then from below I heard the tinkle of the glass strips and after that Uncle Edward's shout of: "Hello, up there! Anybody home?" — the same shout that always announced his return from the mill each evening. They had arrived. Rising from the bed on which I had been lying — a more than comfortable bed, whose only fault was that it didn't happen to be of French ivory — I went out into the upper hall and started down the stairs, my hand on the broad banister. I must greet her, I must be polite, I must conceal the gnawing canker of my envy.

But it was she who greeted me, in that voice which was so light, so breathless, and so somehow shimmering. "Hello," she said, smiling upward. "You're Thelma, aren't you?"

I kept going down the stairs, looking at her as she waited below me, Uncle Edward beaming — his Stuff was here, his idol, his adored — and Aunt Irma quietly smiling behind her. She was nineteen then, but my first impression was that she was older. She wore a brown velvet toque with a pink velvet rose on it, and a fur coat whose shoulders were powdered with snow, and she carried a huge, square muff, on which was pinned a sprig of holly. Always when I remember her I remember that muff, sometimes with the holly berries gleaming scarlet against its silky darkness and sometimes with long-stemmed violets.

She was a big girl, tall, large-boned, and when I stood in front of her, she loomed over me. Her cheeks were pink with cold, her eyes bright blue, and now I could see that the toque covered a mass of yellow hair. Not blond, but yellow, the wheat yellow of Minneapolis girls in Minneapolis winters.

"Welcome home, Cousin Elise," I said, delivering the speech which I had been rehearsing for days. I was a well-mannered child — stilted and stiff perhaps, even prissy, but well-mannered.

"There," she said, and she leaned down and kissed me, enveloping me with the mingled scents of cologne and soap and a fragrance I could not identify but which was probably part of the frosty northern night that she had brought in with her. "There. Now we're friends."

And, as simply as that, we were, right then, and I could feel my hostility melting away as swiftly as the granules of snow

[Continued on page 72]

A spiritual thought for the month



Mercy and Men

by

WALTER FARRELL, O.P.

NOVEMBER might well be a sad month because the glory of summer is gone. We have missed the point if we do not see that it is also an exultant month because the purpose of summer has been accomplished: the fruits of the harvest are in our hands.

Man's year begins, as his life begins, by his sharing of the nature of God in sanctifying grace. As soon as the eyes of his mind can see at all, they scan divine horizons; as soon as his heart can reach out, its gesture is the unconditioned sweep of a love above all things, embracing all things because of what it loves supremely. Divine life, divine knowledge, and divine love should break forth in actions which are Godlike; and when better could we expect that harvest of Godlike acts than in the full maturity of the last days of the year, the last years of a life? November, the month of the Poor Souls, is also the month of the most Godlike acts of man, the month of mercy.

For no other activity is so characteristically divine as an act of mercy. The miracles of Our Lord, as He walked through a countryside of misery healing the ills of men, were much more than divine pity, more even than the thoughtfulness of divine love; these merciful miracles were the resounding confirmations of His claim to be divine, characteristically divine acts that hit the minds and lives of men with a solid impact. For only a superior can be merciful, ministering to an inferior, and superiority is proper to God; only from fullness can another's miserable emptiness be filled, and fullness is God's. This is why the divine mercy is in or behind every divine action relative to men.

Men are never so Godlike as when they are merciful. Even the pitifully limited brand of mercy that is merely human, the mercy which so wistfully circles the fringes of another's life, stops men short in surprised gratitude and an almost reverential awe; as though the shadow of God had passed

over them. Indeed, it is here that the least of men still evidences clearly the image of the divine which is buried in his very nature. When men scatter supernatural mercy among their fellows, one like God has indeed passed among men. For in this supernatural mercy is something of the boundlessness of the mercy of God: reaching to all men in the name of a love that excludes no one; reaching to the depths and heights of the souls of men by the penetrating instruments of prayer and merit; an auxiliary of divine omnipotence working wonders beyond human hopes or dreams.

Mercilessness demands, and guarantees, a special blindness, a bitter isolation. The blindness, for example, of the proud who cannot see either the misery of others or their own need for mercy, and who are thus cut off from men and God; or the similar blindness of the complacently powerful, the selfishly happy, the bitterly despairing, the violently angry. Such as these cannot see men, let alone be close to them. For the eyes of men are never opened wide until they embrace all men for love of God, and see the miseries of men as miseries of their other selves.

By the kindness of God, we walk divine heights, acting like God in ministering to the miseries of men. Lest we mistake those heights for our own rather than His, there is no man who cannot in his turn minister to our miseries. November gives us a special opportunity to breathe the rare air of our high estate; to appreciate both the miseries of men and our own need for the mercy of men and of God; to escape from the lonely, blind, isolated group of the merciless. It is an exultant month, crowded with the harvest of a man's year, of a man's life: the Godlike activity of mercy. In this month, it is especially true that the Poor Souls are at our mercy; we condemn ourselves to a loneliness too bitter to bear if they suffer from our mercilessness.



A
SIGN
PICTURE
STORY

Charlene overcame parental objections to her performing the little farm chores she used to do before she lost her arms. She is able even to pitch hay now.

Spartan of Sparta

CHARLENE FISK of Sparta, Michigan, is like any other girl of five years old. At least you would scarcely notice any difference were you to watch her play and do chores about her father's farm. And yet, should you look closely, you would suddenly discover that Charlene certainly is different from other children her age. For Charlene has no hands. She has no arms. Only those science has devised for her.

Last year Charlene was riding a horse on the farm of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Merle Fisk. A flushed pheasant frightened the horse. The little rider was thrown from the back of the rearing animal. She fell beneath a mowing machine. When men came running to pick the little girl up, they found Charlene had lost both her arms. State troopers rushed her to the hospital, and they still marvel at the fortitude of this tiny girl who never even whimpered, although the strongest of men could well be forgiven for screaming in agony.

But that is only one kind of courage. It takes

courage of a different sort to start life all over again with a pair of unlovely man-made arms, to learn to do all the thousand and one little things that even a little girl could do so easily with her own hands. Now it took painstaking practice to do anything with a pair of rubber-covered steel hooks. Charlene never balked. Blessed with the sunniest of dispositions, she made a game of learning to use the new "hands." At first her parents naturally regarded her as an invalid. But Charlene would have none of that. She managed to get them to allow her to do chores around the farm and insisted on doing things for herself around the house.

Some of the things the child can do are: thread a needle, pitch hay, dry dishes (without breakage), ride a bicycle, dress and undress her dolls.

This fall Charlene entered school in near-by Cedar Springs. And were you to see her playing with the other first-grade children at Stinson School, you would be hard put at first to notice the handicap with which this little maid must go through life.

THE  SIGN



This picture of Charlene washing dishes shows how the mechanical hands are controlled by cables and levers running to the shoulders which operate the hooks.



The apprehensive look on Charlene's sister Leta's face was caused by the photographer's flashlight paraphernalia. She is quite accustomed to Charlene's "hands."



It took some time before the cat would consent to be stroked with the double steel hooks covered with soft rubber, but now Charlene and the cat are friends again.



International Photo
A good picture to clip and look at when things go all wrong. Note the artificial hands that will be the only hands she'll ever know. Then look at her face!



* The SIGN POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

Blessing Water at Mass

Why does the priest bless the water which is put into the chalice, but not the wine?—H. P., ALBANY, N. Y.

The prayer which is said at the blessing of the water which is mingled with wine contains the following petition: "grant that, by the mystery of this wine and water, we may be made partakers of His divinity who vouchsafed to become partaker of our humanity." Christ assumed human nature to make it a partaker of the divine nature. The mingling of the wine and the water is the symbol of this participation in the divine nature. Christ is represented by the wine, men are represented by the water; and therefore the water is blessed, but the wine is not blessed.

Catholics and Communist Party

Is it not possible for a Catholic to be a member of the Communist Party, regarding it only as a concept of government and divorced from matters spiritual? I ask this question because is it not true that the majority of the members of the Communist Party in France, Italy, and Spain are Catholics?—R. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.

It is impossible for a consistent Catholic to be a member of the Communist Party. Communism as it actually exists is not only a form of government. It cannot be divorced from the philosophy upon which Marx founded his entire system, and which must be embraced or at least promoted by all who join or support the Communist Party in any country. Marxian Communism, and that is the only kind which is of practical importance, is based upon materialism and atheism. It is dedi-

cated to the overthrow of religion, and has a particular hatred for the Catholic Church.

We recommend that our correspondent read the encyclical of Pope Pius XI, *Divini Redemptoris*, on Atheistic Communism, for an adequate treatment of this subject. At present we shall quote only a few words which the Holy Father addressed directly to Catholic bishops: "See to it, Venerable Brethren, that the faithful do not allow themselves to be deceived! Communism is intrinsically wrong, and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever."

Those in France, Italy, and Spain who belong to the Communist Party or collaborate with it either are not Catholics or are acting contrary to the teaching of the Church.

Canonization

Most of us are familiar with the way holy souls are raised to sainthood, but in what way were such saints as Michael, Gabriel, Raphael, Peter, Paul, etc., declared to be saints?—F. M., CLEVELAND, O.

Concerning the angels mentioned there should be no difficulty. Holy Scripture definitely assures us that these particular angels are among the blessed in heaven.

The method of canonizing holy men and women has varied in the history of the Church. The strict procedure now followed was not always in force.

In earlier ages, holy persons were canonized by common consent of the faithful. The Church ratified this verdict by an official act, such as including their names in the martyrology, permitting their public veneration, etc.

Baptizing in Case of Premature Birth

A woman in the third month of pregnancy suffered a miscarriage. When the doctor came he took the embryo. This was done, I presume, to examine and dispose of the same. This woman's mother is now worried because of her failure to administer Baptism. What should she have done? Relative to this problem, I have heard or read that there are two schools of thought concerning the time at which the soul animates the body. What is the ruling of the Church concerning this?—J. G. K., WASHINGTON, D. C.

We shall take up the latter part of the question first. The time of the origin of the human soul was discussed on page 19 of THE SIGN for November 1945. Some of the pertinent passages from our reply are as follows: "St. Thomas Aquinas maintained that the human fetus passes through progressive stages of formation. During the early stages of its existence there is present only a vegetative principle of life. This is succeeded by a principle of sensitive life. The function of these inferior forms is transitory in nature and effects a natural evolution of the embryo so that it may be prepared for the reception of the rational soul. This theory is held by some modern Catholic philosophers and theologians. There is lack of uniformity on the part of those who hold this theory as to when the proper stage of development is reached for the infusion of the spiritual soul, but all agree that this occurs at a considerable time before birth."

"The more commonly accepted theory today is that the human soul is present from the first moment of conception. According to this opinion it is the rational soul which, by its very nature being destined to inform a material principle, accounts for all vital activity from the very first. In the early stages of life, the soul exerts only its inferior vegetative powers so as to direct the growth of the embryo throughout its course. Later on, if not from the beginning of life, the sensory powers are able to function and they become more and more perfect in operation as the sense organs develop. Thought and volition, which are the highest powers of the

rational soul, do not manifest themselves until long after birth."

Relative to administering Baptism in cases covered by this question, Canon 747 says: "Abortive fetuses, no matter at what stage of pregnancy they are born, shall be baptized absolutely if they are certainly alive, and conditionally if life is doubtful." In practice, therefore, we must adhere to the teaching of those who maintain that the rational soul is present from the very moment of conception, that is, from the instant when the male and female reproductive cells unite.

There will be practical difficulties for nonprofessional people in the matter of administering Baptism in many cases of premature delivery. That is why doctors and nurses should be prepared to act in such emergencies.

Concerning the woman who is worried lest she neglected her duty, we can assure her that it would be wrong for her to brood over the incident. We are confident that there was no deliberate neglect on her part at the time, but it is impossible here to give detailed advice. We recommend that she seek council from a confessor who will be able to understand all the circumstances and guide her accordingly.

Something must be said about the disposal of a dead fetus. If a fetus has been baptized either absolutely or conditionally, it should be buried in ground that is blessed. If it dies without Baptism, it should be buried in ground which is not blessed. Reliable funeral directors will discharge this duty. A fetus should not be burned unless it be necessary to prevent the spread of contagion. When there is sufficient reason, a fetus may be retained for laboratory study and observation, and then disposed of according to the rules stated above. Only in exceptional cases should the fetus be retained as a permanent exhibit.

Religious Vocation

How does God call people to the religious life?—M.K., CLEVELAND, O.

When discussing the question of vocation, we shall extend the scope of the specific inquiry and treat of vocation not only to the religious life but also to the priesthood.

Most Catholic boys and girls, at one time or another, have pondered the question of vocation to the religious life or to the priesthood. To some this thought presents merely a vague fancy, perhaps a wonderful ideal but still something that has no interest for them. To others it may be a goal toward which they would gladly strive if only God would point out the way, and they could be sure of an invitation from Christ, "Come, follow Me." Some few from their earliest years feel they have a vocation and anxiously await the day they can follow it.

How then is the question of vocation to be decided? First of all, it is something that ought to be considered. Ignoring it or pushing it aside without consideration will never answer it satisfactorily. Perhaps a great deal of the difficulty in making a decision and at least a partial explanation of the comparative fewness of vocations can be found in misunderstanding the meaning of vocation. It may be thought that God must give some almost irresistible interior urge, or make His will known by some special revelation. Such extraordinary things must not be expected. The call of Christ to the religious life and to the priesthood is not a command. It is an invitation. He invited His first disciples to follow Him, "Come, follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." They accepted the invitation and became the foundation stones of the Church. They were free, however, and could have refused as did the young man who had not the courage to give up all to follow Christ and "went away sad, for he had great possessions."

A difficulty may present itself at this point. It may be asked, since Christ is no longer visibly on earth, how does He make His invitation known? It comes through the Church. The

Church represents Christ, and it is the Church, through her bishops and religious superiors, who extends to her children the invitation of Christ to enter the religious life and to receive the Sacrament of Holy Orders.

Does the individual have anything to do with this? Very much, for the Church does not invite or call any except those who offer themselves and are deemed qualified. The offering of oneself is the result of a desire to be a priest or a religious. Such a desire comes from a realization that the most important work of life is the saving of souls—co-operating with Christ and the Church in working for one's own salvation and that of others.

What qualifications does the Church look for in those who offer themselves to the special service of Christ? These can be classified as moral, mental, and physical.

Moral qualification means that the young man or woman lives according to the law of God. It does not mean that one must be perfect, or have never committed a sin. What is required is fundamental honesty and uprightness; kindness, purity, obedience, generosity, and a strong desire to acquire a virtuous character. It means regular attendance at Mass and frequent reception of the Sacraments. To put it briefly, this moral fitness will be found in any boy or girl who is living a real Catholic life.

Mental fitness means freedom from abnormal psychic conditions and the possession of intellectual endowments sufficient to carry on the work required by the religious or priestly vocation.

Normal good health constitutes the physical requirement, because without it the labors of the priestly ministry and of the religious life cannot be fulfilled. The emphasis, however, is on "normal." One who is able to pass a general physical examination satisfactorily has this qualification.

The final question which must be met by the individual is: "Have I a vocation?" From what has been said above, it would appear that a young man or a young woman should not have too much difficulty in deciding the question of vocation to the religious life or to the priesthood. But the making of a personal decision is not always easy. Doubt and difficulties will assail the aspirant. It may be fear of not making good or of making a mistake. This is only natural, and it is prudent to think over every angle of the situation. At the same time it must be remembered that no important affair in life can be undertaken without some misgivings. When considering a vocation, a young person naturally sees that it means embracing a life of discipline, giving up many legitimate pleasures and friendships, and, in the case of the priesthood and a teaching career, pursuing a long course of study. Consideration on the difficulties involved in following a vocation make some almost immediately abandon the idea. Others decide to delay their decision in the hope that time alone will settle their minds, but what often happens is that such hesitant souls become absorbed in other matters and gradually abandon the idea altogether. Perhaps in later years some of these will regret their failure to give more time, thought, and prayer to the question of their vocation, but then it will be too late.

Fortunately, many young men and women are inspired by a holy ambition to accept a vocation that will give them an opportunity to serve God more generously and to co-operate with Christ more effectively in the salvation of souls. In spite of difficulties that discourage some, or make others delay, they make up their minds to do something definite and positive about becoming a sister, a brother, or a priest. They are indeed conscious of their own unworthiness, but their trust is in God who bestows His graces and blessings not because of our worthiness but because of His own goodness. They seek God's help and enlightenment. They ask the counsel of their confessor or their spiritual director; they pray earnestly to know God's will and to have the courage to follow it; they go to Mass and receive the Sacraments frequently. Finally,

trusting in God, they make their decision and present themselves as candidates for their chosen vocation.

This is only the first step. Those who are accepted as candidates by a bishop or a religious superior, are not accepted as ready-made, but as raw material of more or less known quality. The training for their vocation is a progressive work which goes on day by day, gradually correcting faults and cleansing themselves from the imperfections that stand in the way of the development of the virtues necessary for success in the religious life and the priesthood. It is only after the candidates' qualifications have been well tried both by themselves and by the proper religious authorities that they will be allowed to continue their training. Some, after a trial, discover for themselves that they are not qualified for a vocation in the religious life or in the priesthood. Others are told this by the superiors. These return home, their consciences settled and with the spiritual and moral advantage of a training that will stand them in good stead for the rest of their lives.

Those who meet the test of their vocation successfully, who persevere in their determination to give up all to serve God, who continue to develop the spirit of their vocation, are invited to be clothed in the religious habit, to take the vows of religion, to receive the Sacrament of Holy Orders, as the case may be. When these candidates hear the invitations extended to them on the part of the Church, they know it is the invitation of Christ just as truly as of old when He invited the fishermen of Galilee to leave all things and follow Him. When they accept the call, they know they are accepting the vocation extended to them by Christ Himself and that they will be able to find peace, happiness, and success, as far as these things can be attained in this life, in working with the Divine Master for the extension of His Kingdom upon earth.

The Roman Index

What libraries in the United States have copies of the Roman "Index of Prohibited Books"? Who drew it up and has it ever been revised? Are additions to the list made periodically?—R. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.

As a result of the missionary labors of St. Paul, many Christians at Ephesus "who had practiced magical arts collected their books and burnt them publicly; and they reckoned up the prices of them, and found the sum to be fifty thousand pieces of silver" (Acts 19:19, 20). This policy with regard to bad books has been followed in every subsequent age. At the first General Council of Nicea in A.D. 325, not only was the heresy of Arius condemned but also his book *Thalia* was proscribed. Similar incidents are recorded in the following centuries, and in fact without written decrees the general principles which are in force today regarding unwholesome books were recognized and acted upon.

The advent of printing by means of movable type made possible the rapid multiplication of books. This was a wonderful boon to mankind in itself, but of course it could be used for good or bad purposes. Shortly after the invention of printing by movable type, a great number of heretical books began to appear. This called for new methods, and various lists of prohibited books were issued by bishops, provincial councils, and universities. The first Roman Index appeared in 1559 under Pope Paul IV. This remained in force only a few years. The so-called Tridentine Index was drawn up by a commission appointed by the Council of Trent and published under Pius IV in 1564. Modifications in this Index were made from time to time, and new titles were added as occasion demanded but in its essential form it remained in force until 1897.

In that year a completely revised edition of the *Index of Prohibited Books* was published by authority of Pope Leo XIII. About a thousand titles were dropped from older lists, and regulations were established which have been incorporated, with

slight modifications, in the legislation of the *Code of Canon Law*.

Books are not put on the Index without careful examination and for very good reasons. It should not be assumed, however, that all forbidden books are condemned by name. Most of the works actually prohibited fall under the general Index laws which forbid Catholics to read publications which propagate errors contrary to faith and morals.

The supreme authority in the matter of prohibiting books is exercised by the Holy See. On rare occasions books are condemned by Apostolic Letters, but normally they are put on the Index by a decree of the Congregation of the Holy Office.

For further information on the history and operation of the Index legislation as well as for a list of the principal works which have been condemned by name, we recommend the 25-cent pamphlet, *The Roman Index*, by Rev. F. S. Betten, S. J.

We are unable to give definite information as to what libraries might have copies of the official *Index of Prohibited Books*.

Doctrine and Dogma

What comprises the doctrines of the Catholic Church? How do the doctrines of the Church differ from dogmas? If the existence of Limbo, and belief in indulgences are not embodied in the doctrines, dogmas, or canon law of the Church, how are they categorized?—R. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.

Literally doctrine means that which is taught. Christian doctrine ordinarily means that body of revealed and defined truth which a Catholic is bound to hold. Frequently, however, the word is used in a broader sense and is extended to include those truths which have not been definitely defined but are generally held and acted upon. Sometimes the word indicates these last only and refers more to the teaching of theologians as distinct from the faith taught by the Church.

In a strict sense, dogma signifies a truth directly proposed by the Church for our belief as an article of divine revelation. Examples of these are the dogmas of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin and of the infallibility of the Pope in defining matters of faith and morals for the Universal Church.

The Catholic teaching on indulgences was called into question during the sixteenth century. The traditional teaching of the Church was expounded and upheld in Bulls issued by Pope Leo X in 1518 and 1520. Later the Council of Trent, in its fifth session held on December 3 and 4, 1563, under Pope Pius IV, defined, and consequently made a dogma, that the power of granting indulgences has been given by Christ to the Church; and that the practice of gaining indulgences is wholesome and profitable to the Christian people.

The teaching on Limbo is a good example of what is known as Catholic doctrine, using the term as referring to "those truths which have not been definitely defined but are generally held and acted upon."

Priest and Monk

Who is properly designated a monk? What is the difference between a priest and a monk?—H. J., BOSTON, MASS.

The word "monk" is derived from the Greek "monachos," meaning a solitary. In the Eastern Churches all religious are monks. In the Western Church, it applies properly only to members of the following orders: the Benedictines, Camaldolese, Vallambrosan, Sylvestrine, Olivetan, Cistercian, and Carthusian. A monk is one who binds himself by the vows of religion to the monastic life; and the monastic life in its integrity is found only in these religious orders.

Dominicans and Franciscans are friars. Jesuits, Passionists, Redemptorists, etc. are regular clerics.

A priest is one who has received the Holy Order of priesthood. A priest may be diocesan (secular), a monk, a friar, or a regular cleric.



Newsweek photos

Huddle: Harry Kern, Chet Shaw, Robert Humphries, Fred Vanderschmidt and Malcolm Muir, Publisher

Newsweek Marches On

by ART SMITH

WHEN the fledgling magazine, *News-Week*, tumbled out of the nest on the bitter morning of February 17, 1933, it discovered, as so many bewildered youngsters had discovered, that learning to fly is no cinch.

It learned, and mighty quickly, too, that there are laws other than that of gravity which dispute ascent, among them the inviolable command that public approval must be obtained—or entrapped—if the eager little one is to take wing.

And while *News-Week*, the child, was becoming aware that the public is capable of extending a disappointing reception to a newcomer in the publication field, one T. J. C. Martyn, a British captain of aviation during the first great war and the magazine's founder, himself was being acquainted with the facts of publishing life.

Mr. Martyn, for example, was learning a weird and unsuspected truth: that magazine publishers, almost without exception, seemed perfectly willing to agree that there is a black star which rises only when a new publication is born. Under it, the newly launched project, however lofty its ideals or novel its approach, seems fated to flounder, err repeatedly, and frequently approach the brink of death.

**Hundreds of thousands of Americans depend on
Newsweek to tell them every Monday in plain
English just what has happened in the world and why**

Mr. Martyn, while it is doubtful that he knew it when he gathered together 120 individuals who put up \$100,000 for his venture into the world of slick paper, ink, and type, rapidly discovered the following discouraging but incontrovertible facts:

1. That even such currently august magazines as the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *New Yorker*, and countless others suffered through days so lean as to be agonizing.

2. That certain phases of the original formula to which any given magazine is devoted, invariably turn out to be duds and must be discarded.

3. That the financial backers of untried organs which seek to explore new fields always seem to be looking for a profit, and that men seeking a profit can be disconcertingly impatient.

4. That no matter how much of that old folding money a publisher has when he starts out, it never seems to be enough.

In the canned publicity which anyone may obtain from the public relations division of the present *Newsweek* (note that the hyphen has vanished with the years) one learns that it was the general idea of Mr. Martyn and his stockholders that the

magazine should be devoted to the task of digesting news weekly. The first issue was not at all a bad job, although it was put out by a staff of only twenty-two, and on its birthday the *New York Times* said of the new weekly:

"With a miniature rotogravure page for a cover, *News-Week*, a magazine which hopes to strike between the circulations of *Time* and the *Literary Digest* and find a public, is issued for the first time today. More than 70,000 copies of the first issue are being printed and the thirty-six-page periodical, including covers, carries twenty-four and one-half pages of advertising."

The *Times* went on for a half-column to explain that Mr. Martyn was acting as business manager of the new venture and that Samuel T. Williamson was its editor and that offices were in Radio City, New York. Both Mr. Martyn and Mr. Williamson, the *Times* confided, were former staff members of the *New York Times*.

Oddly enough, the first issue included among its pictures a photograph of Prof. Raymond Moley, then one of President Roosevelt's braintrusters, sunning himself on the sand at Palm Beach, Florida.

ART SMITH—on staff of New York Daily News—rewrite man on telegraph desk for awhile (1939-40). He has worked on 16 newspapers throughout the country and written for various magazines

Oddly, because the same Raymond Moley, Professor of Public Law at Columbia University in addition to advising the New Deal, today conducts "Perspective," one of the hardest-hitting of the present *Newsweek's* columns.

It is, perhaps, unkind to dwell over-long on the trials of those first four *Newsweek* years. True, the magazine struggled for what it believed to be its mission in the publishing world, but as a matter of strict fact it didn't make it. Current brass hats at *Newsweek* will tell you candidly that one of the prime reasons for virtual failure was too little money for a grade-A editorial job and too much for promotion schemes.

BUT a new day was dawning for the little magazine, although it's extremely doubtful that its publisher knew it.

Prof. Raymond Moley had ascended to the post of Assistant Secretary of State under Roosevelt. But he ran afoul of Cordell Hull, Mr. Roosevelt's Secretary of State, and the two could by no means see eye to eye. They say in Washington that more than a bit of maneuvering went on before Moley was eased out.

But Moley had friends other than Roosevelt. One of them, a man who stood, and still stands, in admiration at the ex-braintrust's triple-decked mind and profound observations, was one Vincent Astor, a man with seventy-odd millions and a somewhat wistful desire to be something besides a landlord for about half of Manhattan.

During Moley's sojourn in government, he was the frequent guest of Astor on weekend cruises aboard the famed "Nourmahal," a modest little tub which had set Astor back \$1,250,000 and required a crew of forty-two to take away from a mooring. And on these cruises, Ray Moley, the learned, and Astor, the money-bags, talked of publishing a magazine. The result was the founding of *Today*, a fine piece of work in every sense except that very few people bought it and, quite likely, even fewer understood it. Moley was the boss in the editorial rooms. But, despite all the cash Astor poured into *Today* to make it a success, the magazine gradually failed. So Astor began to look around, and what did he see but *Newsweek*.

Astor got in touch with Averell Harriman and, in 1937, they bought control of *News-Week*, combined it with *Today*, took the hyphen out of the weekly's monicker, and started to go to town.

Astor gave Moley a weekly page to preserve the professor's economic theories which so fascinated the multimillionaire. He himself became chairman of the board, which he still is. Needing top publishing brains, the new owners enticed Malcolm Muir, highly competent but not too happy, president of the McGraw-Hill Publishing Co., into their publisher's chair, where he

still sits. By degrees, they picked other proven editorial assets until today their masthead carries such names as Edward W. Barrett, editorial director; Chet Shaw, executive editor; Joseph B. Phillips, director of Foreign Affairs; Ray Moley, Henry Hazlitt, John Lardner (son of the immortal Ring), Admiral William V. Pratt, USN; Retired, all listed as associates.

Under the guidance of Muir, *Newsweek* began to become a force. To start with, the new owners and their generals set a new goal for the little book. Since their obvious top competition was to be *Time*, the Weekly News Magazine, they found a slogan, too: "Newsweek, the Magazine of News Significance."

And, said Astor, Harriman, Muir and the rest in effect: "We will put out a news magazine which will seek to interpret the news as well as print the obvious. We will not rely upon tricky phrasing for punchy writing, but we will write in normal English. We will give our readers pictures. And we will seek to forecast coming events."

That last turned out to be one of the most important decisions the owners and the editorial board were to make, for out of it grew "Periscope," a remarkably accurate department of prediction.

"Periscope," which leads the magazine, consists of two pages of short, sharp paragraphs forecasting headlines to come. It is the proud boast of *Newsweek* chieftains that the department bats an average of 89 per cent for accuracy and that it has been called one of the "most important features appearing in any magazine today."

Ed Barrett, editorial director, has been in his present job for only eighteen months, but he came up through the years with *Newsweek* and has the story of the magazine's progress carefully filed away in the agile brain which earned him his

important post. Like the rest of *Newsweek's* executives, he dates the life of the book from 1937, when Astor and Harriman took over and brought Muir in as publisher; the earlier years, he says, were those spent in learning to live.

"We decided," he said the other day, "that we would not be wise to go out for mass circulation. We wanted class and we got it. We wanted a readership of executives, industrialists, teachers, professional men and women, discriminating people, if you will. Our idea has always been to print the news in our news columns, to enliven it with pictures, to print what is amusing only because it is amusing and, above all, to run opinion—and strong opinion, at that—only in signed columns. From a commercial standpoint, we felt advertisers would appreciate such an audience."

Whether they have succeeded, these moderately young and moderately old men, should be indicated by the fact that the magazine today definitely is in the black and, were it not for the appalling costs of publishing anything that requires material and labor, would be turning over rather astonishing yearly profits. The weekly circulation has bounded to better than 700,000 since 1937; there are seven overseas editions which total more than 100,000. There were 3,469 pages of ads in 1945. In 1938, the total was 464 pages.

News columns of *Newsweek* are remarkably free from out-and-out bias. In such white-hot current issues as labor and management, for example, the editorial board never, as far as anyone ever has been able to prove, embraced any of the familiar propaganda of big business. Nor could it be called precisely a champion of labor.

Barrett says: "In the time I have been in this job, we editors have never received



Ed Barrett—he's the editorial director, tries to keep the mag impartial



Terry Ferrer runs the religion department. They wish they had more Ferrers

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an order from Mr. Astor or Mr. Muir or any member of the board concerning the treatment any story is to get. In fact, it is difficult to see how our policy could be one-sided since the editorial board is made up of four men whose attitudes range from the conservative to the liberal left.

"In fact," he grinned, "we never seem to have any trouble from the bosses. It's the lads at the typewriters who once in a while slip a high, hard one past us."

Neither pro-Catholic nor anti-Catholic, pro-Protestant nor anti-Protestant, pro-Jew nor pro-gentile, *Newsweek* like any other publication on the newsstands, gets its share of mail which calls the magazine and its editors one or the other.

Competent but harried Terry Ferrer runs the religion department—one department in any magazine sure to draw down the ire of the vigilantes on the prowl for real or fancied grievances. The magazine's chiefs say of Miss Ferrer: "Most of our editors are men, but that is only because there aren't enough Terry Ferrers in the world."

On the subject of impartiality it is in some cases quite a different story when you leave the news columns and take a look at *Newsweek's* signed columns, over which the editors alternately thrill and shudder.

Ernest K. Lindley, who conducts "Washington Tides," is a seasoned reporter to whom slanting news would be a unique experience. He has his likes and dislikes, and President Truman does not often have him to dinner. But he knows Washington and he knows news, and any publisher who asks for more is asking a great deal, indeed. If Lindley has an attitude, and he probably has, it is expressed only in the privacy of his own dining room. And it is likely left of center.

Ray Moley, on the other hand, leaves no doubt as to his view of things. "Perspective" is a mouth-filling title for a column, but Moley is a mouth-filling guy. In general, the man whose eloquence so entrances Astor is strictly out for the principles he championed when his late and ex-pal F.D.R. was astride his throne. He hollered terribly at the former President after he had been booted out of the inner circle, but nevertheless he still sticks to the ideas he had when he commanded the ear of the Country Squire. He is, let us say, way off left of center.

HENRY HAZLITT, conductor of "Business Tides," is a sort of balance against Moley and, for that matter, Lindley. Henry once was an editor of an extremely liberal magazine. He was also a staunch supporter of Norman Thomas, who isn't exactly conservative. But along the exciting trail that leftists travel, something happened. And today, with all his adventures and possible misadventures behind him, Henry Hazlitt is a conservative so

Opportunist

► Andrew Carnegie, the famous financier, was seated one day in the non-smoking car of a crowded train when the man beside him lit an evil-smelling cigar.

Carnegie protested, but the man ignored him and continued smoking.

With a flourish, Carnegie handed his card to the man. "If you persist," he warned, "I'll notify the conductor." The man glanced at the card, put it in his pocket, and continued smoking. After a time he moved on to another car.

Annoyed by the fellow's insolence, Carnegie reported the incident to a conductor and demanded action. The conductor hurried after the offender. In a little while he returned with a card in his hand.

"I wouldn't try to prosecute that man if I were you, sir," he whispered. "He just gave me his card. He's Andrew Carnegie!"

Paul Weber



far to the right that he needs special glasses to see the white stripe in the middle of the road.

Then there is Joe Phillips, editor of Foreign Tides. Here is a man who, if you wanted to know what Stalin meant when he made any given crack about Churchill, it might be well to interview. He could tell you and he would do so in such a wise that you'd understand it. Phillips is the most objective of *Newsweek's* columnists and one of the most readable commentators on the affairs of the world in the business.

No one should write about *Newsweek* without mentioning John Lardner, for here is a youth with all of his old man's zing and with a remarkable tongue-in-the-cheek humor. Reading Lardner's sports column, called "Sport Week," you get the idea that he doesn't think it would change the course of the world very much if the Dodgers had happened to take the World Series from the Yanks. You sort of get the idea that sports are games.

In this, *Newsweek* licks *Time*, which never seems able to let down. While Mr. Henry Luce's magazine more than doubles *Newsweek's* circulation, and while it is vastly more profitable, it still seems to think that every unit of type that appears beneath its cover must be given a shot of adrenalin if Joe Blow from Kokomo is to be needed into reading it. *Newsweek* doesn't figure it that way.

Already, we have mentioned that a staff of twenty-two put out the first issue of *News-Week* (there's that hyphen back again). Today the staff is made up of six hundred men and women, figuring in all editorial department jobs. Bureaus are maintained in Detroit, Chicago, Dayton (where *Newsweek* is printed and distributed) and San Francisco. Foreign

bureaus are located in London, Paris, Berlin, Frankfurt, Rome, Tokyo, and Manila. In most of the foreign offices, two reporters handle the situation. Some have a larger personnel but, in any case, news gets a reasonable coverage.

SINCE 1937 there have been few changes among the owners of *Newsweek*—the listed owners, that is—but one internationally famous man has been missed from the directorate. He is Averell Harriman, railroad multimillionaire and investment banker.

Harriman, apparently a man with a flair for getting along with people in high places, had been Ambassador to Russia and Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Whether he was a Roosevelt New Dealer as definitely as was Moley, no man except Harriman can say, but when Mr. Henry Wallace, the mystical visionary, was booted out of the Truman cabinet office of Secretary of Commerce, it was Harriman who succeeded him.

So, the nome-too-fiery interest of Harriman in the publishing business became a thing of less than secondary importance. His brother Roland took his place as a member of the board of directors.

There remain among *Newsweek's* critics those who say that Vincent Astor and Harriman had been casting sheep's eyes at the fortune *Time* was reaping. They figured, said these critics (who still say it) that Astor and Harriman figured to cut in on the deal. Accordingly, they ruled that *Newsweek* should follow the pattern of *Time* and make money.

But, as one staff member put it: "Mebbe so, but I figure we've influenced *Time* a lot more than they've influenced us. Why, they're even beginning to write in English."



Dolores Del Rio meets Henry Fonda, a priest hunted by anticlericals in "The Fugitive"



The fugitive priest is arrested as he administers to the dying Gringo (Ward Bond)

The New Plays

William Wister Haines has written a war play that is fearless, penetrating and, at times, agonizing. *COMMAND DECISION*, a dramatization of his novel, is an indictment of all the horror that is war, of its pitiless waste of life and faith and the inevitable disillusionment it brings. It tells of a Brigadier General, commanding a division of heavy bombers based in Britain, who must send his men to almost certain death in order to wipe out a jet plane factory deep in Germany. Impatient with those who question his foresight; an authoritarian with those he leads; an indomitable professional soldier—yet, loathing his job of sending bright-eyed boys to their doom and demanding of himself an almost inhuman indifference to the slaughter.

As portrayed by Paul Kelly, the commander is a man to respect if not admire; a soldier who is ready to battle either the enemy or the Pentagon with equal ferocity. The Kelly performance is brilliant, vivid, and incisive. There are others who stand out in the dim austerity of the command headquarters background: Jay Fassett, as an older general who finds it wiser to substitute expediency for bullheadedness when visiting Congressmen appear on the scene; James Whitmore as a belligerent sergeant; Paul McGrath, Arthur Franz, James Holden, and others of the all-male cast. In striving for realism the dialogue goes berserk too often with stretches of profanity and vulgarisms that add nothing to the otherwise striking dramatic effect. John O'Shaughnessy has directed with unusual skill and understanding this study of war as seen by a man who hates it but will do his job with ruthless efficiency. There is an emotional impact about the tightly written drama that overshadows its occasional technical deficiencies. It is recommended, with the aforementioned reservation, to the adult seeking a play with something to say and the ability to say it with dramatic effectiveness.

With the current fad for biographical studies of composers continuing to flourish on Broadway and in Hollywood, it was only natural that the playmakers would ultimately get around to Tchaikovsky. *MUSIC IN MY HEART*, with a libretto by former movie star, Patsy Ruth Miller, partially effective staging by Hassard Short, and a few tired gags between musical numbers, does just that. The result is a notch or two below boredom with the compositions of Peter Ilych Tchaikovsky providing the only enjoyable moments. Even the bright red curtain emblazoned with the Czar's crest didn't arouse Soviet messenger-boy Andrei Vishinsky, who occupied the seat next to this writer. Andrei nodded sleepily during the lengthy performance while a parade of sopranos, baritones, and ballet stars alternately sang, belted, and pirouetted. He dozed off while Vivienne Segal

STAGE &

warbled her dirty ditties and comic Jan Murray pranced around in a manner more suited to a 1947 nightclub than the St. Petersburg Imperial Opera House. Vishinsky and the People do have something in common, after all!

Basil Rathbone and Wendy Hiller, with splendid assistance from Patricia Collinge and Peter Cookson, have turned the season's first costume piece, *THE HEIRESS*, into a fascinating, if somewhat morbid session. Ruth and Augustus Goetz have dramatized the Henry James novel, *Washington Square*, with interesting results, and Jed Harris has directed it as a curio should be staged. The Victorian setting is admirably utilized to further the sardonic, sinister, yet semicomic, flavor of the story. Limited in its appeal to the modern playgoers, this period play has its assets and they are mostly to be found in the work of Rathbone and Britain's Miss Hiller. As the father-daughter of the James novel, they are close to perfection. The character entrusted to Miss Hiller is a difficult one to interpret, but she manages to capture the varying moods of the role with ease and artistry. The entire production is of a high technical order, measuring up to the standard she has set.

Mention should be made of a little opus by Donald Ogden Stewart entitled *HOW I WONDER*, in which the ultimate of radical confusion is reached. Several important names in the theater are associated (or were if assumptions are correct) and the play is no longer with us when this appears) in its presentation. Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin produced it; Raymond Massey is the star. Stewart, a pet of the pink coterie, seems to have done little more than put Comrade Vishinsky's violent diatribe into script form, added a few wildly fantastic touches, and lighted the fuse. The pop that follows would be funny if it weren't so dull and completely devoid of any dramatic value. The wonder of



Robert Montgomery with Wanda Hendrix and Thomas Gomez in "Ride the Pink Horse"



Seeking vengeance, Robert Montgomery finds romance when he meets lovely Wanda Hendrix

SCREEN

by JERRY COTTER

it all is how and where these confused characters rake together the many thousands necessary to put on a Broadway show. Perhaps they are not entirely wrong in their claim that American capitalists are decadent. They certainly aren't awake!

The Fugitive

John Ford and Merian C. Cooper have scored a resounding artistic success with their production of *THE FUGITIVE*, an adaptation of Graham Greene's novel, *The Labyrinthine Ways*. Made in Mexico with a cast of native and Hollywood actors, it is a powerful and affecting study of a priest "on the run" from a Communist revolutionary group which has taken over the country.

Though the story falters at times, the characterizations, the stunning photography, and a fine musical score mark it as distinguished and beautiful. Judged from the Catholic standpoint it is definitely worthwhile and can be recommended to every adult group. The fugitive priest, as portrayed by Henry Fonda, emerges as a man, who berates himself for being a coward in allowing others to die rather than betray him, yet spends five long years in the hills between undercover visits to the dying and the newborn to administer the Sacraments and finally goes to his death rather than fail in his priestly obligations.

There is a haunting quality about the production which, combined with the simple brevity of the dialogue and the brilliant pantomime of the actors, lifts it far above the usual run of Hollywood efforts. In depicting the hunted priest the story goes beyond superficialities and surface facts, concentrating on the basic duties of his mission—to lead and to serve no matter what the cost. That is the message of *The Fugitive*, and producer-director Ford puts it across with rare effectiveness and sympathetic understanding.



Jimmy Durante entertains Xavier Cugat in the Technicolor musical, "This Time for Keeps"



Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, and Paul McGrath in the fearless war drama, "Command Decision"

Fonda's interpretation of the young padre is the best thing he has done on the screen, capturing the fears, the uncertainties, and the final calm resignation as few others could have done. Dolores Del Rio, who has become the top star of the Mexican industry since leaving Hollywood, also contributes a brilliant portrayal as a fallen woman who helps the priest escape from the hated revolutionaries on several occasions. J. Carroll Naish is also splendid as the "Judas" who eventually betrays the fugitive, and Pedro Armendariz, Ward Bond, Leo Carrillo, and Robert Armstrong also offer first-rate characterizations. Equally fine are the many Mexican players used in smaller roles.

As an artistic endeavor this rates high. Whether its appeal to general audiences will insure its commercial success remains to be seen. (RKO-Radio)

Reviews in Brief

THIS TIME FOR KEEPS reaches a new high in Technicolor beauty with its excellent background shots of Mackinac Island. Musically, it is quite effective, too, with Lauritz Melchior on hand for the arias and Johnny Johnston to handle the ballads. The story is a familiar old wheeze that has seen service these many decades now, but it has been dressed up so skillfully and lavishly you can't get too annoyed at it. Esther Williams contributes her tank specialties; Jimmy Durante is the same superb laugh-getter; Dame May Whitty plays a haughty ex-circus queen with her usual skill; Xavier Cugat's Orchestra pops up in the background now and then, and a little lass named Sharon McManus does the best acting in the picture. What this lacks in originality it more than makes up in colorful display, first-rate singing, and an all-around amiable session of family relaxation. (M-G-M)

Flag-waving is occasionally in order, and RIDE THE PINK HORSE rates such action for its brilliant acting, production, and suspense. Robert Montgomery serves in the dual capacity of star and director, proving once again that such a difficult assignment can be assumed without sacrifice in either department. Joan Harrison, who learned her craft while working with Alfred Hitchcock, is the producer of this tension-packed adaptation of the Dorothy B. Hughes novel. On screen, Montgomery appears as a vengeance-bent easterner who arrives in New Mexico for the purpose of blackmailing a war profiteer. His best friend had been murdered on the mobster's order and he is out to avenge the crime in his own way. An FBI agent, aware of his plan, hovers in the background, and an assortment of unusual local characters adds considerably to the appeal and the strength of the picture. As melodrama this stands out because it has been given an intelligent, adult treatment. Its thrills and tension are neither obviously manufactured nor belabored and adult audiences will appreciate this departure from a form that has become more than a little monotonous. Supporting Montgomery are Wanda Hendrix, who distinguished herself as the youngster in the Crosby-Fitzgerald opus, *Welcome Stranger*, Thomas Gomez as a portly carousel operator, and Fred Clark as a new-type movie villain. (Universal-International)

THE FOXES OF HARROW, Frank Yerby's overly melodramatic novel of the Civil War days in Louisiana, was inevitably destined for the screen. It has been given the expected lush Movieland treatment, with Maureen O'Hara and Rex Harrison in the principal roles and deft direction by John Stahl. It would have benefited immeasurably by more diligent application of the cutting-room shears, for as it now stands, the story trips over its own length and the result is tedious and confusing. Most of the book's objectionable passages have been eliminated and the resulting narrative of an Irish adventurer's rise to fame and fortune in nineteenth-century New Orleans passes muster as average adult fare. Harrison is splendid and Miss O'Hara gives the best performance of her career. Victor McLaglen, Gene Lockhart, Richard Haydn, and Charles Irwin are the main support-

ing players in an elaborate adaptation that is superior to the material on which it has been based. (20th Century-Fox)

Greer Garson is an actress of average ability who has risen to screen prominence through a series of well-constructed, though maudlin, stories. Her latest, DESIRE ME, is, to be perfectly frank about it, quite terrible, with the Garson performance doing precious little to alleviate audience distress. It is the old Enoch Arden story told in the nickelodeon manner with the recent war serving as the plot pivot. An escaped war prisoner makes his way to the home of a fellow prisoner, falls in love with her, and falsely reports her husband as dead. There are some unusual photographic shots, supposedly of the bleak Brittany coast, but that's about all to recommend in this weak, contrived, and amateurishly acted drama. Robert Mitchum and Richard Hart are the principal supporting players. (M-G-M)

THE TAWNY PIPIT was produced in England during the war. Unusual in theme and development, its appeal is limited to audiences in search of relief from blazing guns, Technicolor tapsters, and forced melodramatics. Set in a small village during the war years, it tells how the entire population of the town banded together to save the nest and eggs of a rare tawny pipit found one day on the outskirts of the community. Romance, human problems, and conflicts are all relegated to positions of secondary importance in this highly unusual and enjoyable excursion into the realm of nature study. Bernard Miles and Rosamund John head a large cast of British players, and the London Symphony Orchestra supplies the musical background. (Universal-International)

The housing problem hardly comes under the heading of humor for many of us, but in STORK BITES MAN, producer Buddy Rogers and his company manage to give it a lighthearted twist. Jackie Cooper appears as an expectant father who is also manager of a "No-Children-Wanted" apartment house. He contrives to set the situation right via the strike route, calling out the service employees until the landlord has a change of mind. Pleasant, unpretentious, and short, it has a fair share of chuckles and audience sympathy on its side to tide over the rough spots. (United Artists)

A boy, a horse, and the mortgage on the old homestead are the story standbys of THE RED STALLION, an amiable blend of sentiment and melodrama that should fit into the family schedule quite well. The ingredients are almost too familiar, but the manner in which they have been blended, the capable acting of the cast, and the attractiveness of the Cinecolor photography lift it above average. Ted Donaldson, Jane Darwell, Guy Kibbee, and Robert Paige are the players involved. (Eagle-Lion)

The HAL ROACH COMEDY CARNIVAL is a new-style combination of movie fun consisting of two short comedies, unrelated but sold as a package. In line with recent attempts to trim the inordinate length of feature pictures, both of these productions are short, crisp, and to the point. One is a juvenile comedy *a la* "Our Gang," a fresh and appealing juvenile yarn. The other, a more sophisticated story about a talking dog, is designed primarily for adult audiences. Walter Abel is the principal player in the combination show, but all of them measure up to the demands of their roles. (United Artists)

The many script complications in THE UNSUSPECTED cause it to bog down before the half-way mark is reached and all the efforts of such stalwarts as Claude Rains, Joan Caulfield, Constance Bennett, and Hurd Hatfield cannot save it. Radio sound effects are employed in the unraveling of a series of killings by a microphone criminologist. There are some novel twists, but the general effect of this adult detective story is weak and unimpressive. (Warner Brothers)

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

A Little Pasteboard Box

THE LITTLE BOX has been sitting on my bookcase all this year. It is a little pasteboard affair and it is supposed to be filled with pennies for the Passionist Chinese Missions. At first the pennies got put in the slot every day or every other day, and then—well, you know how it goes. One forgets and all of a sudden it is November and as you lift the box from the bookcase when the fall cleaning is going on, the pennies in the box rattle lonesomely about. There should be no rattle, of course, for there ought to be a well-filled box by this time; there should be over three hundred pennies there.

Nowadays a penny is such a silly little brown thing—really only a token from the past, something that used to be actual money. Even a child disdains a penny if it is offered singly. The candy of our childhood—the licorice strings, the little glass measures with candy corn, the molasses kisses, the lemonsticks—they are pretty much in the past along with the fact that a penny can buy anything.

But the pasteboard box holds three hundred of them and even though that sum is not a great deal, it can be useful in the place where it goes. For they go to China, these pennies, to be spent for the missions. And if you want to see how they are spent, a dozen or so snapshots in the Passionist Mission files will suffice to show you. There is a picture of a Sister with three tiny babies on her lap, abandoned babies whom the missionaries will not let die; a picture of a long line of children, their small ribs the first thing one notices, even before the wan pinched faces; a picture of a crowd at a mission gate holding out empty bowls for rice; Bishop O'Gara bending over a starving child and trying to ease its pain.

Where the Pennies Go

THERE ARE LETTERS in the files too to show where mission money goes: "Some of the Christians walked for thirty miles from their homes . . . When they came to the church for midnight Mass most of them received their Saviour . . . After Mass they had a little treat, steaming-hot bowls of Chinese macaroni. They slept till daylight . . . they attended a second Mass . . . at nine they were in the church for the third time, for the third Mass . . . each received a medal . . . they had a nice breakfast, and were off again."

No doubt the pennies helped there too, the small sums that swell to large ones if only enough people remember about the boxes in December as they did in May. Food for the soul they can bring and food for the body as well. Let us, who walk around the corner or at most a few blocks to go to our churches, who then go home to a good breakfast, consider the faith of these people—and also consider the work of the missionaries who have instilled that faith in the hearts of these former pagans.

That meal at the mission may be the best meal of the whole year for these people, says a caption on another snapshot. For famine is always there, not always as bad as in the great famine years, but to some extent never ceasing. But though there is famine and hunger sometimes even in the missions themselves, there is never lack of one thing. The rice may give out if the

eager crowds are too large and take a whole supply; the church may be so simple that it is only an enlarged hut; the missionary may be able to go only infrequently to some of his faraway parishioners because the distances are so great and traveling is so hard—but one thing is never lacking. Famine of everything else, perhaps, but never a famine of love—love that reaches over oceans and lands and sends men and women half across the earth to feed the starving bodies with rice, to fill the starving souls with the Bread of Life. And the pennies are needed for both.

There are so many ways to work with Our Lord and for Him that it seems incredible more of us do not enter into that work. It is sad that the Holy Father must speak such words as these, in a message sent recently to Bishop McDonnell, "Judge the sadness of our paternal heart, if we must close our ears to such pleadings, if we must ignore the voices that call to us from the pagan world." And then he wrote of the "bright promise of the future" that was a consolation—the new mission fields opened since the war, and hoped America would give as generously as it had already given.

Two Books

THERE ARE TWO BOOKS, and both by Passionists, which I should like to see set next to the penny box on all bookcases. One is Father Aloysius McDonough's book *God's Own Method*, and from it one can draw the spiritual application to the necessity of helping the missions. One can, the author writes, do little to better world-wide conditions: "But as St. Francis de Sales put it, each and every person is like a bishop within the diocese of his own soul. Within that sphere we have responsibility and control." And when I read of destruction and loss and the suffering of the innocent, I think of another sentence from his book: "Despite geography and calendars, we of today are not really remote from Calvary."

Another Passionist book, *Hunan Harvest*, by Father Theophane Maguire, gives much of the practical application of the other's spiritual content. These books will give you a deep sense of our responsibilities to the missions for in them are both reason for helping and results of the help—help, the need of which grows no less, and as the Holy Father says, it would be sad indeed if the "bright promise of the future" goes unfulfilled because of lack of financial aid.

No doubt a considerable number of those who read this page have their boxes almost filled by this time and are getting ready to send a money order of its contents to the Passionist Missions, and with no urging at all. But there is, I am sure, a considerable number who have pushed the little box away in a corner and forgotten it, like myself. Never mind the pennies now; you can make a new resolution for next year with a new box. The Passionists have plenty of them, ready and waiting. But now, do as I am doing—send a check or a money order for three dollars and sixty-five cents to the Penny-a-Day Fund. And if you never did have a box, just pretend you had one and do likewise. Make it your Thanksgiving Day gift of true thanksgiving to those who are not sheltered and whose only food may be what the mission funds provide.

Theme and variations

by VINCENT HARTNETT

WHY had he chosen Nielsen's "Blue Concerto" for his final selection this evening at the Stadium? Philip Cory asked himself. The piece was not well known in America. And it drenched his soul with bitterness each time he played it. Had he chosen it for his farewell number because he had played it that evening at Interlaken when Cathryn Coyle came into his life, and again the night when she had walked out into the darkness and left him?

He tensed his fingers over the shining black-and-white keyboard. Severski looked down from the podium at him, his baton lifted. Cory nodded readiness. Did Severski know that this was Philip Cory's last public performance?

The baton drove downward. *Dum, dum—dum—dum, dum—dum.* The brass took the opening bars of the mad Finn's greatest concerto sharp and clear. Then Cory came in at the piano, his fingers subtly imparting life and breath to the luminous melodic theme. "The Blue Concerto." The beginning and the end. Life's wheel had spun full turn. And this was the end of the cycle for him.

He did not need to look at his music or the keyboard. Not for "The Blue Concerto." He could have played it in a darkened room. He had, in fact—many times. You had only to remember there were two themes. The first was full-bodied, vibrant, utterly joyous. The second was more difficult. Elusive, sad, hauntingly penetrating, it demanded expert fingering. Like his own life perhaps. But the keys always did what he willed them to. "America's Most Brilliant Young Pianist," he had been billed for tonight's concert at the Stadium. He wished that life were as responsive to him as his keyboard was.

What had Cathryn said about "The Blue Concerto" that evening in the Kursaal at Interlaken, when they had met after his concert? "It's the mystery in 'The Blue Concerto' that fascinates one, Mr. Cory. You think you have it, and after the final bar it's gone like quicksilver."

"Like life itself, wouldn't you say, Miss Coyle?"

Till the piece is played, till the years have
passed, till the cycle's ended, we never know which is the
theme of our life and which are the variations

Their meeting had been obvious enough. A party of Americans sharing a table for refreshments in the Casino garden after the evening concert. Philip Cory, the brilliant young pianist, a fellow American.

"Miss Cathryn Coyle from New York. Mr. Cory of Boston."

He had bowed in Continental fashion, tall, handsome, slender, a touch of silver adding distinction to his dark brown hair, a sudden smile on his sad face. He looked older than thirty.

She was incredibly lovely. About five years younger than he, beautifully formed, fair-skinned, her hair a veil of spun gold clinging to her white neck and expressive shoulders. But her gentle face was also somewhat sad.

"Cathryn paints, Phil. She's in Switzerland for the summer. Phil will be playing in Berlin and Copenhagen after his week here at the Kursaal, Cathryn."

Chairs side by side at the long table under the tall, dark pines. Colored lights and champagne. Conversation. Laughter. Looks that sought the real person under the camouflage of convention.

They had talked of his playing and "The Blue Concerto" while they were dancing.

"That major theme, Philip. *Umm, umm—ummm, umm—ummm.* It haunted me from the first moment you began to play tonight."

He had laughed into her eyes, deeply blue as a mountain lake.

"You too, Cathryn! Some of the critics say, you know, that that melody you hummed is only a variation, only a minor melody in the concerto. They say the theme isn't that glad melody from the first movement at all but the sad one that's developed in the second

movement. Remember? *Umm, umm—ummm—ummm, umm, umm, umm.* They've been squabbling about it ever since Nielsen wrote it."

"And which one do you think is the theme, Philip?"

"The second, I think—the sad one. But I'm never sure while I'm playing it, not until I've finished. Even then I'm not sure!"

And she had laughed, softly, gladly.

"It is like life, isn't it, Phil? Till the piece is played, till the years have passed, till the cycle's ended, we never know which is really the theme of our life, and what are only the variations, the minor melodies."

He had tossed all that night on his bed at the Mountain House.

"Lord, is she the one at last? Help me to see! There have been so many variations before!"

A lesser man would have taken life as it came. But Philip Cory was not a lesser man. There had been brilliant years at the university in Boston, brilliant years at the conservatory in New York, brilliant years studying in London and Paris. Music had been his theme, till the day when he thought God was calling him to the priesthood.

Then months of anguish had followed in the monastery high on a Swiss alp, as he fought to make himself a monk. But that had been a variation too. The novice master had suddenly called him to his cell one morning.

"The priesthood is not for you, my son. God will bless your generosity in trying. Take your place in the world. Use your great talents for God's glory. Find yourself a good wife."

It was easier said than done. Back again in London he had met Therese. Slender, darkly beautiful, intensely

alive, she was a pianist too. He had found the theme at last, he exulted. But after two months of friendship they had broken up. They were too strongly talented, too dynamically individual, to be lastingly congenial. Therese was only a variation for him, and he for her.

Perhaps music was his theme after all, he had reflected, after finding other friendships that grew no deeper than friendship. Not the priesthood, not Therese, not any other woman. And then had come Interlaken and Cathryn Coyle.

One evening in a Swiss garden, and it was as though they had always known each other. A telephone call next morning to her *pension*. "Why, thanks, Phil! I'd love to go to the plateau with you." A sunny afternoon on the heights far above Interlaken and its twin lakes, a picnic lunch, golden hours with a golden girl. And strange yearnings, strange melodies, began to stir in Philip Cory's restless heart.

"Is this the theme, Lord?"

Cathryn with him on morning bicycle rides and afternoon hikes into the hills. Cathryn painting or sketching in the high uplands, while he smoked his pipe on the grass beside her and gazed at her. Cathryn at dinner with him each night of that lightning week—Cathryn of the glowing, gentle face and golden hair. Cathryn Coyle at each concert he gave in the Casino. And Cathryn Coyle in his heart.

And then the night of his last concert. She was strangely white-faced and silent at the supper table afterward.

"She feels as I do," Philip Cory exulted. "Cathryn doesn't want me to go!"

Then the rush of her words when the table was cleared. The melody exploded into small, ugly discordances. Night became darkness.

"I can't expect you to forgive me, Phil! But understand, please understand, Phil, I had suffered so much, and it was so wonderful to find a man like you, Phil, a man I could admire and—have as my friend.

"I'm not Miss Cathryn Coyle at all, Phil. That was my maiden name. I went back to it. It helps avoid awful questions. No, he's still alive—in New York, I suppose. No, it was a perfectly valid marriage, Phil. I couldn't get it annulled. I tried everything. I was young when I married him. I couldn't tell a beast when I saw one.

"Please, Phil, understand! And try to forgive me. I know I'm hurting you terribly. I should have told you that first evening at the Kursaal, Phil. I felt it

It was the age-old mystery of two people finding their paths cross and their hearts going on together



ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. MAZOUJIAN

too! I should have told you then. But I tried to tell myself it would be just good friends. And now it has to be good-by, Phil!"

There had been no scene as they left the little café. Just a distinguished gentleman and a lovely lady going out the door and into the night. The headwaiter noticed they were both white-faced and tense. "Perhaps a little quarrel. It will all blow over." How could the headwaiter see two broken hearts?

Pale moonlight on the deserted streets of Interlaken and the silver chime of the church clock as Philip Cory walked through the night. Then his piano in the empty Casino. Did the caretaker think him mad as he played softly there? "The Blue Concerto, Theme and Variations by Froem Nielsen." What had Cathryn said? "It's the mystery in it that fascinates one, Mr. Cory. You think you have it, and after the final bar it's gone like quicksilver." "Like life itself, wouldn't you say, Miss Coyle?"

He had very nearly lost his faith those following months. "Oh God, if You are all-good and wise, how can You let such things happen? How can there be any Providence?"

But the slow healing of time had set in, and he found refuge in his music. Was it his suffering that enabled him to draw such melody from the keyboard? In eight years he had soared to international fame.

"Have you heard Philip Cory? He's extraordinary, my dears! His playing simply haunts one! And he's so handsome and sad-looking. What a catch for some clever woman!"

But Philip Cory did not care to look twice at other women, though music failed to fill the hollow in his heart.

September, 1947. The New York Stadium, with Severski conducting and Philip Cory as featured artist. His last concert. What could he close out his career with, save Nielsen's "Blue Concerto"? The end of a cycle. He did not care to play any more. And he did not need more money. Perhaps he could find peace in a chalet high in the mountains of Switzerland, near the monastery where he had tried once and failed. Perhaps he would find the theme there, in isolation, near the great peaks and God.

SEVERSKI'S baton dipped sharply. End of the first movement. Philip Cory wiped the sweat from his forehead, though it was a cool evening. The SRO crowd thundered applause.

Then the baton lifted. The second movement. This was Philip Cory's theme—elusive, sad, hauntingly penetrating. It demanded expert fingering. Once or twice, at rests, he lifted his head and looked out at the crowd in

the great open-air amphitheater. There was a woman with golden hair out in front. He couldn't distinguish her face. The footlights were dazzling. But the cascade of golden hair reminded him of Cathryn.

Hadn't it been this second theme, this sad and haunting one, which he had told her was the major one? *Umm, umm—umm—umm, umm, umm, umm.* Yes, that was poor Nielsen's major theme. And now that the cycle was ending, Philip Cory could look back over his life and see that this sad theme had been his too. There had been glad notes, many of them. But they had been no more than variations.

What had Cathryn said the night they first met? "It is like life, isn't it, Phil? Till the piece is played, till the years have passed, till the cycle's ended, we never know which is really the theme of our life, and what are only the variations."



As he played, the cascade of golden hair reminded him of Cathryn

Well, the cycle was ending now, and he knew. Ten years since Cathryn had gone. Night-time again, and moonlight, and "The Blue Concerto." The beginning and the end.

Philip Cory carefully wiped his face and eyes when the second movement ended.

The third and last movement was mysterious, suggestive, indescribable. Nielsen had finished it the night before his tragic death. Philip had played it over and over, and still he knew that he did not really know it.

He bent low over the keyboard, breathing life and wonder into it. The great crowd was utterly still as the liquid melody poured out from the stage and into the moonlight.

The woman in front, the woman with golden hair like Cathryn's, was leaving. She made no stir. She was like Cathryn

that night at the café in Interlaken, going out into the darkness, away from him.

"Lord, help me to find the theme!" he prayed silently as he played. "You are provident, Lord. You can write straight with crooked lines. But how long, Lord, how long?"

STRANGE! He had never noticed before. He looked for the first time at his music. Yes, he was following it note for note. But—indefinably, so sunbeam-like it could not be held down to any single bar of music—the first theme, the minor theme, the variation, was coming back! Little hints of it rippled in the treble at first. Then it sounded in his deft left-fingering. Was this "The Blue Concerto"? The major melody was there! It had been there all the time, ever since Nielsen wrote it! Full-bodied and triumphant at last, rising above the sad theme taken by the woodwinds, it swept into an ecstatic glory of strings.

As the violins exulted in the last measures and his piano shook with passion, Philip Cory was lifted out of himself by the music. For the first time, he was playing "The Blue Concerto" with a full symphony, with all the instruments, all the pieces, in place. Was that it? Then Cathryn had been right! The first theme, the glorious, glad, ecstatically happy theme was the major theme! All the rest had been variations!

The great crowd was very still as Philip Cory rose from the piano. Then applause like cannon fire boomed from every corner of the huge amphitheater. Severski, red-faced and beaming, clapped his hands like a schoolboy and dropped his baton without heeding.

Cory shouldered his way through the press of cheering stagehands and frantic autograph-hunters. For the first time in ten years, excitement like white fires burned in his veins. Perhaps—perhaps there was more to come, after all, before the cycle ended.

"Lord, You are provident. Your ways are not our ways." His heart leaped as he whispered the prayer.

When he opened the door of his dressing room, he saw her standing there, the light behind her. Fair-faced, gentle, aglow with loveliness and indescribable grace. The spun-gold hair still clung to her white neck and small, brave shoulders. But her face was not sad now.

Cathryn's voice was full of tenderness and glory.

"He died last week, Phil. I took the first plane."

Then, as he swept her into his hungry arms, his eager lips seeking her ready ones, Philip Cory knew the cycle had ended. But he knew, too, which had been the theme. And, under God, all save Cathryn had been variations.

twill P lease again

ITEMS HUMOROUS OR
UNUSUAL ON MATTERS OF
GREAT OR LITTLE MOMENT

Destruction in Hoboken

THE FOLLOWING PARAGRAPHS are reprinted from an article in "Saturday Evening Post," in which Don Wharton writes of the unusual occupation of the employees of the United States Testing Co.:

If a man from Mars parachuted into Hoboken and walked into 1415 Park Avenue, he would get a strange picture of industry. He would see bright, new finished goods arriving by truck, being unpacked, distributed to various departments, and there scientifically destroyed by some 250 men and women armed with hundreds of machines and chemicals, and aided by countless moths, carpet beetles, fungi, bacteria, field mice, rats, guinea pigs, hamsters, rabbits, flies, mosquitoes, ticks, termites, and cockroaches, both American and German.

Even plain New Jersey citizens are sometimes puzzled by this upside-down operation. Not long ago a Jersey housewife was nonplussed by the sight of a grown man pushing a shiny new baby carriage loaded with two heavy sandbags. Instead of sticking to the sidewalk he took to the rough cobblestones, headed for a vacant lot, and there pushed the carriage back and forth through grass, dirt, and mud. . . .

The variety of destruction in progress at Hoboken is baffling. In most industrial plants a visitor can follow the logical flow of raw materials toward a final assembly line. At Hoboken the raw materials are finished goods, and the nearest thing to a final assembly line is the junkpile. Instead of the end product leaving in bright packages, it's hauled away by trash collectors. In a normal plant a workman makes the same thing every day. Hoboken has no such dulling routine. A visitor may catch a glimpse of a technician destroying certain articles, come back an hour later to get details, find the man destroying something else. In a sense, this plant resembles a New York cocktail party—every time you reach for a canape you find the drinkers discussing another subject.

The Boston Brahmins

THE INDIVIDUALS LISTED in Boston's exclusive "Social Register" take a gentle ribbing from Cleveland Amory, writing in "Harper's Magazine." A few paragraphs:

The Proper Bostonian did not just happen; he was planned. Since he was from the start, in that charming Boston phrase, "well connected," he was planned to fit into a social world so small that he could not help being well-defined. He is a charter member of a Society which more than one historian has called more exclusive than that of any other city in America. . . .

According to the Boston Chamber of Commerce, Boston is 2,350,000 people. Boston Society, according to the Boston Social Register, is 8,000 people. Yet to the strict Proper Bostonian this

volume, which admits only one Jewish man and, in a city now 79 per cent Catholic in population, less than a dozen Catholic families, is impossibly large. Too much attention to it is regarded as a mark of social insecurity, and several Boston Society leaders have never allowed their names to be listed at all. . . .

Particularly the Proper Bostonian expects both the fellow inhabitants of his city and his visitors to share his high regard for Harvard University. Since all First Family sons repair there, he wishes it to be recognized as the only college there is. But this is not easy, since the great majority of Bostonians have little or no connection with it, and since Boston has half a dozen other colleges as well—not to mention the fact that Harvard is located not in Boston at all, but in Cambridge. Nonetheless, the Proper Bostonian has done his best, and to be elected to membership in Harvard's "Corporation," a self-perpetuating group of Bostonians who run the University—and who in recent years have managed to include one or two New Yorkers in their number—is a Bostonian honor not to be compared with anything else. . . . An interesting instance of the local attitude occurred some years ago during the Taft administration in Washington. A visitor to Harvard sought to see the late Lawrence Lowell, then president of the University. Having been called to the nation's capital on a matter of business, Lowell could not be seen. The visitor was stopped by a secretary in the outer office. "The President is in Washington," she said, "seeing Mr. Taft."

Safety First

FIRES IN THE HOME may start without aid of any outside source of heat. A warning to home owners is sounded by Paul W. Kearney in "Liberty." Some of Mr. Kearney's remarks:

In Milwaukee a lover of antiques was resurfacing the post of an old four-poster bed on the turning lathe in his basement workshop. The following night the pile of shavings on the floor near the bench took fire without the aid of any outside source of heat.

Spontaneous combustion is the answer. And it is responsible for some 20,000 annual fires of proven origin, for twenty to fifty million dollars a year in property damages—for at least another twenty million dollars' worth of spoilage to hay and grain on farms. . . .

Hay blazes up of its own accord when conditions are right. Thousands of barns have been destroyed from two to six weeks after hay was put away improperly cured. Salting has been used rather successfully as a preventive.

In any case, spontaneous combustion is one of the farm's most serious fire hazards. Perhaps the most spectacular demonstration of it occurred after the Vermont floods of 1947, when dozens of barns caught fire soon after the flood waters began to recede and after the hay had partially dried out. In one case the hay began

to steam twenty-four hours after the water went down, bursting into flame on the second day.

There are millions of furniture-polish cloths, oiled floor mops, paint rags, and other suitable props in the typical household. A few years ago a fire marshal, lecturing on this subject, was challenged after the meeting by the sales manager of a mop concern who resented the implication that his product was dangerous.

The speaker invited the salesman to call at his office the next day and to bring a mop. When the latter appeared, the fire marshal set the mop on the far corner of his desk. Offering the visitor a cigar, he launched into a lengthy discourse to kill time.

Out of the corner of his eye the marshal watched the mop as he chatted. And when the men were about half finished with their cigars, he suddenly interrupted himself to draw his caller's attention to the maligned mop. It was beginning to smoke and was uncomfortably hot to touch.

The salesman never knew that the fire marshal had tricked him by placing the oily mop where the hot sun would fall on it and speed up the chemical action of oil on cloth. But that trifling deception served to show him in less than a half hour a little tragedy that has happened unseen in many a home's broom closet.

Workshop Wizards

RESEARCHERS ARE DUPLICATING natural forces right in the laboratory these days. Some of their achievements are related in the following excerpts from an article by William W. Taylor in "Science Illustrated":

Twenty years ago, for every 100 miles of transmission line in the nation, about 50 were knocked out of service each year by lightning. To find out why, a group of engineers first went to the Tennessee mountains and elsewhere and lay in wait for thunderbolts to strike. With an electronic camera, called a cathode-ray oscillograph, they made complete portraits of the strokes when and where they appeared. These pictures helped them build their own "lightning machines."

With this equipment—capacitors banked three or more stories high—they were able to reproduce all the fire and fury of lightning in any of the variety of ways it appears in nature. And so they could design the best possible equipment for thwarting it by leading it gently to ground. As a result of this and other research, today's properly protected power line, 100 miles long, will take the worst that lightning can give for an average of 10 years—a thousandfold improvement over 20 years ago....

Just how far the research engineer will go to bring the world into his workshop may be seen on a farm near Chester, New Jersey. The Bell Telephone Laboratories run the place. Among their numerous chores, the "farmers" raise crops of termites and turn them loose on telephone poles—to find out how to keep the borers away from poles in actual use.

This kind of laboratory work, in almost endless variety, is going on daily all over the world. Researchers have made it pay off in stronger and safer ships, trains, planes, and automobiles; in better industrial machinery and tools; and in a long list of new products, methods, and ideas.

Inside Story

THROUGH OBSERVATION OF A MAN with a window in his stomach, medical men have learned a great deal about the connection between your stomach and your emotions. From an article by Walter Walker in "This Week":

The man is named Tom. For fifty years he has fed himself through a permanent opening which leads directly into his stomach. Through this opening, Dr. Stewart Wolf and Dr. Harold G. Wolff have studied Tom's stomach for the past six years under all sorts of circumstances.... What the doctors have learned from these studies may help you to understand more about your own stomach troubles.

One afternoon long ago, when he was nine years old, Tom came into his mother's kitchen and saw a beer pail. Meaning to sneak a forbidden drink, he snatched up the pail and took a big gulp. The pail contained scalding hot chowder.

To save Tom's life, the doctors had to perform a gastrostomy. An opening was made into the stomach through which Tom has taken food and drink ever since. His throat is permanently sealed....

Once, Tom was having a routine physical checkup in another department of the hospital. The examination dragged on too long to suit him. When he wanted to leave, a bossy secretary refused to let him. He insisted; she got angry.

When finally he did return to the laboratory, Tom was bursting with resentment. He muttered: "I wish I could get my hands on her neck!"

The doctors examined his stomach and found it in the condition it would be in if he were about to devour a big meal. The stomach lining was swollen, the flow of gastric juice was three times normal....

For the first half hour, the doctors let Tom stew. They talked to him about his experience in a purposely unfriendly way. Tom's anger increased and likewise his stomach acidity increased. Then the doctors changed the subject. Tom began to cheer up, and the acid output in his stomach slowed down. Also the blood vessels began to lose their swelling.

After about thirty minutes, the doctors ran out of cheerful conversation. Tom grew silent and began to brood over his mistreatment. As his anger and resentment returned, his stomach again became highly active. It was only after he had finally worked off his angry mood that his stomach quieted down.

Expensive Habit

WRITING IN THE "NEW YORK TIMES", Walter B. Haywood has some comments to make on the smoking habit. We quote Mr. Haywood:

What about the smokers—why do they smoke? One may say, without fear of contradiction, chiefly because they like it. G. L. Hemming put the idea in verse:

Tobacco is a dirty weed. I like it.
It satisfies no normal need. I like it.
It makes you thin, it makes you lean,
It takes the hair right off your bean.
It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen.
I like it.

Here are a few more reasons gathered at random. A woman: "I smoke because I'm nervous and it relaxes me." A man: "I started in young and I've been at it ever since. I have a great weakness for tobacco." Another woman: "It gives me something to do." Another man: "I smoke because it is a form of companionship. When alone I smoke more." Still another man: "If I didn't smoke I'd have a worse habit."

There it is—habit. That, too, is the medical diagnosis. Elderly men recall that they acquired the habit with some difficulty in boyhood and at the expense of some tongue lashings, even the strap....

Many smokers are convinced that tobacco is a sedative. Medical men say "no" to that. The wounded soldier drawing on a cigarette gets no physical relief from smoking. There is, however, a psychological reaction. The soldier's attention is diverted and he gets mental comfort from his old habit. That applies to anyone who takes a smoke after a period of stress....

All this smoking means revenue for Uncle Sam. The tobacco tax brought him \$1,268,410,863 last year and he hopes to do better when he closes his books this year. Obviously, that's gold in them thar tobacco fields. The weed is grown over the world in warm, temperate, and cold zones, and each nation has its own way of taxing tobacco. It has proved to be a never-failing source of revenue, thanks to the American Continent, which gave tobacco to mankind, and to the smoker, who will not be denied.

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Breathtaking scenes give China beauty



Town officials rule the situation

Just A Letter

by CYPRIAN LEONARD, C.P.

RECENTLY I had to leave Yungshun in a hurry. The Communists got too close for comfort. They were within seven miles of Yungshun, on three different roads. So I had to make a run for it, as it were, and nearly ran right into them twice in the space of two days.

On the fifteenth of March they started moving up around here and spread all over the place. Each day brought them a bit nearer. On the night of the fifteenth there was a fight at Tawo, thirty miles northeast of here, with neither side suffering any casualties. Imagine just what that night was; also the few nights previous. The city quivered with rumors. Next day the Communists started moving up toward Sang Chi, some ten miles farther north, or so everybody thought at noon. At four that evening we suddenly heard that they were at Si Ti Hsi, twenty-five miles east of here. That night around eight we heard they were on two roads leading to Yungshun, both about the same distance from here. One place was Tiao Chin Ai, a village ten miles distant; I forgot the name of the other. My decision was made right then. It was too much of a strain going through this sort

of thing night after night, so I made up my mind that if we got through the night I would leave the next day. I had already placed my belongings on a boat.

Next morning they were still around the place mentioned above, so I put the lady catechist and the women servants on a boat to Wangtsun, and then decided to travel overland for the same place. I was worried about Father James Lambert. He had not taken very seriously my letters telling him of the situation. I had never intended going unless necessary. But Wangtsun was a much easier place than this to get out of in time of emergency.

I finally got the boat on its way. Then, on our mules, Aloysius Pung and I started for Wangtsun. Aloysius was a great help to me all through. (Yungshun is a city in a valley surrounded by high mountains. The south trail to Wangtsun climbs for seven miles to a gap in the range and requires almost two hours to traverse.)

We got to the steepest part of the trail surmounting the gap when Aloysius, who was riding the red mule, decided that his saddle girths needed tightening. We dismounted. After I had tightened his and

my own, Aloysius assisted me in climbing aboard my mule. But he made the awful mistake of leaving Red loose. With that Red started streaking down the mountain for home, with me trying to catch him. The stubborn animal generally is very pokey, but he certainly opened up that day. I was afraid of breaking my neck galloping down the steps, so I finally had to pull up my mule. Later Red started grazing and I tried to get around him, but it was useless. The next time we would have to use strategy. I told Aloysius to sneak around, and when Red was grazing in some farmer's wheatfield I blocked the enclosure by putting my mule sidewise. Aloysius sneaked up on the side. Even then Red tried to get through and gave Aloysius quite a pulling around until he saw I had the road blocked. Then he gave up. But by that time it was after one o'clock and we were almost back to the city, so I continued on to see if the boat had really sailed. While on the bridge overlooking the wharf, a well-dressed woman was struggling with her belongings, removing them from the boat. We inquired and found out she was doing so because it was dangerous around Wangtsun, the very

town for which we were heading. That wasn't so good, so we decided it was better to go southwest toward Paotsing. We stopped at Cha La, a village five miles from Yungshun, for the night.

Next morning we resumed our journey to Paotsing. We were debating whether or not we should cut down from Chia Shu Tang, the half way place on the trail, to Nieh Hsi, the village at the juncture of the North and Yungshun rivers, some seven miles above Wangtsun. Nearing Ta Ba, just a few miles farther on, we were met by some of the country home guard coming up the mountain. They inquired as to our destination. When they heard Paotsing they said: "Didn't you hear that the Reds were there last night?" I wondered where these had come from as the only ones we had heard about were from the north and east. This must be another crowd. So we found out. They had crossed the river and come over from Tien Fang. Nothing to do but turn around and head back to Yungshun. I was praying all the while that Wangtsun would be safe. *It was our only way out.* We arrived in the city about noon, had a bit to eat, and then sent someone to hire a boat as I decided it would be better to travel down that canyonlike river. Once we left the city there would be no way of keeping in touch with things, but I was sure that among the cliffs of that river there would be plenty of places to hide.

Leaving that evening about four, we made seventeen miles through the rapids. We camped for the night in a real canyon, a place where no trail could possibly come down to the river. Next morning at the crack of dawn we took off. We were not a little worried about La Chi Chi, as there is a ford of the river there on the road from Chia Shu Tang. Believe me, we were mighty careful before passing that spot. The next dangerous place was Nieh Hsi at the juncture of the river. I began to think we were going to reach our destination safely.

About a third of a mile from Nieh Hsi we saw some people hiding in a cave. Did we stop our boatman fast! Aloysius dashed off to see what was what. The Reds had

gotten into Nieh Hsi about an hour before. Quickly we pulled the boat back around a couple of bends in the river so it would not be visible from Nieh Hsi, and wondered what our next move would be. I decided to try to scale a cliff and walk toward Wangtsun, as I was very worried about Father James. I tried my best, but it was providential that I couldn't make it. Half an hour later someone came to tell the people hiding in the cave that the Communists had crossed the Yungshun River and were headed for Wangtsun. Had I been able to accomplish the cliff-scaling I would have walked right into them. Now the only thing to do was to pray that Wangtsun would remain safe.

We sent one of the boatmen ahead to make sure that everything was clear at Nieh Hsi. An hour later he returned with good reports, so we made for the river. We got to Lao Si Ai, a town a few miles below the juncture. Reports were that the Communists were already in Wangtsun fighting. I was loath to believe it, for no matter how fast they traveled they could not have made Wangtsun that soon. So we continued on toward Wangtsun, planning to camp some place along the river. We had not gone far when sentries hailed us. They wanted to know why we were going down river in the darkness. One of the guards, becoming angered, threatened to take the head boatman to the sheriff's office when, luckily, the sheriff himself arrived from Wangtsun. When he heard that a priest was aboard he deputed his own boatman to take our boat down. He said the Communists were four miles from Wangtsun; we should park at Ho Hsi, the village across the river from Wangtsun, and report to the captain of the home guard. About ten-thirty that night we finally arrived. The sentries informed us it was safe, but we were not to move on. The whole of Wangtsun seemed to have fled across the river to this village. I heard that Father James had left for Yuanling that morning, with nothing but the clothes on his back. He had not had time to hide anything, so I sent the catechist up to bring the more important things to our side of the river.

We slept on the boat that night. In the morning I visited the captain of the garrison to ask permission for my boat to leave, as no travel either up or down river was allowed that day. The authorities were afraid that the Reds would try to cross the river somewhere. The dangerous place was Si Yung Ch'i, fifteen miles below Wangtsun. The captain gave the permission but advised that I make the village of Chen Ch'i, twenty miles below.

Nearly every mile we were called in by sentries and had to waste time talking our way through. There was a terrific headwind, and we were hardly moving. So after we passed Si Yung Ch'i it was evident that we could not make Chen Ch'i in daylight, and the shooting of the two great stretches of rapids in the dark was out of the question. We stopped at Kung Yang P'ing. There was a small garrison there and, without doubt, it would be safe. I went to ask the captain for a permit to continue. He was very friendly and gave it. So, without further ado, we reached Yuanling.

The Reds have departed from this section, at least for the time being. We know not how long they will remain out. They went back into Hupei across the Yangtse.

The outlook is bad. Anything can happen. None of us may be able to remain for long. The Reds have a particular hatred for Americans, to say nothing of their attitude toward the Church. Their propaganda is very insidious. It would not be too surprising if they win out in China, unless something drastic takes place.

The Communists have gone, but evidently the government still thinks they will return, for forts and pillboxes are being built all over the country. Right now they are working on one all brick, right in the field opposite the Mission. Personally, I think we are due for more rough times. Many people might welcome the Reds, inasmuch as the last time they went through here they were very orderly, and this was noticed by the populace. But if they get a firm foothold in China, God help the poor people. They will be slaves of oppression and life will be difficult indeed.



Canyon walls rise from the river



Paotsing nestles deep in the valley

Our Lady In China

by SISTER M. KATHLEEN BOYLE, S.S.J.

THE historical and charming city of Peiping is a "must see" for every visitor to China. The society columns are daily announcing the arrival and feting of some distinguished person of Church or State. We read that in one week's time Peiping was gracious host to Archbishop Riberi, papal internuncio to China; Yu Pin, popular orator and Archbishop of Nanking; His Excellency, our own Bishop O'Gara from Hunan; General Wedemeyer and his fact-finding aides; Leighton Stuart, United States Ambassador to China; vacationing consuls, big businessmen, high-ranking military officers, and foreign correspondents from every country. Scanning the detailed accounts of receptions, banquets, cocktail parties, and so on, it is apparent that the importance of the affair depends upon who was present. There is not the least doubt, then, that the wedding of Cana was a social success, and its guest list the envy of every host and hostess of all times, for "the Mother of Jesus was there."

In the light of China's present struggles, experts the world over are predicting the outcome, and her own leaders feel confident of victory. A little financial support on the *right side* would insure it. The Catholic Church in China, forcing back the black curtain of paganism, can also hope to see a bright future. The devotion of the Chinese Catholics to the Mother of God guarantees it.

It is quite cheering to note the increased veneration of Our Lady evident everywhere today, manifested in such magnificent tributes as the Marian Congress in Canada, the National Shrine in America, and the public consecration of whole countries to her Immaculate Heart. I find it particularly thrilling, however, to witness the Chinese practicing devotion to Our Lady. Perhaps it is just the pardonable pride a child has in seeing her mother held in esteem by everyone—the family across the sea as well as the folks next door.

In Hong Kong as we knelt before our Sacramental Lord for a morning visit we heard hushed footsteps, and in a few minutes the wide center aisle of the chapel was filled with kneeling children. Reverently, in soft musical tones they greeted their loving Mother, "Ave Marija!" Quietly, then, and fresh from a Mother's blessing, they left to begin their school work for the day.

In Shanghai, thousands from near and far came to the Shrine of Zose to partici-

pate in crowning Mary "Queen of May." For many it had been a pilgrimage in every sense of the word, but they considered it a privilege. What earthly empress ever received such loving, willing homage from so many of her subjects?

In Peiping's "Jen-tse-tang" Orphanage every afternoon nearly a thousand girls kneel on the chapel floor and recite aloud the Rosary. A life-like Mary smiles fondly down on her adopted children from a large, illuminated dome above and behind the main altar. Like a mighty sea their voices rise in waves of Aves.

The most often heard Chinese hymns are those in praise of Mary. At the closing of a Mission Rally in Peiping Archbishop Riberi officiated at solemn benediction held in the lovely gardens of the Catholic University. Cardinal T'ien, Archbishop Yu Pin, many resident and refugee bishops, priests, and sister missionaries of every nationality were present. A choir of priests carried the burden of the singing until the *Magnificat* was intoned; then many tongues melted into the universal language of Mother Church and, like a great bell, pealed forth the glory of Mary.

On the streets, beggars ask alms in the name of the Mother of God, for somehow they have learned that she is no mean Mediatrix. Little children, proudly wearing her medal, run up to the Sisters to show them that they too belong to the followers of Jesus and are lovers of His tender Mother. Unhesitatingly they approach even us "foreigners," for they seem to realize that in the common Motherhood of Mary we are just their "big sisters" under black, white, or yellow skin.

Elderly and learned professors are not ashamed to carry their "beads" in their pockets and use them daily before the Seat of Wisdom. Young Chinese women find in Mary a model admirable and strive to imitate her gentleness and modest piety. One of our teachers, a cultured young woman, when explaining the new Chinese expression for "dear" and "valuable," shyly confided to me that her dearest possession was the rosary which she received at the time of her marriage. Happy little woman whose treasure is not of this world's superfluities!

If you visit an art exhibit here your attention is caught by the exquisite Madonnas. In a roomful of lovely, graceful women, the Madonna stands out as the masterpiece of all womanhood. Some part

of the humble, devotional spirit with which they were painted seems still to hover about the pictures, giving them an ethereal glow and drawing power. They are the visualizations of the classic word picture painted for us by Marion Palmer's "Our Lady of China."

Thou art as pale as the pear-blossoms,
and more lovely than the lotus;
The grace of the willow is thine . . .
and thy voice is its sighing, O Lady!
In the courts of mandarins there is no
woman like to thee,
And thy handmaids are the daughters
of princes.
Thy name is costly incense rising, or
moonlight on a lily pond.
When the shadows steal down from
the mountains;
And white as frost on the moon; the
tall bamboos

Bow to the ground at thy passing, even
as our hearts, O Lady!

Every missionary willingly accepts the separation from home and family in order to become all to those whom they strive to win to Christ. That it causes some heartache, no one denies. How consoling then to find in our strange new home the presence of our Blessed Mother, ever a stimulus to our endeavors, a comfort in our sorrows, and the "Cause of our Joy." Yes, the Mother of Jesus is here, and at her word, Jesus will fill the needy land with blessings so that people will wonder whence they came.

CHRISTMAS 1915, Pope Benedict XV, pleading with Christians to pray for cessation of war said, "Our sight of Christ (the Prince of Peace) born for us is made complete by the sight of Mary. She is the aurora of peace shining across the darkness of this world. She fails not in her plea to her Son, albeit His hour has not yet come." This bright aurora shines across the vast reaches of old Cathay. It is ever penetrating further into the darkness as toiling missionaries dispel the obstacles of ignorance and pagan custom. It is the aurora of that Star whose rays, says St. Bernard, "enlightened the whole world, whose glory both shines in heaven and reaches to those that dwell below, for it sheds its light throughout all lands." Let it not be said that this light has failed in China. Rather let us pray that its brightness increase day by day.

Let us keep Our Lady in China!

Books

ADMIRAL HALSEY'S STORY

By Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey and Lt. Commander J. Bryan. 310 pages. Whittlesey House. \$4.00

The war in the Pacific provided the stage for a little known character named Bill Halsey. He played his part so well, aided by a tremendous supporting cast, that today the name Halsey is a synonym for success, courage, and daring. When an artificial peace brought the final curtain down in the vast theater, the naval officer who emerged to take his bow and receive his ovation had proved he could do quite a few things besides ride Hirohito's white horse.

Admiral Halsey's Story, although none too modest, is an interesting and, for the most part, factual account of the long and terrible war in the lonely Pacific. No punches are pulled, since the Admiral says what he thinks. Little attempt is made to glamorize the narrative with elegant prose: it is just an honest report from the Admiral's point of view.

Halsey's account of the tragedy at Pearl Harbor with his absolution of Kimmel, Short, and Roosevelt makes choice reading, especially for those who served any length of time in the Pacific. The same is true in regard to Guadalcanal and other less dramatized operations. After his many protestations of love and esteem for all, his sly digs at General Kenney will cause many an old soldier to chuckle.

Stories such as the Admiral's are worthwhile and welcome. They make delightful reading. However, it is hoped that those who imitate the Admiral's initiative will be more complete and favor the public with the whole story. That would make rich history. Perhaps someday Halsey will give us the rest of his story.

MATTHEW NESTOR, C. P.

THE MUSIC OF LIFE

By Father James, O. F. M. Cap. 126 pages. Newman Bookshop. \$2.50

In a sense this book, by a thinker whom many consider Ireland's most original and distinguished living philosopher, should not be reviewed by one who is



Wm. F. Halsey

not a professional theologian and philosopher. Yet, that very deficiency may have indirect merit if this reviewer's reactions cause other laymen to seek out Father James. For the time is passing when philosophers are expected to write, seemingly, for each other's edification; deliberate encouragement for the mature, or maturing, Catholic to read and study in this branch of knowledge is being provided by an increased opportunity for at least modest training, and by some contemporary philosophers' eagerness to make their thinking intelligible and compelling on the printed page.

The writing of men like Father James, although it may be insufficiently detailed for fellow philosophers, is immensely valuable as orientation for the layman in philosophy. Father James is concerned here in making eternal truths living and visible. And so interwoven into the text is his awareness of nature that it plays an obbligato upon his central theme and reflections, whether he is discussing child psychology (which he does with particular excellence), nature and mind, the distinction between joy and happiness, or the philosophical implications of work. Moreover, his inclusion of selected passages of poetry both delights and illuminates.

ELISABETH ANN MURPHY

HARRY TRUMAN

By William P. Helm. 211 pages. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. \$3.00

William P. Helm was the Washington correspondent of the Kansas City *Journal-Post* when he met Harry Truman for the first time in 1934. The new Missouri Senator-elect, on arriving in the city, dropped in at Wm. P. Helm the newspaperman's office to pay his respects and to ask modestly for his help in finding his way around Capitol Hill. Thus began a relationship which lasted over the years. This book written with the President's knowledge, consent, and co-operation is an intensely personal, informal narrative describing that friendship and recounting the important incidents in Mr. Truman's political career from that day to the present. It throws some interesting sidelights on "one of

the most popular men ever to enter Congress" and is of help in appraising the man who rose from the obscurity of a small town to the Presidency of the United States in one of the most crucial periods of our history.

This is not a great book but it is an informative one for any student of American political life. It contributes to the growing picture of our thirty-third President as a simple, friendly, modest man. The author treats in kindly fashion the President's connection with the Pendergast political machine, holding that "many events and many persons other than Pendergast helped Harry Truman on his way to the White House." One thing that the biographer finds difficult to understand was his subject's "fondness for and complete loyalty to" Missouri's Democratic boss.

Especially interesting is the account of Mr. Truman's rise to prominence as a result of becoming Chairman of the Senate War Investigating Committee and how he resisted the suggestions that he be nominated for the Vice-Presidency.

DORIS GANNON DUFFY

LUCKY FORWARD

By Col. Robert S. Allen. 424 pages. The Vanguard Press. \$5.00

This book purports to be "The History of Patton's Third U. S. Army." If staff officers of the other armies that participated in the European war make as potent claims for the deeds of their forces, it is going to Col. R. S. Allen be a difficult job indeed to find out who did win the war.

According to Allen, co-author of *Washington Merry-Go-Round* and chief of Combat Intelligence on Patton's staff throughout the European war, Third Army (or "Lucky") did the job just about singlehanded with slight assists here and there from other smaller units.

As a matter of fact, says Allen, Third Army broke the back of the German defenses despite the rest of the Allied forces. When Montgomery and his British forces weren't "pivoting on Caen" or elsewhere, the British General was influencing Eisenhower to allow the British the leading assault role against Ger-



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many. The other American armies were somewhere on "Lucky's" flanks, but ordinarily to the rear.

Allen levels a number of serious charges against various commanders in the ETO: SHAEF (meaning Eisenhower) allowed large numbers of German troops to escape from a Third Army trap in the Argentan-Falaise area by sitting "Lucky" down and allowing Montgomery to close the trap weeks later; SHAEF prolonged the war by several months by again sitting "Lucky" down when it was on the verge of a breakthrough in the Saar and Palatinate in September 1944, and the Battle of the Bulge—a near disaster for the Allies—was wholly unnecessary and due to failure on the part of Eisenhower, Bradley, and Montgomery's commands.

The book is high-pitched, not well written, not documented. Aside from these facts and its apparent looseness of charges in many instances, it is an absorbing battle picture and easily read. It tells much of the story of Third Army and its famed commander.

B. J. O'CALLAGHAN

GANDHI AND STALIN

By Louis Fischer. 183 pages. Harper & Brothers \$2.50



This is one more book offering the American people a plan for preventing a third world war. As it reasonably must be, the plan is preceded by an analysis of the world situation today. That the salient trait is battle between democracy and dictatorship, is obviously not Mr. Fischer's discovery. Personal to him is however the personification of the conflict in two individuals—Gandhi and Stalin.

This choice is hardly felicitous. It is true that, portraying Stalin, Mr. Fischer finds the opportunity to summarize all the indignities and shortcomings of the greatest tyranny of our day. It is also true that his portrait of Gandhi is vivid and interesting. But, in later chapters, the author is in trouble. No natural room for Gandhi appears, and references to him are conspicuously artificial. The choice is wrong because Gandhi is by no means a typical representative of democracy. He cannot be, because democracy is part of Western civilization, and Gandhi embodies the Hindu one, entirely distinct from the Western.

Now about the plan. For internal affairs, this is Socialism which, by the way, the author defines wrongly. The combination of Marx and Peter the Great (Stalinism) has resulted in perversion. Perhaps, the combination of Marx and Gandhi (Socialism) will be fruitful. In this combination, power of all kinds

would be curbed, and Mr. Fischer hates power. To destroy it, he would, among other things, abolish passports and visas; the tremendous implications, for this country, of the return to free immigration probably did not show up on his mental horizon.

As to foreign affairs, the solution is—establish an international government, excepting the dictatorially ruled countries. The author seems not to realize that, then, a majority in the world parliament could impose on the United States unbearable burdens.

To mitigate the adverse judgment about Mr. Fischer's plan, the present reviewer is eager to concede that nobody has been yet able to offer a workable plan for preventing war and that the book contains a number of excellent statements.

N. S. TIMASHEFF

ROCKY ROAD TO DUBLIN

Seumas MacManus. 324 pages. Devin-Adair Company. \$3.00

Rocky Road to Dublin is Seumas MacManus's intriguing modesty of autobiography. Irvin Cobb in a bright, expert introduction remarks that the personal history of the boy of Donegal is never in any moment dull nor does it ever offend with a parade of "I's" like pickets in a fence sheltering a vacant lot. And 'tis so. There is almost an impersonality about the story of Seumas MacManus. And one must be times reflect in the reading that the boy and the schoolmaster and the poet and the wizard with words and the weaver of tales are all the same Seumas MacManus himself.

The early days of Jaimey MacManus knew the familiar embraces of poverty. And yet his Irish home knew richness and generosity and life. And there was ever faith, that richness of spirit which sometimes almost bordered on vision. And this wealth could always tease a smile into a moment of melancholy and lend brightness to a tear. It was this wealth that spirited an almost careless generosity and an unfailing charm of hospitality. Indeed in an age when there are houses frequently and homes too seldom, the chapters treating that lovely spirit, the mother of Seumas, and his father, whose wit and humor seldom wasted a word, should be more than an inspiration. They tell a tale of greatness near an impoverished fireside. And certainly Mary Mulroy MacManus featured the five gifts the Celt so warmly appreciated in the women of Erin: the gift of physical beauty, the gift of charm of voice, the gift of music, the gift of virtuous chastity, and the gift of embroidery and needle work.

DON'T SPOIL CHRISTMAS

this year, by a horrible last-minute rush—do as we always intend to; order the books you mean to give now. This has the further advantage that you will have time to read them yourself first . . . Here are a few reminders of new books; if you would like a complete list, let us know and we will send it forthwith.

Never before have we had four novels in one season:

THE DRY WOOD by Caryll Houselander (\$3.00) which we predict is going to be your favorite Catholic novel. **VIPERS' TANGLE** by Francois Mauriac (\$3.00) and **THE WOMAN WHO WAS POOR** by Leon Bloy (\$3.00), both excellent for Catholic or non-Catholic friends, provided they are quite grown-up, and **FISHERS OF MEN** by Maxence van der Meersch (\$3.00) a story about the J.O.C. (Young Catholic Workers) in France just before the last war, especially good for anyone who is interested in Catholic Action (other than the sort that is all done with the mouth). The same people will want **DEAR BISHOP** by Catherine de Hueck (\$2.50), letters to a bishop on the conditions of workers in big cities, and what the Church might do about it.

BOCCACCIO by Francis MacManus and **HORACE** by Alfred Noyes are first choice for anyone who likes good, satisfying biographies. (\$3.50 each) AND

THE GIFT EDITION of THE NEW TESTAMENT \$5.00

in Msgr. Ronald Knox's translation, with its magnificent illustrations, is for just about everybody. We know one Pastor who keeps a few copies on hand so that he is never stumped when he suddenly remembers whom he forgot. This is a superb idea from our point of view, and (he tells us) saves him endless headaches.

If this doesn't cover everybody, don't forget to write for that list. Children's books by the way, you will hear about next month.

Order from Your bookstore or from

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Claire Huchet Bishop

"They" said that Christianity didn't work—because there were two wars in a single generation. But "they" discovered peace in spite of world turmoil. This is the amazing report of a nation rising from indifference and hostility to an appreciation of and a reliance upon the need of active, co-operative, resurgent faith. The story of the renewal of spiritual life in France, of the closeness of the people to God, is a challenge to America.

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In *Rocky Road to Dublin* Seumas MacManus again entertains and enlightens with delighting literacies of beauty and humor and revelation of rare Christian quality. His first adventures into the Sacrament of Mercy are pleasant reverences of comedy. And inevitably his varieties of youthful experience included an Irish Fair. His tale of it is piquant pleasantries. Indeed, in revealing himself in these pages the author has revealed much that is temperamentally true of the endearing Gael—a melancholy which is part merriment, material poverty and spiritual wealth, a sense of humor and a sense of romance, and a life which might be mired in a ditch but which can still look up and behold a star.

AUGUSTINE P. MCCARTHY, C.P.

AMERICAN MEMOIR

By Henry Seidel Canby. 433 pages. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.00

American Memoir fits about midway between the pungently personal impressions of Mary Colum and the more staid reminiscences of Ellery Sedgwick. In the first section of his book *Henry Seidel*

Canby paints an admirable picture of the "Age of Confidence" in prosperous, conservative Wilmette during the 1890's and early 1900's. He believes that family life had "less honesty but more unity" than today. It was not too self-conscious or sex-conscious nor particularly concerned with social problems at all: but parents really "assumed the responsibility for a home," and in consequence had the confidence if not always the agreement of their children. The weakness of this domestic code lay in the fact that—like Newman's "gentleman"—it depended upon social rather than religious sanctions.

The second part of the book, "Alma Mater," concerns Yale University in particular, but in general the romantic Gothic architecture and social segregation of the American colleges which were building up a type destined to supplant the "self-made" American. And in "Brief Golden Age" the author sums up life between two World Wars: our material prosperity, then depression, coupled with our intellectual disenchantment—the rise of a new realistic poetry and of a neurotic fiction dealing with people who "lacked not only good will but will of any kind."

Mr. Canby's story of the beginnings of the *Saturday Review of Literature* and of the genesis of the Book-of-the-Month Club is illuminating, as are his comments upon the "diamond age of visiting lecturers," the "Literary Zoo," "Literary Gymnasium," and the real "Who's Who" among contemporary au-

thors with whom he was familiar. He traces the growth of Communist and Fascist ideologies among writers in this country and Europe; in fact he traces most of the thought-currents of our age except the phenomenon which has aptly been called "the trek of intellectuals to Rome."

KATHERINE BREGY

THE GREATEST CATHERINE

By Michael de la Bedoyere. 248 pages. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.00

This is an extraordinary biography of an extraordinary saint. Of course saints are always different from other people, but Catherine of Siena was also very different from other saints. In the first place she was neither a nun nor a married woman, and in the second place she combined the deepest inner contact with God with a more intense activity in ecclesiastical and secular politics than any other saint, certainly than any other woman saint, in the history of the Church. So the reader is prepared for any biography of this St. Catherine to be totally unlike those of saintly founders of religious orders, of cloistered mystics, or of devoted wives or widows. But he will scarcely expect anything so novel in popular hagiography as Michael de la Bedoyere's present book.

He begins by sweeping aside as pious inventions most of the miracles and wonders ascribed to the saint by early chroniclers (and giving good reasons for doing so). He likewise expresses doubts about the most famous of her mystical experiences—her "spiritual espousals," her "spiritual death," and even her receiving of the stigmata. As to her part in persuading Pope Gregory XI to return from Avignon to Rome, usually considered the high point in her life, de la Bedoyere brings up the disquieting point that this return led to the Great Western Schism.

With Catherine thus despoiled of miracles, unique spiritual manifestations, and a successful outcome of her work in the world, what remains? "A very great deal," answers the author, and largely through quotations from the saint's own letters, he gives his own interpretation of the character and significance, in her own time and in ours, of "The Greatest Catherine."

MARY BURKE HOWE

ZOTZ

By Walter Karig. 268 pages. Rinehart & Company. \$2.75

Short as it is, *Zotz* will probably be left half unread by many devotees of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Not pointed enough to be a good parable, not origi-

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nal enough to be effective satire, and much too fantastic to be a universally appealing novel, *Zotz* is just one more example of literary mediocrity high-pressed into unmerited popularity. It is definitely the lightweight half of October's dual selection.

When Dr. John Jones received a mysteriously inscribed disk from a former student then fighting in North Africa, he was living the uneventful life of a stuffy old professor of Oriental languages in an Episcopal seminary near Washington. But John Jones was one of at most twenty men in the world capable of translating the inscription on this Phoenician relic. Not only did Jones translate the mystic message, but in so doing he followed its prescriptions so minutely that he found himself endowed with "the power of silent death"—a gift of *Zotz*. Simply by pointing a finger Jones could stun man or beast, and if he simultaneously called upon *Zotz*, his ill-fated victim met instant death. Awed by his terrifying endowment yet anxious to turn it into a military asset, Jones is determined to see the President, obtain a mission to Berlin, finish off Hitler, and put an end to the war. The rest of the story concerns Jones' entanglements in the red tape of wartime Washington.

The war is ended before the professor gets his audience with the President and finally, disillusioned in his role as deliverer of mankind and disqualified as the lover of an intriguing lady who flits in and out of his adventure, Jones settles down to the prosaic—but lucrative existence of an insect exterminator—and *Zotz* is turned to practical purposes at last.

There are some chuckles in *Zotz* but one has to wait too long for them, while in the meantime being subjected to a repetitious similarity of incident. Mr. Karig's sense of humor sometimes verges on bawdiness and there is much needless profanity in the book.

AUGUSTINE P. HENNESSY, C.P.

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By Robert Payne. 305 pages. The John Day Company. \$3.50

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last of the great Western Empires. Let author Payne beat his drums loud and long. We'll pardon him if he succeeds in angering or shocking the Western world into a realization of the meaning and magnitude of this Asiatic upheaval.

It is difficult in a brief review to cover the vast scope of this beautifully written book. Mr. Payne's poetic reporting on the trends and revolutionary forces in India, China, Burma, Korea, and the Philippines, is interesting and provocative; much of it is controversial. There are too many mistakes and falsehoods.

Take China, for instance. Socialist Payne paints a rosy picture of Communist China, the "New Democracy" where "there are no five-year plans, no collectivization, no regimented bureaucracy, no effort to proscribe books." This is the bunk. Just as false as the author's assertion that Communist Leader Mao Tse-tung is the "elected" ruler of 100,000 Chinese.

And the poor missionaries in Asia. Why doesn't Britisher Payne leave them alone? They not only decry human misery and oppression, like the author, but they work in a practical way to alleviate social conditions and make them worthy of the dignity of the human person. Be that as it may, Payne accuses the missionaries of being partly responsible for the revolt in Asia. Why? Listen to the poet Payne's reasoning: "Because they spoke of the brotherhood of man, at a time when merchants spoke only of profits." Why not blame the merchants?

RONALD NORRIS, C.P.

SHIRT-SLEEVE DIPLOMAT

By Josephus Daniels. 529 pages. Univ. of No. Carolina Press. \$5.00

This volume, the fifth of his autobiography, describes the career of Ambassador Daniels in the years 1933-42, when he was Ambassador of the United States to Mexico. The years under discussion include the closing of the era of General Calles, through the administrations of Rodríguez and Cárdenas, and the first two in the Presidency of Camacho. The Six Year Plan of land distribution under Cárdenas, the Oil Question, and Religious Conflict, and the Good Neighbor Policy are related in considerable detail, as they passed in review before the portals of the American Embassy.

Despite the facts that Ambassador Daniels went to Mexico under the apparent handicap of the "Vera Cruz Incident," that he spoke very little Spanish, that he was no longer a young man, and that he risked considerable criticism in being "on the spot" through several delicate situations, no fair person can deny that he was a keen observer and conducted himself in a considerate spirit throughout. There can be no doubt that the policy and diplomacy exercised by this "Shirt-Sleeve Diplomat" wrought a far more favorable influence in the tasks

which he was called upon to perform than the methods of direct action and outspoken intervention which many of his critics were urging.

A critical appraisal of the volume would give rise to the expression of many differences of opinion and some questions of fact, as, for example, in the matter of relationships between Church and State and the official orientation of education under Cárdenas. These differences, however, may be regarded as comparatively incidental in view of the constant sincerity and desire for fairness on the part of the author. In the opinion of this reviewer, the San Diego speech of President Roosevelt (Oct. 25, 1935) and the nonpartisan solicitude of Ambassador Daniels, whether mistaken or not on specific issues, broke the back of the religious persecution in Mexico; and proper appreciation should be expressed.

It is not too much to say that this volume is a faithful picture of Roosevelt's policies during the years under discussion, as it is also a most readable collection of Ambassador Daniels' personal reflections. This will not detract from the importance of the book for the student of Mexican history.

JAMES A. MAGNER

THE COMFORTING OF CHRIST

By Caryll Houselander. 210 pages. Sheed and Ward. \$2.50

A few years ago, when England was being bombarded by air raids and rocket bombs, a young English girl wrote a book called *This War Is the Passion*. Most of us who read it agreed with Father Leonard Feeney when he wrote in the Foreword: "The brilliance of the book is in its flashes. Every other paragraph, or at least every other page, contains a sheer thrust of spiritual wisdom so profound, so sudden and unstudied, that it gives the reader the impression of being himself under siege while he reads." Now Miss Caryll Houselander has revamped her book for its peacetime mission and renamed it, *The Comforting of Christ*. The old flashes are still there, and some sparkling new ones have been added. The result is a book aimed at opening eyes grown dim to the splendor of Christian realities.

The most attractive feature about Miss Houselander's writing is her awareness of these realities. She sees Christ in her fellowmen, the dignity of His work in their work, a participation of His mission in their universal call to make reparation for sin, and a sharing of His strength in their lives of prayerful faith and fruitful suffering. Only an unusual awareness of Christ could evoke sentences like these: "We cannot shed a tear, but that tear has already blinded the eyes of Christ. We cannot be without tears, but that constriction of the heart has constricted His Heart. . . ."

JOSEPH P. HEMLER

SHORT NOTICES

WITH CHRIST THROUGH THE YEAR. By Bernard Strasser, O.S.B., 338 pages. The Bruce Publishing Co. \$3.75. At a time when still too many people identify a love for the liturgy with zeal for liturgical altars, intolerance for cheap religious art, and an interest in Gregorian chant, we can always welcome a book which aims at making us understand better the truth that liturgy is doctrine in action on a public scale. *With Christ through the Year* will enable thoughtful Christians to profit more from that participation in Christ's priesthood conferred on them by the Baptismal character, and to enter more knowingly into that official worship of God to which they are deputed by their Baptismal vocation.

THE MAN OF JOSS STICK ALLEY. By James E. Walsh, M.M., 144 pages. Longmans Green & Company. \$2.75. The title of this book might well connote any and every missionary to the Far East. In this instance it delineates, not only the personal life of Father Daniel McShane, M.M.—the first priest of Maryknoll—but also the workings of God's grace in drawing him and the other early men of Maryknoll and forging them into one of the most powerful and striking echelons in that glorious army of Christ, His Foreign Missionaries. The author, a companion of Father McShane, is well fitted to draw just such a picture and indicate the salient factors, spiritual and material, that inspire and perfect such modern American Apostles to the Gentiles.

THE PROPER BOSTONIANS. By Cleveland Amory. 381 pages. E. P. Dutton & Company. \$4.50. This is not a book about Boston, but about Boston's early nineteenth-century merchant lords and their descendants. It is not a book about Bostonians, but about the so-called proper Bostonians, the Higginsons, the Adamses, the Forbeses, the Saltonstalls, the Lowells who talk to the Cabots, and the Cabots who talk only to God. It is a book about their clubs and their habits and their habitats. And as such, its appeal can be but limited. Yet there is much of interest scattered throughout, especially the parts on Harvard, the defunct *Boston Transcript*, the Sacco-Van-Zetti case, and there is much to smile at in the rehearsal of social snobbery.

REVIEWERS

KATHERINE BRECY, PH.D., literary critic, is author of *The Poets' Chantry*.

DORIS GANNON DUFFY, PH.D., teaches economics and social subjects at Manhattanville College.

REV. JAMES MAGNER, PH.D., is author of *Men of Mexico* and, more recently, *The Art of Happy Marriage*.

ELISABETH ANN MURPHY, PH.D., is Professor of English Literature at St. Teresa College, Winona, Minn.

MATTHEW NESTOR, C.P., a former lieutenant colonel, served for forty-two months in the Pacific area.

B. J. O'CALLAGHAN, M.A., is engaged in editorial work for a government agency.

N. S. TIMASHEFF, PH.D., Assistant Professor of Sociology at Fordham, is author of *Three Worlds*.

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FICTION IN FOCUS

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It Was Mary by Eleanor Arnett Nash
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Nothing So Strange by James Hilton
East Side, West Side by Marcia Davenport
One Fine Day by Mollie Panter-Downes
The Lardners and the Laurelwoods by Sheila Kaye-Smith

It Was Mary by Eleanor Arnett Nash
► Mary Hamilton and Henry Glidden met at about the turn of the century, when she was eighteen. Their backgrounds could hardly have been more different. She was a country girl, Catholic, from an extremely poor home. He was the heir to millions, scion of an aristocratic New York family, a Protestant. They fell in love and married, with Henry cutting himself off from his family but retaining his wealth. How did it work out, this unlikely union? Did the disparity in religion, breeding, financial standing destroy it? No. There were difficulties, misunderstandings, a threat of separation. But Henry's scandal-flicked death set Mary on the path to the social heights. She deliberately and successfully made herself a great lady to vindicate Henry's name and their marriage.

The author has not produced a single character full-dimensioned and well rounded. Her story is sometimes disarmingly erratic. She gingerly picks up and hastily puts down the problems which figure in the lives of Mary and Henry. Mary's Catholicism is not the force, the guide, the sustenance which one might expect. And the course to which Mary dedicates herself in the final section of the book smacks more of snobbery than of faith, seemingly amounting to a conversion to worldly standards, outlook, and means.

(*Appleton-Century*. \$2.75)

When the Mountain Fell by C. F. Ramuz
► Recently the Book-of-the-Month Club has seemed committed to a policy of picking trashy fiction. But, in distributing this small masterpiece, it does something to redeem itself, improve American taste, and give a needed lift to the spirits of thousands. In prose of uncommon beauty and clarity, admirably translated from the French, the author is telling of a tragedy in the Swiss Alps, and its sequel. Each year, as summer comes on, the able-bodied men of the village take the livestock to pasturage

in a valley dominated by a peak known as the Devil's Tower. One night, just after their arrival, the peak crashes into the valley, obliterating it. It is presumed that there are no survivors of the catastrophe. But seven weeks later a haggard, light-headed scarecrow of a man makes his way back to the mourning village. He is Antoine Pont. By dint of hardihood and patience he was got out from under the rockfall. Scarcely is he home, when he resolves to go back and try to find an old shepherd who, he has reason to believe, is still alive somewhere in the shambles. His young wife goes after him, and together, in courage and love, they break the chilling spell of the Devil's Tower.

The narrative is simple and straightforward, enthralling as an account of a strange adventure, yet in its every development beautifully symbolic. What it is saying, of course, is that the heart of man can meet and conquer the worst that may befall. It would be difficult to overpraise this book which is as stripped, as sharp, and as shining as a sword. Among its many stylistic merits one must single out the pellucid and marvelously colored descriptions and the bright, tangy figures of speech which hang along the sentences like berries.

(*Pantheon*. \$2.50)

Nothing So Strange by James Hilton
► Mr. Hilton is still in a rut. In his new novel he is again doing the would-be teasing and suspenseful routine he used in *Random Harvest* and *So Well Remembered*, gradually putting together the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, with the key bit fitted in only at the last. It is a technique which tires with repetition, and here it is easy, right from the start, to guess what is the central clue to the solution of the puzzle.

The time is close to the end of the late war. Jane Waring, journalist and daughter of a fabulously wealthy American tycoon, is being questioned by a government agent after a plane crash, to discover what she knows of Mark Bradley, a physicist in an Army hospital. She reveals a grudging minimum, but thinks back on her association with Bradley in London, where he had an affair with her mother, and in Vienna, where he worked with a pro-Nazi scientist and got involved in a scandal just before Hitler took over. Now she and Bradley meet again. He yields up his secrets piecemeal,

the last of them on the day that the atomic bomb is used on Hiroshima. With the past cleared up, the two discover that they are in love.

The triviality and transparency of the tortuously told story are but heightened by Mr. Hilton's easy command of his art, which has never been better demonstrated, never been more insipidly employed. The performance reminds one, sadly, of a master chef at the top of his bent and having only poor food-stuffs, and in scant supply, to work with. About all one can relish is the garniture, in the form of piquant comment on such things as the radio, psychiatrists, Hollywood, etc.

(*Little, Brown*. \$2.75)

East Side, West Side by Marcia Davenport

► The radio serial, *The Romance of Helen Trent*, tedious and maudlin, has millions of devoted listeners because of its theme: that women over thirty-five can find love. I do not know whether Mrs. Davenport follows this broadcast bathos, but what she has done here is wittingly or unwittingly, to borrow the idea, dress it in a sumptuous setting, spice it with raw sensationalism, and serve it up piping hot in 376 crowded pages.

The woman in the case is Jessie Bourne, thirty-eight, wife of a psychotic blueblood. She and her husband are estranged but continue to live under the same roof. Her time is taken up with fittings, committee meetings, dinners, theater parties, more or less graciously racketing around with a moneyed, idle, heterogeneous, and variously reputable set. Into her life comes a middle-aged general of Czech ancestry. From the time they meet until the time they part (temporarily) only a week elapses, a week in which there are all kinds of lurid crises which contend for Jessie's time and attention with her glorious, newfound love. She ploughs through the successive fracases, and, at the end of it all, savors happiness for the first time in years.

For all its weight of incident, its furious climaxes, its pretentious talk, this is a cheap and exiguous trifle, strenuously sensational, strewn with would-be shocking speech, glamorizing a fortyish adultery.

(*Scribner*. \$3.00)

One Fine Day by Mollie Panter-Downes

► This, too, is no more than a trifle, but a painstakingly wrought, fine-faceted, and heartening trifle. Laid in England after the war, it tells of one woman's acceptance of, and adaption to, change. Laura Marshall, now thirty-eight, had a pleasant and leisurely existence in her home outside Wealding before the war. Servants were plentiful, respectful, and dependable; abundant good food was

taken for granted, her beautiful home was ordered and charming; her garden disciplined and lovely. But all that is now altered. Laura is tired and grayed, without servants, forced to shop for small quantities of indifferent eatables, unable to keep the garden and the house in hand. She is poorer than before, constantly harried, and all about her she observes the old, familiar, supposedly unbreakable pattern of her kind of life falling to pieces.

The author follows her through a single beautiful day in summer, showing her problems and her inexpert attempts to cope with them, finally bringing her to a realization of the goodness of life and the value of carrying on. Some readers may complain that nothing much happens. It is true that nothing decisive and dramatic happens, but much of significance is quietly uncovered and subtly pointed up. Beneath the tightly woven, shimmering fabric of fastidious prose there is solid substance. One only regrets that a book which so closely studies a meaningful situation is almost devoid of genuinely spiritual insight and comment.

(Little, Brown. \$2.50)

The Lardners and the Laurelwoods by Sheila Kaye-Smith

► Although she is writing of a period ten years earlier, Miss Kaye-Smith, too, is concerned with social change in England. And, as the bulk of her novel comprises flashbacks to a summer before the first World War and reveals that change was even then inexorably in progress, one can see that what Miss Panter-Downes records has not happened suddenly and unaccountably.

The Laurelwoods are a London family that for three generations has come to the Lardner farm for a summer holiday. Living in the Lardner's house for some few weeks, the Laurelwoods are always keenly aware of their vast superiority to their hosts. Indeed, the savoring of the distinction is one of the most flavorsome delights of the vacation. But then comes the summer when all goes wrong. The calamity is multiple and intricate, however unspectacular, but its nub is the breach of the old barrier, the dreadful possibility of an intermingling, on a single level, of the unequal classes. The Laurelwoods flee from change, but it proceeds nonetheless.

Despite some backtracking and clumsy transitions, the author has managed this theme deftly in the main. Her characterization is, as always, superb: concrete, consistent, vital. The story proceeds naturally, inevitably from the people she has so penetratingly pictured. Always interesting, it rises to peaks of climax sharply clear. The writing is sinewy and sure. Here is a meaty novel for the adult reader.

(Harper. \$3.00)

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[Continued from Page 43]

on her shoulders were melting. There was no resisting her. For she had warmth, enchantment — glamour.

How subtle the alteration in the atmosphere of a house! Physically nothing was changed, yet everything was changed, the tempo, the spirit, the life. The telephone rang, rang, rang, as it had never rung before, and the glass strips whispered ceaselessly as the door opened to admit the laughter of young people home for the holidays. Outside at the curb waited cutters whose horses stamped in the snow, their flanks crusted with rime and their nostrils exhaling steamy white shafts. Within, sheaves of red roses and fern stood in glass vases, wilting in the overheated air. But when they wilted, there were always others to replace them, some brought by the donors themselves and some by messenger. As a treat Elise would often let me open the long boxes in which they came. "Read the card, Thelma. See who it is." The untangling of the ribbon, the crinkle or foaming green tissue, the sting of a thorn against the wrist — I have opened florists' boxes since, my own, but no roses have ever been so red as those and no petals so soft. "Tom, it says." Or "George." Or "Gerald."

Gerald was the one I liked best, and the one Uncle Edward liked best, too, for he also had gone to Yale and he also had played football, although he had now descended to a prosaic position in his father's bank. Calling to take her to a sleighing party, he wore a thick, white, ribbed turtle-necked sweater with a blue "Y" on it. He had black hair that grew low on his forehead and swept back in tight curls into a pompadour. Once he brought me a large, beribboned box of chocolates, each in tinfoil, gilt, silver, and ruby-red, the squares of which I smoothed and flattened and stored away in my bureau drawer. Yes, Gerald knew the ways to a woman's heart — that is, the usual ways.

"Is it Gerald, Aunt Irma? Is he the one?"

"I don't know, dear, I don't think she knows, either. She's young yet. They're all just — beaux."

SOMETIMES in the cold, bright afternoons, they took me with them to Loring Park to skate. Skating was the one thing I did well, the one thing that was no different in Minneapolis from what it had been in North Dakota, and with our mitten hands intricately interlocked, the three of us circled the white surface of the lagoon, while Elise hummed *The Skaters' Waltz*, "Dum . . . dum . . . da-da," she hummed, as we swayed to the rhythm. "Da . . . da . . . dum-dum." Blue sky above, the tree branches heavy with snow, and in the distance the sounds of the city, sharp in the thin winter air.

"I wish it were a river," she said once. "We could go on and on. Never come back."

"We'd have to come back sometime," Gerald pointed out — logically, I thought.

"Why?" she said. "Why?"

"Dum . . . dum . . . da-da." Then suddenly her hands broke the woolen chain. "Come on, let's race."

We raced, but both of them were faster. I saw her far ahead of me, with Gerald slightly behind, her serge skirt billowing out, the white tassel of her stocking cap dangling jerkily, the sun flashing on her skates blades. Round and round they went, while others paused to watch. "Catch her, Gerald," I thought.

"Catch her." And in the end he always did, and he would grasp her firmly, shaking her a little, and she would be panting and laughing, strands of yellow hair blowing across the pinkness of her cheeks. "Oh, dear." she would gasp. "Oh, dear, oh, dear, oh, dear!"

"Let it be Gerald," I pleaded silently. "When she finally comes to choose among them all, let it be Gerald."

HOW can I describe that city, that festive season? The city was a capital as surely as Moscow and Stockholm were capitals, and as only northern cities can be, with its empire extending out into the frozen wheatlands of the Dakotas. Jeweled with lakes whose ice glistened iridescent in the sun, mantled with snow, it had the brilliant sparkle of crystal. Yes, crystal is the quality. To me now, thirty years later, it comes back as if it were timelessly enclosed in a crystal ball, with the snow ever falling and the sun ever shining, and at night, the candlelights of Christmas trees ever flickering in the windows of those dark houses on Lowry Hill.

Almost every night there was a dinner party or a dance, and I went to them vicariously, through her. Wearing my corded brown bathrobe and my brown felt slippers, I sat cross-legged on the chaise longue in the cosy warmth of that rosebud-gray-and-ivory room

— who but she would have anything so elegant as a chaise longue? — and watched the ritual of her dressing. Her clothes were magnificent and, I know now, more sophisticated than her years. A wine-colored satin that rustled, and with it a garnet necklace. Something of peach silk with a skirt of accordion pleats. A draped turquoise whose hem was daringly slit, revealing sheer stockings and pumps with rhinestone buckles. Their variety was that of a rainbow, and although there could not have been more than three or four, their number seemed almost inexhaustible. But nothing white, and nothing black. The clothes were new, the result of weekend shopping expeditions in Chicago.

Inspecting them for the first time, Aunt Irma hovered between admiration and disapproval. "They're far too mature for you, Elise," she said. "With so much money to spend, I knew you should have waited until you got home. I told your father so."

"Thelma likes them. Don't you, Thelma?" I loved them.

"But a young girl should wear white. And always before, you've selected your things so wisely. You've —"

"I'm nineteen. Almost twenty. Please don't scold. Please. I was afraid you wouldn't like them, but —"

"Well . . . And an aigrette! Elise, you can't wear an aigrette. Not at your age."

"Oh, please."

She wore it, and it looked wonderful.

And Uncle Edward agreed that it looked wonderful. "Look at our Stuff!" he cried admiringly. "She used to be a meek, mild little dove, and now she's turned into a peacock. Not just a peahen. A real peacock, feathers and all!"

"Oh, Edward, you spoil her so," sighed Aunt Irma. "And I liked the dove."

Thus it was that wardrobe which first stirred Aunt Irma's uneasiness, and then the parties, and the beaux. There were so many of each. Too many, she said. When the invitations had come streaming in, she had forwarded the square cream envelopes, expecting Elise to pick and choose. Now she dis-

covered that she had accepted them all. Three parties on one night, four on another.

"Elise, you can't go to so many. You can't possibly. In the first place, it's rude and greedy to run from one to the other, and in the second place you'll wear yourself out. No one ever imagined that you would accept all of them. Whatever possessed you?"

"But they all sounded like such fun. I didn't want to miss any of them."

Aunt Irma shook her head. "You've changed, Elise. You didn't used to be this way. Last year . . ."

"Last year I was younger, Mother. I'm growing up."

"Is this what you call 'growing up'? It seems to me that you had more sense then than you have now. You knew how to control your appetites. I want my girl to enjoy herself, but . . ."

"Oh, please, Mother. Please don't scold. I've such little time. I want to cram it full."

So she went to all the parties, and she thrived on them. And in my own way I thrived also. Sitting with her while she had her breakfast, during the only quiet hour in her day, I reveled in the details of the post mortem. The tasseled dance cards gave me the names, but I always wanted more. What had there been to eat? Who had been the best dancer of all those she had danced with? Had there been favors?

She always answered concretely and graphically, as if she, too, wanted to keep the memory. Together we lived through the party, she for the second time, I for the first.

I remember one particular morning after one particular party—her own, given New Year's Eve in the ballroom that occupied the top floor of the house. There was no necessity for me to ask the usual questions about it, because I had seen it myself, or at least had seen its beginnings. With Aunt Irma and Uncle Edward I had stood in the receiving line and, until I had been dispatched to bed, had later been allowed to watch the dancing, the music for which had been supplied by an orchestra alcoved in a fir-trimmed bower. I had even danced myself, twice; once blissfully with Gerald and once perilously with Uncle Edward, who waltzed as if the floor were a football field and I a ball he carried.

I sat on the chaise longue while she breakfasted. The hair she had piled high the night before now flowed loosely and luxuriantly over the silken shoulders of her negligee. I tried to think what it reminded me of, and then I knew. It was like the wheat running down the troughs at Uncle Edward's mill. And, timidly, both proud of the simile and embarrassed by it, I told her so.

HER hand went to her shoulder and she lifted the golden fall and looked at it objectively, as if it weren't hers. Then she let its weight drop back again. She sipped her coffee. "The mill," she said. "I used to go there, too, when I was little. Littler than you. I'd sit on the flour sacks and dream."

"About what?"

"Oh, so many things. What I was going to do when I grew up, mostly."

"What were you going to do?"

She smiled, and glanced around her. "What I'm doing now, I suppose. Live in a room like this. Have parties like the one last night, and wear pretty dresses, and dance till dawn."

They seemed more satisfactory than most dreams, because they had come true. "And is

it as nice as you thought it would be?" I said. She nodded. "Yes. Every bit as nice."

Emboldened by our increasing intimacy, I asked the question I had wished to ask before.

"Elise, do they—do they ever kiss you?"

"Who?"

"The ones who take you out and bring you home. Tom and George and—Gerald."

Lying there among the lacy pillows, she crumbled a bit of toast onto her plate, and for a moment her silence made me think I had gone too far. "Sometimes they try."

"And do you let them?"

More silence. "Sometimes."

"Which one do you like to kiss best?" I was insatiable, and no doubt insufferable.

There was the longest silence then. But when she did speak, she spoke quickly, as if the name had been forced from her against her will. "Gerald," she said. And after that she swept her tray aside and with a single movement threw back the covers. Her voice had a brusqueness in it which I had never heard. "Run along, Thelma. I've got to dress. I have a hundred things to do."

Yes, I had gone too far.

BEFORE her arrival, before I had met and had been vanquished by her, I had counted the days until she would be leaving, for then I would be restored to her room, my room. Now I still counted the days, but with a difference. I dreaded her going with as much intensity as I had once wished for it. Even the room held no attraction for me, for what would the room be without her in it? What would the house itself be? It had come alive, through her and her friends, and after her going it would be dead again. Each hour brought nearer that fatal day at the end of the first week in January when she was scheduled to return to school. I wanted to stop the hours, to freeze the present into permanence. But, relentlessly, the preparations for the departure began. Her trunk was brought up from the storeroom. The rainbow dresses were shrouded with a sheet in her closet, for she would not need them now. There was talk of trains and tickets.

And then, at dinner the evening before she was to leave, she announced that she didn't want to go.

The quietness with which she spoke was deceptive, and at first Aunt Irma misinterpreted it. "I know how you feel, dear," she said. "I never want to go either, the night before a journey. No one does. But the next morning, it's always different."

"No, Mother, it won't be different. I don't want to go back."

Aunt Irma glanced quickly at Uncle Edward, and then at Elise again. "But why?"

I knew why. It was Gerald.

There was no reply. She looked at her plate.

"You have only one more term," continued Aunt Irma. "And you've always told us you liked it there. You said you liked the Sisters. You said—"

"I did. I do. But—" Her hands flew up and clasped tightly together, so tightly that the knuckles whitened. "I want to be home, Mother. I want to be with you and Daddy and Thelma. I want my room and this house and the spring when it comes. I want it all." And she turned to her father. She was more than merely coaxing. She was imploring. "Do I have to go back? I could take courses at the University or at the Art Institute. I could keep busy."

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He hesitated. "Well, now, Stuff. Maybe you'd better—"

"Please, Daddy. Please."

She must have known that such an appeal to him could have only one response, and Aunt Irma must have known it, too. He tapped his heavy fingers on the cloth, and then made up his mind. "She'll be twenty at Easter, Irma. She's old enough to know what she wants to do. Why not let her stay? After all, we'll probably be losing her soon enough. Let's keep her while we can."

And so, despite Aunt Irma's reluctance, she stayed. And the next day, at her suggestion, another bed was moved into her room and my clothes were moved in with it.

"I don't want to be alone," she said.

THERE was a gray, bitter January afternoon when she took me to a matinee at the old Metropolitan—Pavlova dancing to the sweet, sad music of Saint-Saëns. Our seats were in the third row, and once during the performance I managed to remove my eyes from the stage long enough to look at Elise sitting beside me. She was leaning forward, her lips parted, the footlights gilding her profile with a rosy glow. As the tulle-skirted figure floated about the stage, rising and falling with an effortless grace, her head turned to follow it. She was lost to me and lost to the berubbed, swaddled, coughing audience around her. And suddenly, with a sense of being left isolated and bereft, I felt a necessity to summon her back. Placing my hand on her arm, I whispered, inadequately, "Isn't it pretty?" But she made no answer, for she had not heard me. I didn't understand then, but I do now. At that moment, and perhaps forever after, she herself was the dancer, she was Pavlova, she was the swan. It was one of the many things time would never be able to take from her.

Thus the winter began, the real winter that followed the tinsel, picture post-card fleeciness of the holidays; the winter of short, bleak days, and of thick, black ice on the lakes snapping sharply in the stillness of the night, and of icicles fringing the many eaves of the house on Lowry Hill.

She did so much for me that winter, so much I can never repay. In a way she supplied me with the magic I had sought and had never really expected to find. There was my hair, which I had worn in two tight braids and which she now advised me to loosen and tie with a ribbon the same color as that on my middy blouse. There were mannerisms of speech and posture she rid me of, either by direct suggestion or by the indirect method of gentle mimicry. She even taught me to smile, for until then I had been afraid to expose the bands on my teeth. "The bands won't always be there," she said, "and meanwhile you ought to start practicing smiling or else you'll forget how." But most of all she gave me self-confidence. "You're going to have a very nice complexion," she assured me, at a time when I was mostly blotches. And, "Your hands are good," and: "Hold your head higher, Thelma. Anyone with a neck as pretty as yours ought to show it." All that she did for me, as if I had been her daughter.

"If I do everything you tell me to," I asked her once, in that shared bedroom which was the laboratory for my gradual metamorphosis, "If I hold my head up and don't bite my nails and if I learn to sit without fidgeting, will I grow up to be beautiful, like you?"

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"There are different kinds of beauty. You'll have your own kind—I hope."

"I want your kind."

She smiled. "I wonder if you'll say that ten years from now. Girls change, you know. They think they want one thing, and then later on they discover they want something else entirely."

I nodded, though still unconvinced. "The way Aunt Irma says you've changed. Is that what you mean?"

She nodded, too. "Yes, the way I've changed."

The family circle was complete now. Uncle Edward was frankly delighted. "We needed Stuff," he said. "She brightens up the old place. She makes things hum." And she did. On those evenings when she was at home, she sat at the piano in the music room and entertained him by rippling out "Too Much Mustard" and "Alexander's Ragtime Band," while he stood beside her and bellowed the words with a cheerful if inharmonious heartiness. Often Gerald was there, too, and she would play football songs for the two of them, singing "Boola, boola." It is a picture and a memory I still carry with me—a memory from an age of innocence. Gerald in his high stiff collar, with his shoulders broad and his black eyebrows a straight, unbroken line; Uncle Edward straining his lungs until his face purples and the chandelier quivers; Aunt Irma sitting near by, crocheting; I with my bands on my teeth and my ribbon in my hair. And Elise at the piano, the pivot of the group, the peg on which we all were hung, the sun that shone on each of us and which for each had a dear and special meaning.

"Will they be married, Aunt Irma? Do you think they'll be married?"

"I'm afraid so."

"Afraid? You mean you don't want her to get married?"

"Of course I do. But not now, not yet. She's too young. Too young and too frivolous."

FRIVOLOUS. It is a word out of fashion now, but that is what she was. To me frivolity was merely another facet of her many attractions, but to Aunt Irma it represented a definite danger. Aunt Irma was strict with her, far more strict than she had ever been with me—no doubt because she loved her more and expected more from her. She watched her with Gerald and she watched her with the others who called to take her out, for there still were others. And she arrived at her own conclusions, conclusions she announced to Uncle Edward one evening when I sat with them in the parlor, supposedly engrossed in my homework.

"Did you notice her with that Rankin boy tonight, Edward?" she said, "She's a flirt. A shameless flirt."

"There's nothing especially shameless about it," said Uncle Edward. "And if she can't be a flirt at nineteen, when can she be?"

"But she'll form the habit. If it's to be Gerald, then let it be Gerald. Or if it's to be one of the others, let it be him. The main thing is that she ought to be settling down."

"At nineteen?" said Uncle Edward. "Now Irma, be reasonable." He chuckled. "If she wants to break their hearts, let her break 'em. They'll mend."

"I'm not thinking of their hearts. I'm thinking of hers. I don't want her to develop into an idle, shallow woman interested only in clothes and pleasure and admiration. I want her to be happy."

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Gerald, on the other hand, displayed no such forebodings. Despite his romantic appearance, there was something slow and methodical about him, and he also possessed a considerable amount of self-assurance. In anyone else it might have seemed like egotism, even smug complacency, but in him it seemed like plain ordinary common sense. The fact that he had rivals did not disturb him. I was not only his loyal ally now but also his confidante, and he gave me his analysis of Elise briskly and confidently. "She was cooped up for so long that she forgot what the world really looked like," he said sagely. "And now that she's back in it, she wants to have it all at once, all the parties, all the boys, everything. But she'll get tired of the parties, and not one of the boys really means anything to her. I know that."

"How do you know?" I asked. As an ally, I wished to risk no underestimation of the enemy. "How can you be so sure?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, she told me so. I asked her if there was any other man and she said no. And she certainly wouldn't lie. Not a girl like that." He deliberated gravely. "Of course, she's pretty young, and I know her mother would raise an awful fuss, but I have a hunch that in the spring—"

"Really, Gerald?" I said, awed and excited and already having visions of myself standing by an altar holding a satin pillow with a ring on it. "So soon?"

He shrugged. "Maybe. At least, whenever I start to get serious, that's what she always tells me. 'Wait until spring,' she always says. So—well, there's certainly nothing definite yet, because she hasn't even let me get to the point of asking her. But it could happen."

In the spring, in the spring. Yes, it could happen, I thought. So many things could happen in the spring, and all wonderful. I could wake up to find myself beautiful, and Elise could be a bride.

BUT spring came slowly. At the beginning of Lent, there was a thaw, and after it a blizzard, which seemed to reinstate winter more firmly than ever. Aunt Irma observed Lent enthusiastically and exhaustively, with a convert's zeal. Meat virtually disappeared from the table, to Uncle Edward's pronounced gloom, and she made a mission and she "gave up" coffee, no small sacrifice to one who drank six cups daily. Uncle Edward nobly volunteered the information that he intended to give up candy, but that was less of a sacrifice because he seldom ate any. Elise, surprisingly, gave up nothing.

"That's another way you've changed," said Aunt Irma. "Last year you wrote that—"

"I was at school then, Mother. And last year was different."

"But how can you expect Easter to mean anything to you if you don't—"

"Now, Irma," said Uncle Edward. "Easter will mean just what it's always meant." He smiled at Elise, and I knew he was thinking of Gerald. "Maybe this year it'll mean even more."

But she gave him no smile in return, and no answer.

Among the other things that Easter had always meant, I learned, was a party. The party, held on Easter Monday, had been a family tradition ever since Elise had been a little girl, and as this year the date coincided with her birthday, the event assumed an even greater significance.

Spring was coming on with certainty now for another thaw had arrived and this one had stayed. For weeks the eaves dripped, dripped, and the lawn was mottled with patches of porous, dirty snow and soggy, dead grass, and the ice in the lagoon in Loring Park broke up into black chunks and floated aimlessly and finally melted.

THEN the preliminaries were over and spring had arrived—green grass and budding trees and yellow sunshine flooding through the open windows. The whole world seemed reborn and remade, and the house with it. Painter's ladders latticed the walls for weeks, and the soft slap of brushes was heard daily. In the back yard the clotheslines sagged beneath the weight of rugs and the rusty black garments of winter. All this was an annual phenomenon, and it had its modest counterpart in North Dakota, but I also interpreted it as being part of the preparations for the party, along with the new dress—a gold brocade such as I had never seen before and have not often seen since—which Elise had purchased for the occasion. I had a new dress, too, white with a wide blue sash, but it was not by the dress that I intended to symbolize the season. I had other plans, secret plans.

When Easter Monday came at last, the twenty-fourth of April, I put my plans into effect. All day the house was filled with the bustle of caterers scurrying through the halls, the sound of hammering from the ballroom above, the ringing of the telephone. I was thankful for the turmoil, for it gave me my chance to slip away in the late afternoon without being noticed. And when I returned, an hour later, the deed was done.

Avoiding any possible encounter with Aunt Irma, I went directly upstairs to the bedroom, where I found that Elise had already begun to dress. The last rays of sunlight were slanting into the room. They glistened on the gold brocade, which lay waiting on the bed, and on her loosened hair as she sat in a negligee in front of the dressing table. She did not turn as I went in. Breathlessly I went toward her and stood behind her, meeting her eyes in the mirror. She glanced at me and then back at the silver-backed brush she held in her hand.

"Thelma, you're so solemn."

Then I smiled. "Happy birthday," I said. Her head lifted, and she looked at me again. "Your bands?" she said. "They're gone!"

I nodded. "Doctor Partridge said that a month more or less wouldn't matter, and I wanted it now—for tonight. I thought maybe—well, that it would be a sort of birthday present for you."

For a moment she didn't move. Then, rising, she put her arm around me and, bending toward me, laid her cheek against mine and kissed me. "How could you know that it would be the best present of all?" she said. "How could you possibly know? But you did know."

I had expected a certain amount of emotion, but hardly that much. For an instant I felt a little awkward and embarrassed. "Well, I didn't know, exactly," I said. "I just thought you'd like it."

"Like it?" she repeated. "It's wonderful." Then she placed her hands on my shoulders and gently moved me round so that I faced the mirror, with her standing behind me. "Look at yourself, Thelma. You're pretty."



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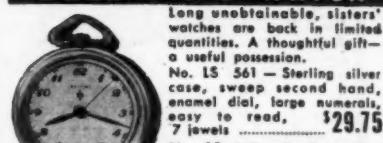
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Compared to her own beauty, mine was nothing—but it was more than I had ever had before and more than I had ever hoped to have.

"You did it," I said. "You did it all. And I don't know how to thank you. I guess I never will know how."

"I'll tell you how," she said. "Grow up to be happy and to be loved. That's the way you can thank me."

SUDDENLY, as I looked at her reflection in the mirror, I became aware of an implied farewell in her words. Quickly I whirled around and faced her. "You're going away, aren't you?"

She hesitated. "Yes."

"When? Tomorrow?"

"Well, soon."

I clasped her hand and squeezed it. "I knew it!" I said. "It's Gerald, isn't it?"

"That's all I'm going to tell you now," she said, "and I didn't even mean to tell you that. But now that I have, I want you to promise to do something for me. Your Aunt Irma and your Uncle Edward are going to be lonely, and I want you to stay in this room and this house as long as you can. And later on, when you're nineteen, I wish you'd come back again. It's a wonderful house to be nineteen in. Will you do that?"

"Of course I will," I said. The request was easy to grant, so easy that it puzzled me. Then I smiled at her again—that new and dazzling smile of which I was so proud. "It won't really be the same, though," I said archly. "Because there won't be any Gerald for me."

"Oh, yes, there'll be a Gerald. At least I hope so."

Her tone was quiet, almost elegiac, and it disturbed and mystified me. On the eve of an engagement or an elopement—and it might prove to be an elopement, that might be her reason for secrecy—she should have been gayer.

"But Elise," I said, "you seem so sad."

"I'm sad only for them," she said, "and also because I suppose that when you're very happy you're always a little sad." Then matter-of-factly she seated herself at the dressing table and again picked up the brush. "Now go take your bath, Thelma. It's getting late."

I slept restlessly that night. Long after I had gone to bed I heard the music floating out from the ballroom above. I heard it both awake and asleep, and I dreamed of dances. How long the party lasted I don't know, but I do know that it must have been along toward morning when I half-opened my eyes and saw Elise sitting by the window in a small boudoir chair. There was moonlight, and it washed the gold brocade and the wheat-colored hair to a pale, shimmering silver. Her hands were folded in her lap, and she sat looking out into the night.

Drowsily I whispered, "Did you have a good time?"

"A lovely time," she whispered back. "Lovely. Now go to sleep, Thelma."

I slept.

When I opened my eyes again, the room was bright with sunshine. As I always did, I glanced first at the other bed—and saw that it was empty. It was not only empty, it had not been slept in at all. And then I looked toward the window, dimly recalling that episode in the night—or had it really happened—or had I dreamed it? No, it had happened, for

THE + SIGN

there was the little chair, and spread across it were the glittering folds of the dress. Abruptly I sat up, got out of bed, and reached for my robe. She was gone.

Swiftly I went downstairs, skirting past a disarray of punch glasses and plates with half-eaten pieces of cake and melted ice cream on them. The house was very quiet, unusually quiet for this morning hour when Uncle Edward's voice was always heard booming jovially at breakfast. At the foot of the stairs lay the sequined spread of a fan, dropped and forgotten. I went toward the dining room and through its archway saw Aunt Irma and Uncle Edward sitting at the table. Aunt Irma was crying, and Uncle Edward was staring sightlessly at the cloth. I had never thought of him as being old, but he looked old as he sat there, old and somehow shrunken and shrivelled, all his vitality gone.

"Had Gerald done this? Had love done this? I stood between them. Timidly I touched Aunt Irma's sobbing shoulders and tried to offer comfort. "But you wanted her to be happy," I said.

She shook her head and then reached out and clutched my hand. "Not this way," she said. "Not this way. Not for her, not for her."

"Where is she?"

Then Uncle Edward spoke, in a voice that was only a thin echo of his normal voice. "At the rectory. At Father Brannigan's."

"But didn't he want you and Aunt — —"

"Your cousin is returning to the convent, Thelma," he said. "She's going to be a nun."

In all lives there is always a moment when childhood goes, and its going has nothing to do with age. Mine went then, at that instant. I did not feel it go—I felt nothing, only a numbness—but afterward, when I was able to look back from the perspective of the years, I knew that I was a different person when I left that room than when I entered it. It was not that I had grown up, for that was to be a long and sometimes painful process. It was simply that I was no longer a child.

"If only she had told me," said Aunt Irma, amid her tears. "I would have understood many things. But I didn't understand."

"There was nothing you could do, Irma," said Uncle Edward, in that dead, tired, toneless voice. "There was nothing anyone could do, including Stuff herself."

I LEFT them and, going out into the hall, I slowly went upstairs to the room that had been ours and that was now mine alone again. In the brilliant sunshine of the April morning, it had never seemed so bright, so airy, so beautiful. The French ivory gleamed, the little pink silk lamps glowed as the sunlight filtered through. But it was all cold and lifeless, with the glory gone out of it.

Stolidly and methodically, still numbed, I began to dress. Opening my bureau drawer to get a fresh middy blouse, I saw the shining squares of Gerald's tinfoil that I had tucked away as a treasure. I fingered them, and as I did I remembered her saying: "I want to be home. I want this house, and the spring when it comes. I want it all." And I realized then that those had been her treasures, those and gaiety and the pattern of romance, and that she had now stored them away as I had stored away these bits of paper. But, unlike the paper, they would never tarnish, never fade.

It was only then that I began to cry.

THE END

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LETTERS

[Continued From Page 3]

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EDWARD A. CONNELL

Stamford, Conn.

Reading Matter for Germany

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

While reading through William Henry Chamberlin's article, "Our Stake in Germany," in which he states that the Germans are starved for information on the United States, the thought came to me that perhaps we readers could help out.

My plan would be for us to adopt a German of our own age. We would supply him with reading material and articles of information on our country. In this way I am sure we could do much to put across our ideas of the American way of life to the Germans. I am sure there are many Germans who would be glad to receive copies of THE SIGN.

ROGER P. KANE

Medford, Mass.

Esperanto

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

I cannot agree with the opinion of Falk Johnson that English is the easiest of all languages to acquire. English is no more suitable than French, Spanish, or Latin for a world language. The world has already found the ideal international language—Esperanto. It has its roots in all languages; nearly eight million people now use it. Newspapers in Esperanto were the medium of the underground forces in World War II. It is the easiest of all languages to learn.

A parish priest in Canada had seventeen languages in his parish and could not learn them all. English and French were too difficult for some, so he tried Esperanto. Today he has complete accord amongst the seventeen nationalities. His example could be repeated on a world-wide scale.

A. P. MACDONALD

Suffield, Alberta

A Good Work

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I ask that you publish this letter on behalf of a group of women in Columbus, Ohio, who spend their free hours in mailing Catholic reading matter to patients of tuberculosis hospitals?

Many of the patients who request such material are in sanatoriums where there is no chaplain or religious activity of any kind, and they are in great need of spiritual assistance. A number of those requesting our help are veterans of the recent war.

Perhaps some of your readers would be kind enough to supply us with a few of the following articles: hand crucifixes, scapulars, rosaries (broken pieces are welcome), pamphlets, pictures, medals, magazines, etc.

Our sincere thanks to you, Father, and to any of your readers who can aid us.

(Miss) MARIAN T. MURRAY
1345 E. Livingston Ave.
Columbus, Ohio

THE **T** SIGN

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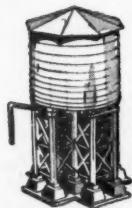


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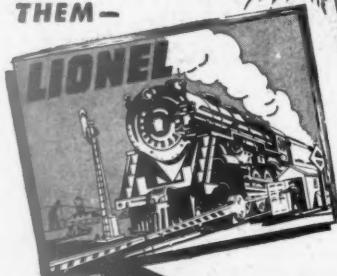
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